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SPEAKER'S GARLAND

EDITED BY

PHINEAS GARRETT

COMPRISING 100 CHOICE SELECTIONS
Nos. 17, 18, 19 and 20

2

VOLUME V

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Speakers' Garland, Vol. 5.

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The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

No. 17.

AMERICA.—W. C. BRYANT.

Look now abroad,—another race has filled These populous borders,—wide the wood recedes, And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled; The land is full of harvests and green meads; Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds, Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze Their virgin waters; the full region leads New colonies forth, that toward the western seas Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race;
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untraveled path of light
Into the depths of ages: we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She too is strong and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but shake off the vampire train
That batten on her blood, and break their net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children,—thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all,—
These are thy fetters,—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell!

KING CANUTE.—W. M. THACKERAY.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,

Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;

And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild seashore.

Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,

Chamberlains and grooms came after, silversticks and goldsticks great,

Chaplains, aids-de-camp, and pages—all the officers of state,

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,

If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws:

If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young:

Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favorite gleemen sung.

Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal.

"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care? Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."—Some one cried, "The King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded.

Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied;

Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,

I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"

Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old: Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold; Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

"Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites:

Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;

Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires; Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered sires."-

"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one

admires.

"But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious lord, to search.

They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church; Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace's bounty raised;

Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised:
You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience I'm

amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't. 130*

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Methuselah, Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as well as they?"

"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, "fervently I trust he

may.

"He to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like to us? Death was not for him intended, though communis omnibus: Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet:

ineir ieet;

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill, And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;

"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."

Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar, And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,

But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey:

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

.... King Canute is dead and gone: parasites exist alway.

THE BABY IS DEAD .- EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

There is a white hatchment over the portal—a long streamer of snowy crape trails from the muffled bell-knob, like a film of ghostly morning mist. We know that an impalpable footstep has fallen on this threshold; that a shadowy hand has knocked at this shrouded door; that the dread visitant, who will not be denied nor turned away, has entered here. He has entered, and departed; but the veiled mourner, Sorrow, who treads solemnly after him, has stayed behind.

His ruthless hand has plucked the white bud of prom ise that gladdened the fair garland of household love—the bud that breathed the yet infolded perfume of sweet but undefined hopes, that coming years would ripen to fruition. His remorseless foot has fallen beside this hearthstone—and lo! the dread footprint has hollowed a little grave! The

baby is dead.

The tiny image, white as sculptured Parian, lies vonder in its snowy casket, draped in spotless fabrics, and wreathed with funeral flowers. The mother bends with anguished eves above the still, small effigy of her lost hope; but the baby is not there. Out of her arms, and out of her life, something has gone that will not return. The sealed lids will not uplift from happy sleep; the wondering eyes will search her face no more. The little restless hands lie still and pulseless, frozen into eternal quiet; their silken touches, vague and aimless as the kisses of the south wind, will steal into her bosom and soothe her weariness and lure her grief no more! She realizes this, with all the live, pulsating agony of newly-bereaved motherhood, as she leans above the dainty coffin, and slow, scalding tears, wrung from the very fibres of her bruised life, drop one by one on the unconscious face.

She folds a sprig of hyssop and a half-blown rosebud in the waxen hand, and sends them to the Father as a message and a token—the symbols of her grief and baby's innocence: "Lo! I surrender back to Thee the soul that Thou didst lend me; unsullied, as from Thy hands, I yield it up, in faith and hope; but oh! I give the child with bitter tears—with breaking heart—with passionate, human woe unutterable!"

And the days lengthen, the nights fall, the years go on. She keeps the key of the baby's casket in her bosom—the memory of the rosebud face within her heart—and life, for her, is never again quite what it was ere baby died.

THE BACHELOR SALE.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers, And as fast as I dreamed it was coined into numbers; My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre, I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made, That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid; And, in order to make them all willing to marry, The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,
'Twas cruel injustice and horrid abuse—
And declared that to save their own hearts' blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would ne'er pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue, So they set all the bachelors up at vendue.

A crier was sent through the town to and fro, To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow, And to bawl out to all he might meet on his way, "Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day."

And presently all the old maids of the town,— Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,— From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale, Of every description all flocked to the sale.

The auctioneer, then, in his labor began; And called out aloud, as he hele up a man, "How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?" In a twink, every maiden responded, "I—I!"

In short, at a hugely extravagant price, The bachelors all were sold off in a trice, And forty old maidens—some younger, some older— £ach lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

GOD'S BEVERAGE.-Jas. S. WATKINS.

Not in the haunts of the wicked,
Not in the dens of the craven,
Not in the hot-house of Satan
Is God's best beverage given;
Not in the vale of corruption—
Not in the poisonous gases
Out from the simmering still, to
Laugh in the wine-bibber's glasses.

Not in the brewery, seetling—
Not in its sickening fumes,
Brewed for the craven death-angel
Keeping the gates of the tombs;
Not in the stifling odors
Out from the stench of the mill
Where Satan is superintendent,
orinding destruction at will.

But down in the beautiful valley,
The vale that we cherish so well,
Where the red deer playfully wanders
With its mate in the shadowy dell;
Way down in the rock-bound ravine,
Where pebbles are carelessly strewed,
Where fountains are all the day singing,
Is Heaven's best beverage brewed.

High up on the crest of the mountains,
Where granite rocks glitter like gold,
Where the storm-clouds gather relentless,
And the crash of the thunder is told;
And out on the turbulent waters,
Where the hurricane howls o'er the sea,
Is brewed there the best of all beverage—
The best for you, reader, and me.

Tis brewed in the cataract sporting,
As it leaps from its perilous height;
Tis seen in the gauze around Luna,
As she lights up the heavens at night;
Tis seen in the glittering ice-gem,
When its brilliance, like jewels, doth seem,
And, too, in the hail-shower dancing;
Cloud-hid from the morning sun's beam.

Tis seen in the rain-drops descending,
As they weave the bright bow in the air,
Whose woof is the sunbeams of Heaven,
Each painting their bright colors there;

It dances along 'neath the curtains
All dark in the silence of night,
And kisses the vines of the bowers,
As a blessed life-water of light.

On its brink are no poisonous bubbles,
Its foam brings no murder or madness,
No blood stains its crystallized glasses;
No heart bends before it in sadness,
No widows and orphans are weeping
With tears of dark misery's gall;
Then tell me, dear reader, why change it
For the Demon's Drink—King Alcohol

NIAGARA.

I stood within a vision's spell;
I saw, I heard. The liquid thunder
Went pouring to its foaming hell,
And it fell,
Ever, ever fell

Into the invisible abyss that opened under.

I stood upon a speck of ground;
Before me fell a stormy ocean.
I was like a captive bound;
And around

A universe of sound

Troubled the heavens with ever-quivering motion.

Down, down forever—down, down forever,
Something falling, falling, falling,
Un up forever up up forever

Up, up forever—up, up forever, Resting never,

Boiling up forever,

Steam-clouds shot up with thunder bursts appalling

A tone that since the birth of man Was never for a moment broken, A word that since the world began, And waters ran,

Hath spoken still to man,— Of God and of Eternity hath spoken.

And in that vision, as it passed, Was gathered terror, beauty, power; And still, when all has fled, too fast,

And I at last
Dream of the dreamy past,
My heart is full when lingering on that hour.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray, And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow, And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long, Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by, Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep, Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her— So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop— The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low, "I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along, Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went, His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know, For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray, When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy, Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

BBBBB

THE STORY OF BISHOP POTTS .-- MAX ADELER.

AS RELATED BY THIS BRILLIANT HUMORIST IN HIS MIRTH-PRO-VOKING BOOK ENTITLED "OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY,"

Bishop Potts, of Salt Lake City, was the husband of three wives and the father of fifteen interesting children. Early in the winter the bishop determined that his little ones should have a good time on Christmas, so he concluded to take a trip down to San Francisco to see what he could find in the shape of toys with which to gratify and amuse them. The good bishop packed his carpet-bag, embraced Mrs. Potts one by one and kissed each of her affectionately, and started upon his journey.

He was gone a little more than a week, when he came back with fifteen brass trumpets in his valise for his darlings. He got out of the train at Salt Lake, thinking how joyous it would be at home on Christmas morning when the fifteen trumpets should be in operation upon different tunes at the same moment. But just as he entered the dépôt he saw a group of women standing in the ladies' room, apparently waiting for him. As soon as he approached, the whole twenty of them rushed up, threw their arms about his neck and kissed him, exclaiming:

"O Theodore, we are so, so glad you have come back! Welcome home! Welcome, dear Theodore, to the bosom of your family!" and then the entire score of them fell upon his neck and cried over his shirt front and mussed him.

The bishop seemed surprised and embarrassed. Struggling to disengage himself, he blushed and said:

"Really, ladies, this kind of thing is well enough—it is interesting and all that; but there must be some kind of a—that is, an awkward sort of a—excuse me, ladies, but there seems to be, as it were, a slight misunderstanding about the—I am Bishop Potts."

"We know it, we know it, dear," they exclaimed, in chorus, "and we are glad to see you safe at home. We have all been very well while you were away, love."

"It gratifies me," remarked the bishop, "to learn that none of you have been a prey to disease. I am filled with serenity when I contemplate the fact; but really, I do not

understand why you should rush into this railway station and hug me because your livers are active and your digestion good. The precedent is bad; it is dangerous!"

"Oh, but we didn't!" they exclaimed, in chorus. "We came here to welcome you because you are our liusband."

"Pardon me, but there must be some little—that is to say, as it were, I should think not. Women, you have mistaken your man!"

"Oh no!" they shouted; "we were married to you while you were away!"

"What!" exclaimed the bishop; "you don't mean to say that--"

"Yes, love. Our husband, William Brown, died on Monday, and on Thursday, Brigham had a vision in which he was directed to seal us to you; and so he performed the ceremony at once by proxy."

"Th-th-th-under!" observed the bishop.

"And we are all living with you now—we and the dear children."

"Children! children!" exclaimed Bishop Potts, turning pale; "you don't mean to say that there is a pack of children, too?"

"Yes, love, but only one hundred and twenty-five, not counting the eight twins and the triplet."

"Wha-wha-what d'you say?" gasped the bishop, in a cold perspiration; "one hundred and twenty-five! One hundred and twenty-five children and twenty more wives! It is too much—it is awful!" and the bishop sat down and groaned, while the late Mrs. Brown, the bride, stood around in a semicircle and fanned him with her bonnets, all except the red-haired one, and she in her trepidation made a futile effort to fan him with the coal-scuttle.

But after a while the bishop became reconciled to his new alliance, knowing well that protests would be unavailing, so he walked home, holding several of the little hands of the bride, while the red-haired woman carried his umbrella and marched in front of the parade to remove obstructions and to scare off small boys.

When the bishop reached the house, he went around among the cradles which filled the back parlor and the two

second-story rooms, and attempted with such earnestness to become acquainted with his new sons and daughters that he set the whole one hundred and twenty-five and the twins to crying, while his own original fifteen stood around and swelled the volume of sound. Then the bishop went out and sat on the garden fence to whittle a stick and solemnly think, while Mrs. Potts distributed herself around and soothed the children. It occurred to the bishop while he mused, out there on the fence, that he had not enough trumpets to go around among the children as the family now stood; and so, rather than seem to be partial, he determined to go back to San Francisco for one hundred and forty-four more.

So the bishop re-packed his carpet-bag, and began again to bid farewell to his family. He tenderly kissed all of the Mrs. Potts who were at home, and started for the dépôt, while Mrs. Potts stood at the various windows and waved her handkerchiefs at him—all except the woman with the warm hair, and she, in a fit of absent-mindedness, held one of the twins by the leg and brandished it at Potts as he fled down the street toward the railway station.

The bishop reached San Francisco, completed his purchases, and was just about to get on the train with his one hundred and forty-four trumpets, when a telegram was handed him. It contained information to the effect that the auburn-haired Mrs. Potts had just had a daughter. This induced the bishop to return to the city for the purpose of purchasing an additional trumpet.

On the following Saturday he returned home. As he approached his house a swarm of young children flew out of the front gate and ran toward him, shouting, "There's pa! Here comes pa! Oh, pa, but we're glad to see you! Hurrah for pa!" etc., etc.

The bishop looked at the children as they flocked around him and clung to his legs and coat, and was astonished to perceive that they were neither his nor the late Brown's. He said, "You youngsters have made a mistake; I am not your father;" and the bishop smiled good-naturedly.

"Oh yes, you are, though!" screamed the little ones, in chorus.

"But I say I am not," said the bishop, severely, and frowning; "you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Don't you know where little story-tellers go? It is scandalous for you to violate the truth in this manner. My name is Potts."

"Yes, we know it is," exclaimed the children—" we know it is, and so is ours; that is our name now, too, since the wedding."

"Since what wedding?" demanded the bishop, turning pale.

"Why, ma's wedding, of course. She was married yesterday to you by Mr. Young, and we are all living at your house now with our new little brothers and sisters."

The bishop sat down on the nearest front-door step and wiped away a tear. Then he asked,

"Who was your father?"

"Mr. Simpson," said the crowd, "and he died on Tuesday."

"And how many of his infernal old widows-I mean how

many of your mother—are there?"

"Only twenty-seven," replied the children, "and there are only sixty-four of us, and we are awful glad you have come home."

The bishop did not seem to be unusually glad; somehow, he failed to share the enthusiasm of the occasion. There appeared to be, in a certain sense, too much sameness about these surprises; so he sat there with his hat pulled over his eyes and considered the situation. Finally, seeing there was no help for it, he went up to the house, and forty-eight of Mrs. Potts rushed up to him and told him how the prophet had another vision, in which he was commanded to seal Simpson's widow to Potts.

"Then the bishop stumbled around among the cradles to his writing-desk. He felt among the gum rings and rattles for his letter-paper, and then he addressed a note to Brigham, asking him as a personal favor to keep awake until after Christmas. "The man must take me for a foundling hospital," he said. Then the bishop saw clearly enough that if he gave presents to the other children, and not to the late Simpson's, the bride would make things warm for

him. So he started again for San Francisco for sixty-four more trumpets, while Mrs. Potts gradually took leave of him in the entry—all but the red-haired woman, who was up stairs, and who had to be satisfied with screeching goodby at the top of her voice.

On his way home, after his last visit to San Francisco, the bishop sat in the car by the side of a man who had left Salt Lake the day before. The stranger was communicative. In the course of the conversation he remarked to the bishop:

"That was a mighty pretty little affair up there at the city on Monday."

"What affair?" asked Potts.

"Why, that wedding; McGrath's widow, you know—married by proxy."

"You don't say," replied the bishop. "I didn't know McGrath was dead."

"Yes; died on Sunday, and that night Brigham had a vision in which he was ordered to seal her to the bishop."

"Bishop!" exclaimed Potts. "Bishop! What bishop?"

"Well, you see, there were fifteen of Mrs. McGrath and eighty-two children, and they shoved the whole lot off on old Potts. Perhaps you don't know him?"

The bishop gave a wild shriek and writhed upon the floor as if he had a fit. When he recovered he leaped from the train and walked back to San Francisco. He afterward took the first steamer for Peru, where he entered a monastery and became a celibate.

His carpet-bag was sent on to his family. It contained the balance of the trumpets. On Christmas morning they were distributed, and in less than an hour the entire two hundred and eight children were sick from sucking the brass upon them. A doctor was called and he seemed so much interested in the family that Brigham divorced the whole concern from old Potts and annexed it to the doctor, who immediately lost his reason, and would have butchered the entire family if the red-haired woman and the oldest boy had not marched him off to a lunatic asylum, where he spent his time trying to arrive at an estimate of the number of his children by ciphering with an impossible combination of the multiplication table and algebra.

MY BREAD ON THE WATERS.-GEORGB L. CATLIN.

"Mister," the little fellow said,
"Please give me a dime to buy some bread."

I turned to look at the ragged form,
That, in the midst of the pitiless storm,
Pinched and haggard and old with care,
In accents pleading, was standing there.
'T was a little boy not twelve years old:
He shivered and shook in the bitter cold,
His eyes were red—with weeping, I fear—
And adown his cheeks there rolled a tear
E'en then.

His misery struck me dumb;
"T was a street in a crowded city slum,
Where an errand of duty led my feet
That day, through the storm and blinding sleet.
"Poor little fellow!" at last I said,
"Have you no father?"

"No, he's dead!"
The answer came: "You've a mother, then?"
"Yes, sir," he said, with a sob; "she's been
Sick for a year, and the doctor said
She'd never again get up from bed."
"You are hungry, too?" I asked, in pain,
As I looked at his poor, wan face again.
"Hungry," he said, with a bitter groan
That would melt to pity a heart of stone;
"I am starved; we all are starving," he said,
"We haven't had a crust of bread—
Me, nor mother, nor baby Kate—
Since yesterday morning."

I did not wait
To ask him more. "Come, come," I cried,
"You shall not hunger;" and at my side
His poor little pattering footsteps fell
On my ear with a sadness I cannot tell;
But his eyes beamed bright when he saw me stop
Before the door of a baker's shop,
And we entered.

"Now eat away, my boy, As much as you like," I said. With joy, And a soft expression of childish grace, He looked up into my friendly face, And sobbed, as he strove to hide a tear: "Oh, if mother and baby Kate were here!" "But eat," said I, "never mind them, now." A thoughtful look stole over his brow,

And lo! from his face the joy had fled.
"What! While they're starving at home!" he said:
"Oh, no, sir! I'm hungry, indeed, 'tis true,
But I cannot eat till they've had some too."

The tears came rushing—I can't tell why—
To my eyes, as he spoke these words. Said I:

"God bless you! Here, you brave little man,
Here, carry home all the bread you can."
Then I loaded him down with loaves, until
He could carry no more. I paid the bill;
And before he could quite understand
Just what I was doing, into his hand
I slipped a bright new dollar; then said,
"Good-by," and away on my journey sped.

'Twas four years ago. But one day last May, As I wandered by chance through East Broadway, A cheery voice accosted me. Lo! 'T was the self same lad of years ago, Though larger grown—and his looks, in truth, Bespoke a sober, industrious youth.

"Mister," he said, "I'll never forget
The kindness you showed when last we met.
I work at a trade, and mother is well,
So is baby Kate; and I want to tell
You this—that we owe it all to you.
"Twas you—don't blush, sir—that helped us through
In our darkest hour; and we always say
Our luck has been better since that day
When you sent me home with bread to feed
Those starving oncs in their hour of need."

LIZZIE AND I ARE ONE.

Lizzie and I are one, and one we mean to be, Seeing it's forty years since she joined hands with me; And this honeymoon of ours, I'm sure 'twill never set, For as it shone so long ago, 'tis shining on us yet.

We then were linked together for better or for worse, She took me for a blessing—I might have proved a curse; Perhaps I've not been either, yet luck was on my side, For Lizzie has been a blessing since the day she was a bride.

I carry here her picture, in a pocket near my heart, And never truer angel face was drawn by human art. They may not think it beautiful, but never do I see, In throngs of charming women, a face so dear to me. And now as I look on it I'm back at the happy day When Lizzie and I, united, were smiling along the way. Not pompous was the journey, yet all the world took part, For each was truly all the world to the other's loving heart.

Our wedding jaunt it was, and my proudest day of life, For it led to the loving old folks, to show my precious wife; And as Old Gray jogged onward, all earth and air and sky Were naught to me, for heaven was there, in Lizzie's beaming eye.

To her it seemed all nature in summer's richest dress Was thus arrayed in sympathy to greet our happiness; And even wayside posies looked up as if to say, God made us to shed fragrance on the holy marriage day.

Yet, she with sense superior detected in the air The odor of each blossom, and knew 'twas blooming there; And oft Old Gray was halted in each elapsing hour, That I, responsive to her wish, might cull the wilding flower.

The woods and fields and mountain sides for her had wealth untold—

A silver flood the river ran, the sun cast rays of gold. With soul refined, she saw and felt ten thousand glories there,

While I—well, I could only see my wife so wondrous fair.

Ah, me! It was a tour of joy, an episode of bliss—With earnest faith in every pulse, hope fervent as a kiss; And ever as the day wore on I seemed to love her more, Yet now, with forty years agone, we love as ne'er before.

Childhood has claimed maternal care that never was denied, As the gentle, tender mother followed the blushing bride; All who grew around us with love reward her care, And think there's none so kind and wise as mother sitting there.

The years have sped, and good and ill have met us on the way.

But jointly we've kept moving on, as on the joining day; And still for better or for worse, life's lessons we have conned,

But never dreamed of learning how to break the joining bond.

Yes, Lizzie and I are one, and two we'll never be,
Till death an arrow launches at Lizzie or at me;
And though our heads are frosted, and the frosty locks are
thin,

Our hearts, like winter fires, are glowing warm within.

THE DESTROYER.-H. M. SCUDDER.

Intemperance creates in man an ungovernable appetite. Men who have fallen have told us it is not a desire, not an appetite, not a passion; these ordinary words fail to express the thing. It is more like a raging storm that pervades the entire being; it is a madness that paralyzes the brain, it is a corrosion that gnaws the stomach, it is a storm-fire that courses through the veins; it transgresses every boundary, it fiercely casts aside every barrier, it regards no motive, it silences reason, it stifles conscience, it tramples upon prudence, it overleaps everything that you choose to put in its way, and eternal life and the claims of God are as feathers, which it blows out of its path.

What does it do to man's body? It diseases it: it crazes his brain, it blasts his nerves, it consumes his liver, it destroys his stomach, it inflames his heart, it sends a fiery flood of conflagration through all the tissues; it so saps the recuperative energies of man's body, that oftentimes a little scratch upon a drunkard's skin is a greater injury than a bayonet-thrust through and through the body of a temperate man. It not only does this, but the ruin that it brings into the nervous system often culminates in delirium tremens. Have you ever seen a man under its influence? Have you heard him mutter, and jabber, and leer, and rave like an idiot? Have you heard him moan, cry, shrick, curse, and rave, as he tried to skulk under the bedclothes? Have you looked into his eyes, and seen the horrors of the damned there? Have you witnessed these things? Have you seen the scowl on his face, so that the whole atmosphere was filled with tempest? Have you seen him heave on his bed, as though his body was undulating upon the rolling waves like a fire? If you have, then you know what it does to the body.

It enthralls the will. A man's will ought to be king. The will of the drunkard is an abject slave. The noblest and the mightiest men have been unable to break off the chain when it is once riveted. I verily believe there have been no such wails of despair out of hell itself as have gone

up from the lips and heart of the drunkard who knew he never could be recovered.

What does it do to the heart? If a man is made in the image of God's intellect, a woman is made in the image of God's heart. A tender woman is tenderest to her child. Is there anything that can unmother a woman, that can pluck the maternal heart out of her, and put in its place something that is powerful and fiendish? Is there anyother agent on earth, or even in the world of the damned, that can so transform a mother's heart into something for which thought itself cannot find similitude? Satan himself cannot do it; but rum can.

It wrecks character. It is a double shipwreck; the drunkard not only loses his own respect, but he loses the respect of everybody else. His own character, with its real worthiness and with its reputation, is gone, and his worthiness in the estimation of other people is gone, too—both of them, slain, are buried in one grave; and the grave-digger and the murderer, who are they? Rum. It wipes out the likeness of God from the soul, and makes a man a mixture of the brute and the demon, evolving the stupidity of the one and the philosophy of the other; and the Bible tells us that no drunkard shall ever inherit the kingdom of God.

PETER LONGPOCKET.

Despised by the world and unblest with a wife. Peter Longpocket lived an old bachelor's life; As rich as a Jew, with more moncy than brains, He had just wit enough to count up his gains; Besides with a heart that was constantly craving, He possessed a remarkable talent for saving; And a wife was a something he could not afford; 'Twould cost him too much to give her her board. But if ever he ventured the journey to go, The woman for him must be just so and so; Must be handsome and young, must be modest and trim, And must love none on earth so sincerely as him; Must be saving and close, must not travel the streets any, Giving never to beggar or heathen a penny. But Peter was doomed to a fate not uncommon, To be humbugged out of his wits by a woman;

One day as he stood at his two-story casement, To observe what might cause either mirth or amazement, There chanced to pass by with a step light and nimble, As pretty a lass as e'er wielded a thimble; And onward she tripped, so fantastic and airy: "Egad," muttered he, "she's an angel or fairy." His wits flew about him in a contrary direction, For his mind was employed in unusual reflection, And each former thought to a new one gave place, And marriage and love stared him full in the face. The expense on one hand, Fannie's charms on the other, No wonder poor Peter was thrown in a bother. At last on this point he determined to tarry, If a wife wouldn't eat much, I think I might marry! Peter's heart of its bumping had got somewhat better, When it was nearly renewed by the sight of a letter: But when on the back he had read the appellative, The writing convinced him it came from a relative. Though letters he hated as bad as the gallows, He reluctantly opened and read it as follows,-"Dear cousin, I hope this will find you quite hearty, As it comes to request you to honor our party. We shall have what will warrant an evening's annusement, And several fair girls as a stronger inducement. Our party, perhaps, may amount to a dozen. At present, no more, your affectionate cousin." Excuse me for cutting a long story short, The guests all assembled, resolved upon sport; Among them was seen Mr. Longpocket's phiz, For no one could doubt but this visage was his. Miss Fannie was there, too, as fresh as a rose, With eyes sparkling bright and as jetty as sloes: Peter soon recollected he'd seen her before, And his heart sat to work with its bumping once more. Now 'midst a second confusion of Babel, The ladies and gentlemen sat down to the table. "Cousin Peter sit here, or perhaps you'll sit there, Step up to the head, and take that arm chair." "Miss Fannie step round to the opposite side." "Yes, madam," with diffidence Fannie replied. Peter drew great respect, for quite near the top he sat, And the blushing young Fannie directly opposite. "Shall I help you to this? Shall I help you to that? Choose coffee or tea, Miss? Choose lean, Miss, or fat?" "I've no choice, I thank you. 'Tis quite immaterial." "Help yourselves, ladies, I can't be near you all."

"Miss Fannie," says Peter, "what would you prefer?"

"Oh, la!" exclaimed cousin, "you need not help her;"

"What! not help Miss Fannie?" cried he with surprise, "I scarce ever eat, sir," Miss Fannie replies;

"Dear me! now that's strange." "But," says cousin, "'tis

And indeed I don't wonder it seems strange to you, Cousin Peter. I've known her almost from a child. She was always so delicate, modest and mild. And for a twelve month or so, or I think some such matter. She consumed but two biscuits and one glass of water." Says Peter, "the thing is confoundedly queer, And yet she looks hearty, and buxom, and fair," And he thought to himself, "If her living's so small She might soon learn to live on nothing at all." So he began in good earnest his courting career, And Fannie soon saw his intention quite clear; To his own satisfaction his wishes he carried,

She heard him, then blushed, and shed tears, and then mar

The wedding passed over as most weddings do, They had excellent fare, though the guests were but few, The third morning came, he was sitting at home, Dreaming of transport and rapture to come; When in tones somewhat shrill, was heard the good lady, "Come, my dear Longpocket, your breakfast is ready." "I'm coming, my dear," said he in the door, When a sight struck him stiff in the midst of the floor; Two fine looking hams of a good clever size, Were the objects that caused such excessive surprise; Quite tempting they looked, just fresh from the pot, Well cooked, I dare say, and smoking, and hot. "Why, Fannie, my dear," cried he in great haste,
"What means this unheard of extravagant waste?"

"What means this, indeed?" cried she in a huff, "It means I am hungry; I've starved long enough; So sit down, my dear, don't take it amiss, If you can eat that one, I'm able for this." "Distraction!" cried Peter, what! eat a whole ham! I'm ruined, undone, what a beggar I am! Is it possible, madam, you can eat all that meat? You told me it was not your practice to eat." "Is it possible? Yes, to be sure," she replied, "Eat all that and more too, if I had it, beside." "That and more if I had it. Oh! gluttony, sure,

In a week such a woman would make a man poor," The shock so completely disordered his head, That he fell in a fit and was carried to bed The doctors were called his complaints to allay,

"That and more if I had it," was all he could say; "That and more if I had it," was still on his tongue;
"That and more if I had it," re-echoed and rung; And then quite exhausted, he gave up the ghost, And in another hour he was as still as a post.

But who shall describe the fond widow's distress? It was grief that no language can ever express. With sobbings she nearly exhausted her breath, And bewailed her poor husband's sad, tragical death; And explained to the gossips, who offered relief, The reason she had for indulging in grief: Says he, "My dear Fannie, I'm hastening away, I have only a few fleeting moments to stay, All my property is yours, (oft he'd said it before,) And I wish, for your sake, it was twice as much more;" And then, quite exhausted, in anguish he lay, "That and more if I had it," was all he could say. "Even now his kind expressions I hear, 'Tis a sad thing to lose a kind husband; O, dear! How I miss to my wishes his thoughtful attention!" And now in a broad fronted elegant mansion, Lives Mrs. Longpocket, a widow of twenty, With riches and friends, and admirers in plenty.

A ROYAL PRINCESS.—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

l, a princess, king-descended, decked with jewels, gilded drest,

Would rather be a peasant with her baby at her breast, For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two before, Two and two on either hand, they guard me evermore; Me, poor dove, that must not coo,—eagle, that must not soar.

All my fountains cast up perfumes, all my gardens grow Scented woods and foreign spices, with all flowers in blow That are costly, out of season as the seasons go.

All my walls are lost in mirrors, whereupon I trace Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place, Self-same solitary figure, self-same seeking face.

Then I have an ivory chair high to sit upon, Almost like my father's chair, which is an ivory throne; There I sit uplift and upright, there I sit alone.

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without end;
My father and my mother give me treasures, search and
spend—

O my father! O my mother! have vou ne'er a friend?

As I am a lofty princess, so my father is A lofty king, accomplished in all kingly subtleties Holding in his strong right hand world-kingdoms' balances. He has quarreled with his neighbors, he has scourged his foes;

Vassal counts and princes follow where his pennon goes, Long-descended valiant lords whom the vulture knows.

On whose track the vulture swoops, when they ride in state To break the strength of armies and topple down the great; Each of these my courteous servant, none of these my mate.

My father counting up his strength sets down with equal pen So many head of cattle, head of horses, head of men; These for slaughter, these for breeding, with the how and when.

Some to work on roads, canals; some to man his ships; Some to smart in mines beneath sharp overseers' whips; Some to trap fur-beasts in lands where utmost winter nips.

Once it came into my heart and whelmed me like a flood, That these, too, are men and women, human flesh and blood;

Men with hearts and men with souls, though trodden down like mud.

Our feasting was not glad that night, our music was not gay; On my mother's graceful head I marked a thread of gray, My father frowning at the fare seemed every dish to weigh.

I sat beside them sole princess in my exalted place, My ladies and my gentlemen stood by me on the dais: A mirror showed me I looked old and haggard in the face;

It showed me that my ladies all are fair to gaze upon, Plump, plenteous-haired, to every one love's secret lere is known,

They laugh by day, they sleep by night; ah me, what is a throne?

The singing men and women sang that night as usual, The dancers danced in pairs and sets, but music had a fall, A melancholy windy fall as at a funeral.

Amid the toss of torches to my chamber back we swept; My ladies loosed my golden chain; meantime I could have wept

To think of some in galling chains whether they waked or slept.

I took my bath of scented milk, delicately waited on, They burned sweet things for my delight, ccdar and cinnamon,

They lit my shaded silver lamp and left me there alone.

A day went by, a week went by. One day I heard it said: "Men are clamoring, women, children, clamoring to be fed; Men like famished dogs are howling in the streets for bread."

So two whispered by my door, not thinking I could hear, Vulgar, naked truth, ungarnished for a royal ear; Fit for cooping in the background, not to stalk so near.

But I strained my utmost sense to catch this truth, and mark: "There are families out grazing like cattle in the park." "A pair of peasants must be saved even if we build an ark."

A merry jest, a merry laugh, each strolled upon his way; One was my page, a lad I reared and bore with day by day; One was my youngest maid, as sweet and white as cream in May.

Other footsteps followed softly with a weightier tramp; Voices said: "Picked soldiers have been summoned from the camp

To quell these base-born ruffians who make free to howl and stamp."

"Howl and stamp?" one answered: "They made free to hurl a stone

At the minister's state coach, well aimed and stoutly thrown." "There's work, then, for the soldiers, for this rank crop must be mown."

"One I saw, a poor old fool with ashes on his head, Whimpering because a girl had snatched his crust of bread: Then he dropped; when some one raised him, it turned out he was dead."

"After us the deluge," was retorted with a laugh:
"If bread's the staff of life, they must walk without a staff." "While I've a loaf they're welcome to my blessing and the chaff."

These passed. The king: stand up. Said my father with a smile:

"Daughter mine, your mother comes to sit with you awhile, She's sad to-day, and who but you her sadness can beguile?"

He, too, left me. Shall I touch my harp now while I wait,— (I hear them doubling guard below before our palace gate,—)

Or shall I work the last gold stitch into my veil of state;

Or shall my woman stand and read some unimpassioned

There's music of a lulling sort in words that pause between; Or shall she merely fan me while I wait here for the queen? Again I caught my father's voice in sharp word of command:

"Charge!" a clash of steel: "Charge again, the rebels stand. Smite and spare not, hand to hand; smite and spare not, hand to hand."

There swelled a tumult at the gate, high voices waxing higher;

A flash of red reflected light lit the cathedral spire; I heard a cry for faggots, then I heard a yell for fire.

"Sit and roast there with your meat, sit and bake there with your bread,

You who sat to see us starve," one shricking woman said: "Sit on your throne and roast with your crown upon your head."

Nay, this thing will I do, while my mother tarrieth, I will take my fine spun gold, but not to sew therewith, I will take my gold and gems, and rainbow fan and wreath;

With a ransom in my lap, a king's ransom in my hand, I will go down to this people, will stand face to face,—will stand

Where they curse king, queen, and princess of this cursed land.

They shall take all to buy them bread, take all I have to give;

I, if I perish, perish; they to-day shall eat and live; I, if I perish, perish; that's the goal I half conceive:

Once to speak before the world, rend bare my heart and show

The lesson I have learned which is death, is life, to know. I, if I perish, perish; in the name of God I go.

O, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME!—THOMAS MOORE. (ROBERT EMMETT.)

O, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid; Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we we shed, As the night dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps, Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls, Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

MOTH-EATEN.--MARGARET E. SANGSTER,

I had a beautiful garment,
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close with lavender leaves
In a napkin fine and fair;
"It is far too costly a robe," I said,
"For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on;
It lay by itself, under clasp and key,
In the perfumed dust alone,
Its wonderful broidery hidden
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in soberest raiment
I bore them company;
I knew that I owned a beautiful robe,
Though its splendor none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal. There were orphaned sought my care; I gave them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing besides to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the lustre
Of its shifting colors fine;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the dust I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of day.
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that seals
To the grace of a constant blessing
The beauty that use reveals.
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

MR. BOSBYSCHELL'S CONFESSION.

It was very late Saturday night when Mr. Bosbyschell came home. It was very nearly Sunday morning. He did not come in the usual way. He did not open the gate. He climbed over it, although there was no apparent reason why he should get into the yard in that way. And he climbed on the gate with an affectation of great stealth and with a reality of great difficulty.

He slammed himself up against the gate with great violence and a terrific crash, and closed one eye and looked around him at the midnight solitude and said "—ah!" several times.

Then he clambered to the top of the gate and kicked against it with his feet as he scrambled up, and made such a racket that every dog on South Hill woke up and began calling all the other dogs' names, while Mr. Bosbyschell balancing himself on the top of the gate, rattled it so furiously, in his unsteady violence, the dogs could scarcely hear each other, and Mr. B. repeatedly put one hand to his mouth, and said "—sh!" in the same warning tones, and winked, in a very laborious and uncertain manner, in the several and general directions of the noisy and invisible dogs, to indicate that he was doing something powerful sly, and wanted to keep most awful shady about it. Then he began to climb over and let himself down on the inside of the gate.

Now the gate was unfastened, and when Mr. Besbyschell transferred his weight to the inside, it flew wide open, banged itself up against the fence, and Mr. Bosbyschell, as he let himself down on the sidewalk, on the outside of the fence, distorted his face into such an expression of malignant and fiendish cunning as would have silenced every dog on the hill, could they have seen it. Then with stealthy steps he tiptoed across the street in a zigzag manner, holding a finger on his lips to impress the sleeping world and the voiceless night around him with silence, while he pursued his cautious way, as he supposed, to his own front door.

His amazement, when he found another row of shade trees, another fence and another closed gate confronting

him, was simply colossal. He stared until his eyes ached, then declaring that it was "pef'ly increpemsivel," by which he was understood to convey the idea that it was "perfectly incomprehensible," he retraced his steps and after staring very hard at his open gate, plunged through it, bulged up the front steps, fell against the front door, and while he struggled to regain an erect posture, said "—sh!" at warning intervals.

Some one, a figure arrayed in white, with frills around its head and blood in its eye, let him in, and he lunged with easy grace into the first chair that went past him, after he had made several vain attempts to seat himself on the piano. The reproachful figure of Mrs. Bosbyschell regarded him with calm severity, and her icy silence made him feel uncomfortable.

"Moggareck," he said thickly, but with grave earnestness, "Moggareck," (Mrs. Bosbyschell's front name is Margaret) "I've—hic—I've gotta—gotta quickened coshience."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Bosbyschell, in calm disdain.

"A quicked coshience," repeated Mr. Bosbyschell. "A quicked coshience. A—hic—I've got something ommy min', Moggart. I've gotta—hic—coffessiol—codfession—gottacoffession t' make."

"You can make it in the morning," she said, imperiously.
"I am going to bed. You may sleep where you please, or rather, where you can."

"Naw," protested Mr. Bosbyschell, with much vehemence, "can't—cantwait; hic; can'tgot'sleep 'ith th'sload ommy—ommy mind. Got coffession t'make, an' mus'—mus' make it. Done suthin', Moggart, hic—been—been a—beena load ommy mind long time. Been—hic—carryin' guilty secret 'round 'ith me too long. Quicked coshience won' gimme—won'gimme nope—hic—no peace. Mus' tell you. Sumpin', Mogert, sumpin' 'Il s'prise you. I've—"

"Mercy on me, man!" exclaimed Mrs. Bosbyschell, startled from her composure, "what have you been doing? Tell me quick, tell me, for goodness sake!"

"Moggart," said Mr. Bosbyschell, "it's sumthin' ye nev—hic—never suspect—suspected. It'll mos' kill ye. Hic! S'pec' it'll n—nigh drive ye crazy. 'Sawful t' think 'bout it,

Y'-y'wouldn' b'lieve it of me, Margart, y'-ye wouldn'. I 've been--"

"Speak!" shrieked the almost frantic woman, "I'm wild with suspense! Speak, tell me all, quick! Oh, I could tear her eyes out! Tell me, you brute, what is her name? Who is she!"

"Wh--wh-hic! Who'sh who!" demanded Mr. Bosby-schell, in blank amazement.

"The woman, you wretch!" screamed his wife; "who is the woman?"

"Oh, shaw, Moggart," ejaculated Mr. Bosbyschell, "tain' th—hic—that. Wussen that. 'Smore dreadful—hic—'smore crushin'. You—hic, y'won't hardly b'lieve it—hic—w'en tell ye. Moggart—"

"Speak," wailed the anxious woman, wringing her hands, "speak: let me know the worst! What have you been

doing?"

"Margart," said Mr. Bosbyschell, solemnly, and with the air of a man upon whom a quickened conscience had wrought its perfect work, "Margart" he said, nerving himself for the shock of confession, "Margart, I've—hic—I've

been drinking!"

There was a dull, heavy sound, as the ottoman caromed on Mr. Bosbyschell's head, and he looked out from his recumbent posture under the piano just in time to see a form robed in snowy white speed swiftly up the hall stairs with an expression of disgust on its marble features. And out in the azure skies the eternal stars looked down at the swinging gate, and peeped in at the sleeping figure under the piano, and winked at the drowsy hall lamp that had smelled so much whisky it had burned itself out in a whisky fit, and the sad, voiceless spirit of the night sat on the front fence and brooded with a tender mystery over the devious ways of wayward, fallen man.

THE COUNTERSIGN. -

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
hear the bearded whip-poor-will.

I scarce can see a yard ahead;
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the spring's bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form, with bending back;
I think I see him crouching low—
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerillas into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
"Advance and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at a charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms aport I charge my mate,
Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make,
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the countersign.

DOWN WITH THE TRAFFIC.—DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

Down with the traffic! down, we say!
And saying it, we mean it;
Tear off the flimsy veil of law
The people use to screen it.
Oh, for a trumpet voice to wake
The public indignation,

As when the fire on Sumpter's walls Roused us to desperation!

Hath it not stung us long enough?

Break up this nest of adders;

Down with this awful powder-house!

Out, out with "hooks and ladders!"

Turn out the dealers—not to die,

Or pine of sheer starvation,

But earn their bread like honest men—

The common population.

Take up the papers, how ye read—
"Shot in a row this morning."
"Killed! on the railroad track! too drunk
To heed the whistle's warning."
"Stabbed! in a lager beer saloon."
"Drowned! in a western river;
A man plunged headlong o'er a bridge,
All for a drunken driver."

"Died! Mary K—, aged twenty-two; Policeman, in his duty,
Had brought her to the Tombs that day,
A sad and drunken beauty."
"Riot! one harmless man shot down,
The drunken wretches fleeing."
"Neck broken! gay young man upset;
Rash driving caused by spreeing!"

"Fell from the platform of the cars!
A drunken man was standing,
The rapid train approached a curve,
And that was his last landing."
"Took opium! leaves a family;
Oh, there is silent weeping,
And only bitter tears fall where
A drunken father's sleeping!"

"Died in the city prison!" Say!
Shall I tell the story truly?
That brilliant man rose like a star,
To set in gloom unduly;
He had a fortune, talents rare,
And rose in his profession,
But at the dram-shop's open door
He turned in sad digression.

Each morning tells the carnival
Of night that knows no slumber;
Where "Drink," the demon, leads to death
His victims without number;

And thus we read, from day to day,
These horrors sad and solemn,
As graveward moves, in awful march,
The long and dark death column.

Down with the ruffian traffic! down!
And break its bonds asunder,
And let the nation say "Amen,"
In loud and choral thunder.
Bring out the people's loyal gun,
And a million votes to load it,
Make ready, boys! take aim! and fire!
And in a breath explode it.

THE FIRESIDE SAINTS.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

SAINT DOLLY.

At an early age, St. Dolly showed the sweetness of her nature by her tender love of her widowed father, a baker, dwelling at Pie Corner, with a large family of little children. It chanced that, with bad harvests, bread became so dear that, of course, bakers were ruined by high prices. The miller fell upon Dolly's father, and swept the shop with his golden thumb. Not a bed was left for the baker or his little ones. St. Dolly slept upon a flour sack, having prayed that good angels would help her to help her father. Now, sleeping she dreamed that the oven was lighted, and she felt. falling in a shower about her, raisins, currants, almonds, lemon-peel, flour, with heavy drops of brandy. Then, in her dream, she saw the fairies gather up the things that fell, and knead them into a cake. They put the cake into the oven, and dancing round and round, the fairies vanished, crying, "Draw the cake, Dolly; Dolly, draw the cake!" And Dolly awoke and drew the cake; and, behold, it was the first Twelfth Cake, sugared at the top, and bearing three images of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Now, this cake, shown in the window, came to the King's ear; and the King bought the cake, knighted the baker, and married Dolly to his grand falconer, to whom she proved a faithful and loving wife, bearing him a baker's dozen of lovely children.

SAINT PATTY.

St. Patty was an orphan, and dwelt in a cot with a sour old aunt. It chanced, it being bitter cold, that three hunters came and craved for meat and drink. "Pack," said the sour aunt; "neither meat nor drink have ye here." "Neither meat nor drink," said Patty, "but something better." And she ran and brought some milk, some eggs, and some flour, and beating them up, poured the batter in the pan. Then she took the pan, and tossed the cake once; and then a robin alighted at the window, and kept singing these words: "One good turn deserves another." And Patty tossed and tossed the cakes, and the hunters ate their fill and departed. And next day the hunter baron came in state to the cot, and trumpets were blown, and the heralds cried, "One good turn deserves another!" And in token whereof, Patty became the baron's wife, and pancakes were eaten on Shrove Tuesday ever after.

SAINT NORAH.

St. Norah was a poor girl, and came to England to service. Sweet-tempered and gentle, she seemed to love everything she spoke to. And she prayed to St. Patrick that he would give her a good gift, that would make her not proud, but useful; and St. Patrick, out of his own head, taught St. Norah how to boil a potato. A sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few.

SAINT BETSY.

St. Betsy was wedded to a knight who sailed with Raleigh, and brought home tobacco; and the knight smoked. But he thought that St. Betsy, like other fine ladies of the court, would fain that he should smoke out of doors, nor taint with 'bacco-smoke the tapestry. Whereupon the knight would seek his garden, his orchard, and in any weather smoke sub Jove. Now it chanced, as the knight smoked, St. Betsy came to him and said, "My lord, pray ye, come into the house." And the knight went with St. Betsy, who took him into a newly-cedared room, and said, "I pray, my lord, henceforth smoke here; for is it not a shame that you, who are the foundation and the prop of your house, should have no place to put your head into and smoke?" And St. Betsy led him to a chair, and with her own fingers filled him a

pipe; and from that time the knight sat in the cedar chamber and smoked his weed.

SAINT PHILLIS.

St. Phillis was a virgin of noble parentage, but withal as simple as any shepherdess of curds-and-cream. She married a wealthy lord, and had much pin-inoney. But when other ladies wore diamonds and pearls, St. Phillis only wore a red and white rose in her hair. Yet her pin-money bought the best of jewelry in the happy eyes of the poor about her. St. Phillis was rewarded. She lived until four-score, and still carried the red and white rose in her face, and left their fragrance in her memory.

SAINT PHŒBE.

St. Phœbe was married early to a wilful, but withal, a good-hearted husband. He was a merchant, and would come home sour and sullen from 'Change. Whereupon, after much pondering, St. Phœbe, in her patience, set to work, praying the while, and made of dyed lamb's-wool a door mat. And it chanced, from that time that never did the husband touch that mat that he didn't clean his temper, with his shoes; and he sat down by his Phœbe as mild as the lamb whose wool he had trod upon. Thus gentleness may make miraculous door-mats!

SAINT SALLY.

St. Sally, from her childhood, was known for her innermost love of truth. It was said of her that her heart was in a crystal shrine, and all the world might see it. Now, once, when other women denied, or strove to hide their age, St. Sally said, "I am five-and-thirty!" Whereupon, next birthday, St. Sally's husband, at a feast of all their friends, gave her a necklace of six-and-thirty opal beads; and on every birthday added a bead, until the beads amounted to four-score and one. And the beads seemed to act as a charm; for St. Sally, wearing the sum of her age about her neck, age never appeared in her face. Such, in the olden time, was the reward of simplicity and truth.

SAINT BECKY.

A very good man was St. Becky's husband, but with his heart a little too much in his bottle. Port wine—red port

wine—was his delight, and his constant cry was a bee's-wing. Now, as he sat tipsy in his arbor, a wasp dropped into his glass; and the wasp was swallowed, stinging the man inwardly. Doctors crowded, and with much ado the man was saved. Now, St. Becky nursed her husband tenderly back to health, and upbraided him not. But she said these words: "My dear, take wine, and bless your heart with it; but wine in moderation. But never forget that the bee's-wing of to-day becomes the wasp's sting of to-morrow."

SAINT LILY.

St. Lily was the wife of a poor man, who tried to support a family,—and the children were many,—by writing books. But in those days it was not as easy for a man to find a publisher as to say his Paternoster. Many were the books that were written by the husband of St. Lily; but to every book St. Lily gave at least two babies. However, blithe as a cricket was the spirit that ruled about the hearth of St. Lily. And how she helped her helpmate! She smiled sunbeams into his ink-bottle, and turned his goose-pen into the quill of a dove! She made the paper he wrote on as white as her name, and as fragrant as her soul. And when folks wondered how St. Lily managed so lightly with fortune's troubles, she always answered that she never heeded them, for "Troubles were like babies, and only grew the bigger by nursing!"

SAINT FANNY.

St. Fanny was a notable housewife. Her house was a temple of neatness. Kings might have dined upon her staircase! Now, her great delight was to provide all things comfortable for her husband, a hard-working merchant, much abroad, but loving his home. Now, one night he returned tired and hungry, and by some mischance there was nothing for supper. Shops were shut, and great was the grief of St. Fanny. Taking off a bracelet of seed pearl, she said, "I'd give this ten times over for a supper for my husband." And every pearl straightway became an oyster; and St. Fanny opened, and her husband ate, and lo! in every oyster was a pearl as large as a hazel-nut; and so was St. Fanny made rich for life.

SAINT JENNY.

St. Jenny was married to a very poor man; they had scarcely bread to keep them; but Jenny was of so sweet a temper that even want bore a bright face, and Jenny always smiled. In the worst seasons Jenny would spare crumbs for the birds, and sugar for the bees. Now, it so happened that an autumn storm rent their cot in twenty places apart; when behold, between the joists, from the basement to the roof, there was nothing but honey-comb and honey. A little fortune for St. Jenny and her husband in honey. Now, some said it was the bees, but more declared it was the sweet temper of St. Jenny that had filled the poor man's house with honey.

SAINT FLORENCE, OR SAINT NIGHTINGALE.

St. Florence, by her works, had her lips blessed with comforting, and her hands blessed with healing. And she crossed the sea, and built hospitals, and solaced, and restored. And so long as the mistletoe gathers beneath it truthful hearts, and English holly brightens happy eyes, so long will Englishmen, at home or abroad, on land or on the wave, so long—in memory of that Eastern Christmas—will they cry, "God bless St. Florence! Bless St. Nightingale!"

THE SAUSAGE MAKER'S GHOST.—THOMAS HOOD.

A LONDON LEGEND.

Somewhere in Leather Lane—
I woulder that it was not Mincing,
And for this reason most convincing,
That Mr. Brain

Dealt in those well-minced cartridges of meat
Some people like to eat—
However, all such quibbles overstepping,
In Leather Lane he lived; and drove a trade
In porcine sausages, though London made,
Called "Epping."

Right brisk was the demand,
Seldom his goods stayed long on hand,
For out of all adjacent courts and lanes,
Young Irish ladies and their swains—
Such soups of girls and broths of boys!—
Sought his delicious chains,

Preferred to all polonies, saveloys, And other foreign toys— The mere chance passengers Who saw his "sassengers," Of sweetness undeniable, So sleek, so mottled, and so "friable,"

Stepped in, forgetting every other thought, And bought.

Meanwhile a constant thumping Was heard, a sort of subterranean chumping— Incessant was the noise! But though he had a foreman and assistant, With all the tools consistent, (Besides a wife and two fine chopping boys) His means were not yet vast enough

For chopping fast enough To meet the call from streets, and lanes, and passages. For first-chop sassages."

However Mr. Brain Was none of those dull ப ப and slow, Who, flying bird-like by a railway train, Sigh for the heavy mails of long ago; He did not set his face 'gainst innovations For rapid operations, And, therefore, in a kind of waking dream Listened to some hot-water sprite that hinted To have his meat chopped, as the Times was printed, By steam!

Accordingly, in happy hour, A bran new engine went to work Chopping up pounds on pounds of pork With all the energy of two-horse-power. And wonderful celerity-When lo! when everything to hope responded, Whether his head was turned by his prosperity. Whether he had some sly intrigue, in verity, The man absconded!

His anxious wife in vain Placarded Leather Lane, And all the suburbs with descriptive bills, Such as are issued when from homes and tills, Clerks, dogs, cats, lunatics, and children roam; Besides advertisements in all the journals, Or weeklies or diurnals, Beginning "Left his Home"— The sausage-maker, spite of white and black,

Never came back.

Never, alive!—But on the seventh night, Just when the yawning grave its dead releases, Filling his bedded wife with sore affright

In walked his grisly sprite, In fifty thousand pieces! "O Mary!" so it seemed

In hollow melancholy tone to say, Whilst through its airy shape the moonlight gleamed

With scarcely dimmer ray,— "O Mary! let your hopes no longer flatter, Prepare at once to drink of sorrow's cup-It ain't no use to mince the matter—

The engine's chopped me up!"

THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE.

Mrs. E. T. Corbett.

Walk right in the settin'-room, Deacon; it's all in a muddle, you see,

But I hadn't no heart to right it, so I've jest let everything be. Besides, I'm a-goin' to-morrer--I calk'late to start with the dawn—

And the house won't seem so home-like if it 's all upsot and forlorn.

I sent off the children this mornin': they both on 'em begged to stay,

But I thought 'twould be easier, mebbe, if I was alone to-day. For this was the very day, Deacon, jest twenty year ago, That Caleb and mc moved in; so I couldn't forgit it, you

know.

We was so busy and happy!—we'd ben married a month

And Caleb would clear the table and brush up the kitchen

He said I was tired, and he'd help me; but, law! that was always his way-

Always handy and helpful, and kind, to the very last day. Don't you remember, Deacon, that winter I broke my arm? Why, Caleb skursely left me, not even to 'tend to the farm. There night and mornin' I saw him, a-settin' so close to my

And I knew him in spite of the fever that made me so wild in my head.

He never did nothin' to grieve me, until he left me behind-Yes, I know, there's no use in talkin', but somehow it eases my mind.

And he sot such store by you, Deacon, I needn't tell you now, But unless he had your jedgment, he never would buy a cow. Well, our cows is gone, and the horse, too—poor Caleb was fond of Jack,

And I cried like a fool this mornin' when I looked at the

empty rack.

I hope he'll be kindly treated: 'twould worry poor Caleb so If them Joneses should whip the cretur—but I s'pose he ain't like to know.

I've ben thinkin' it over lately, that when Mary sickened

and died,

Her father's sperrit was broken, for she was allus his pride. He wasn't never so cheery; he'd smile, but the smile wa'n't bright,

And he didn't care for the cattle, though once they'd bear

his delight.

The neighbors all said he was ailin', and they tried to hint it to me:

They talked of a church-yard cough; but, oh! the blind are

those who won't see.

I never believed he was goin' till I saw him a-layin' here

dead,—

There, there! don't be anxious, Deacon; I haven't no tears to shed.

I've tried to keep things together—I've ben slavin' early and late—

But I couldn't pay the int'rest, nor git the farm-work straight.

So of course I've gone behindhand, and if the farm should sell For enough to pay the mortgage, I s'pose 'twill be doin' well. I've prayed ag'inst all hard feelin's, and to walk as a Christian ought,

But it's hard to see Caleb's children turned out of the place

he bought:

And readin' that text in the Bible, 'bout widows and orphans, you know,

I can't think the folks will prosper who are willin' to see us go.

But there! I'm a-keepin' you, Deacon, and it's nigh your time for tea.

"Won't I come over?" No, thank you; I feel better alone, you see.

Besides, I couldn't eat nothin'; whenever I've tried it to-day There's somethin' here that chokes me. I'm narvous, I s'pose you'll say.

'I've worked too hard?" No, I haven't. Why, it's work that

keeps me strong;

If I sot here thinkin', I'm sartain my heart would break before long.

Not that I care about livin'. I'd ruther be laid away

In the place I've marked beside Caleb, to rest till the jedgment day.

But there's the children to think of—that makes my dooty clear,

And I'll 'try to foller it, Deacon, though I'm tired of this earthly speer.

Good-by, then, I shan't forgit you, nor all the kindness you've showed;

'Twill help to cheer me to-morrer, as I go on my lonely road, For—What are you sayin', Deacon? I needn't—I need'nt go? You've bought the mortgage, and I can stay? Stop! say it over slow.—

Jest wait now--jest wait a minute—I'll take it in bime-by 'That I can stay. Why, Deacon, I don't know what makes me cry!

I haven't no words to thank you. Ef Caleb was only here, He'd sech a head for speakin', he'd make my feelin's clear. There's a picter in our old Bible of an angel from the skies.

And though he hasn't no great-coat, and no spectacles on his eyes.

He looks jest like you, Deacon, with your smile so good and trew.

And whenever I see that picter, 'twill make me think of you.

The children will be so happy! Why, Debby will most go wild;

She fretted so much at leavin' her garding behind, poor child!

And, law! I'm as glad as Debby, ef only for jest one thing— Now I can tend the posies I planted there last spring On Caleb's grave: he loved the flowers, and it seems as ef

he'll know
They're a-bloomin' all around him while he's sleepin' there
below.

LAUGHTER.

Laughter! 'tis the poor man's plaster, Covering up each sad disaster, Laughing, he forgets his troubles. Which, though real, seem but bubbles. Laughter! 'tis a seal of nature Stamped upon the human creature. Laughter, whether loud or mute, Tells the human kind from brute. Laughter! 'tis Hope's living voice Bidding us to make our choice, And to cull from thorny bowers, Leaving thorns and taking flowers.

IN THE STREET OF BY-AND-BY,--Mrs. ABDY.

"By the street of 'By-and-By' one arrives at the house of 'Never.'"

OLD SAYING.

Oh! shun the spot, my youthful friends, I urge you to beware; Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes 'he air; Yet none have ever passed to scenes ennobling, great and high,

Who once began to linger in the street of By-and-by.

How varied are the images arising to my sight Of those who wished to shun the wrong, who loved and prized the right,

Yet from the silken bonds of sloth, they vainly strove to fly, Which held them gently prisoned in the street of By-and-by,

A youth aspired to climb the height of Learning's lofty hill; What dimmed his bright intelligence—what quelled his earnest will?

Why did the object of his quest still mock his wistful eye? Too long, alas! he tarried in the street of By-and-by.

"My projects thrive," the merchant said; "when doubled is my store,

How freely shall my ready gold be showered among the poor!"

Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the mourner's tear to dry;

He never journeyed onward from the street of By-and-by.

"Forgive thy erring brother, he hath wept and suffered long,"

I said to one, who answered—"He hath done me grievous wrong;

Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him, ere I die;—"Alas! Death shortly found him in the street of By-and-by!

The wearied worldling muses upon lost and wasted days, Resolved to turn hereafter from the error of his ways, To lift his groveling thoughts from earth, and fix them on the sky:

Why does he linger fondly in the street of By-and-by?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends; work on, while yet you may;

Let not old age o'ertake you as you slothfully delay, Lest you should gaze around you, and discover with a sigh, You have reached the house of "Never" by the street of By-and-by.

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AUNT JEMIMA'S COURTSHIP.

Waal, girls—if you must know—reckon I must tell ye. Waal, 'twas in the winter time, and father and I were sitting alone in the kitchen. We wur sitting thar sort o' quiet like, when father sez, sez he to me, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Wa'n't that a rap at the door?" and I sez, sez I, "No, sir." Bimeby, father sez to me again, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What sir?" and he sez, sez he, "Are you sure?" and I sez, sez I, "No, sir." So I went to the door, and opened it, and sure enough there stood—a man. Waal, he came in and sat down by father, and father and he talked about almost everything you could think of; they talked about the farm, they talked about the crops, and they talked about all other ticks.

Bimeby father, father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, "Can't we have some cider?" And I sez, sez I, "I suppose so." So I went down in the cellar and brought up a pitcher of cider, and I handed some cider to father, and then I handed some to the man; and father he drinks, and the man he drinks, and father he drinks, the man he drinks till they drink it all up. After awhile father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Ain't it most time for me to be thinking about going to bed?" And I sez, sez I, "Indeed, you are the best judge of that yourself, sir," "Waal," he sez, sez he, "Jemima, bring me my dressinggown and slippers." And he put them on and arter awhile he went to bed.

And there sat that man; and bimeby he began a-hitching his chair up toward mine—oh my! I was all in a flutter. And then he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" for I was most scared to death. Waal, there we sat, and arter awhile, will ye believe me, he began backing his chair closer and closer to mine, and sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will ye have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" Waal, by this time he had his arm around my waist, and I hadn't

the heart to take it away 'cause the tears was a-rollin' down his cheeks, and he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "For the third and last time, I shan't ask ye agin, will ye have me?" And I sez, sez I, "Yes, sir,"—fur I didn't know what else to say.

THE CHARGE BY THE FORD.—THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Eighty and nine with their captain, Rode on the enemy's track, Rode in the gray of the morning— Nine of the ninety came back.

Slow rose the mist from the river, Lighter each moment the way; Careless and tearless and fearless Galloped they on to the fray.

Singing in tune, how the scabbards Loud on the stirrup-irons rang, Clinked as the men rose in saddle, Fell, as they sank, with a clang.

What is it moves by the river,
Jaded, and weary, and weak?
Gray-backs—a cross on their banner—
Yonder the foe whom they seek.

Silence! They see not, they hear not,
Tarrying there by the marge:
Forward! Draw sabre! Trot! Gallop!
Charge! like a hurricane, charge!

Ah! 'twas a man-trap infernal—
Fire like the deep pit of hell!
Volley on volley to meet them,
Mixed with the gray rebel's yell.

Ninety had ridden to battle, Tracing the enemy's track— Ninety had ridden to battle; Nine of the ninety came back.

Honor the name of the ninety; Honor the heroes who came Scathless from five hundred muskets, Safe from the lead-bearing flame.

Eighty and one of the troopers
Lie on the field of the slain—
Lie on the red field of honor—
Honor the nine who remain!

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Cold are the dead there, and gory,
There where their life-blood was spilt;
Back come the living, each sabre
Red from the point to the hilt.

Up with three cheers and a tiger! Let the flags wave as they come! Give them the blare of the trumpet! Give them the roll of the drum!

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH. - THOMAS HOOD.

Even is come; and from the dark park, hark! The signal of the setting sun,—one gun! And six is sounding from the chime, prime time To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain, Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out; Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade, Denying to his frantic clutch much touch; Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride, ride Four horses, as no other man can span; Or in the small Olympic pit sit, split Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things Such as, with his poetic tongue Young sung; The gas up-blazes with its bright white light; And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal, Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs. Now thieves, to enter for your cash, smash, crash, Past drowsy Charley in a deep sleep, creep,—But frightened by policeman B. 3, flee—And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads, And sleepers waking, grumble, "Drat that cat!" Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise In childish dreams, and with a roar, gore poor Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly; But nurse-maid, in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed, Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games, and that she hears—what faith is man's!—Ann's barns And bis, from Rev. Mr. Rice,—twice, thrice; White risbons flourish,—and a stout shout out, That upward goes, shows Rose knows those beaux' woes!

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE, -GEORGE W. DOANE.

The men to make a state must be intelligent men. I do not mean that they must know that two and two make four; or, that six per cent. a year is half per cent. a month: I take a wider and a higher range. I limit myself to no mere utilitarian intelligence. This has its place. And this will come almost unsought. The contact of the rough and rugged world will force men to it in self-defence. The lust of worldly gain will drag men to it for self-aggrandizement. But men so made will never make a state. The intelligence which that demands, will take a wider and a higher range. Its study will be man. It will make history its chief experience. It will read hearts. It will know men. It will first know itself. What else can govern men? Who else can know the men to govern men? The right of suffrage is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom, and discretion, and intelligence, of no ordinary standard. It takes in, at every exercise, the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward through time into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it blindly? Who will go to it passionately? Who will go to it, as a sycophant, a tool, a slave? How many do! These are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state must be honest men. I do not mean men that would never steal. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change. I mean men with a single face. I mean men with a single eye. I mean men with a single tongue. I mean men that consider always what is right; and do it at whatever cost. I mean men who can dine, like Andrew Marvel, on a neck of mutton; and whom, therefore, no king on earth can buy. Men that are in the market for the highest bidder; men that make politics their trade, and look to office for a living; men that will crawl where they cannot climb;—these are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state must be brave men. I do not mean the men that pick a quarrel. I do not mean the men that carry dirks. I do not mean the men that call them-

selves hard names—as Bouncers, Killers, and the like. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that do, but do not talk. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are to-day where they were yesterday, and will be there to-morrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to kill, but not afraid to die. The man that calls hard names, and uses threats; the man that stabs, in secret, with his tongue, or with his pen; the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his last drop of blood, but never sheds the first;—these are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state must be religious men. States are from God. States are dependent upon God. States are accountable to God. To leave God out of states, is to be atheists. I do not mean that men must cant. I do not mean that men must wear long faces. I do not mean that men must talk of conseience, while they take your spoons. One has shrewdly ealled hypocrisy the tribute which vice pays to virtue. These masks and vizors, in like manner, are the forced concession which a moral nature makes to him whom, at the same time, it dishonors. I speak of men who feel and own a God. I speak of men who feel and own their sins. I speak of men who think the cross no shame. I speak of men who have it in their hearts as well as on their brows. The men that own no future, the men that trample on the Bible, the men that never pray, are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state are made by faith. A man that has no faith, is so much flesh. His heart, a muscle; nothing more. He has no past, for reverence; no future, for reliance. He lives, so does a clam. Both die. Such men ean never make a state. There must be faith, which furnishes the fulcrum Archimedes could not find, for the long lever that should move the world. There must be faith to look through clouds and storms up to the sun that whines as cheerily on high as on creation's morn. There must be faith that can lay hold on heaven, and let the earth swing from beneath it, if God will. There must be faith that can afford to sink the present in the future; and let

time go, in its strong grasp upon eternity. This is the way that men are made, to make a state.

The men to make a state are made by self-denial. The willow dallies with the water, and is fanned forever by its coolest breeze, and draws its waves up in continual pulses of refreshment and delight; and is a willow, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It squares itself against the storms. It shoulders through the blast. It asks no favor, and gives none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up toward the sun. It is an oak. It has been seventy years an oak. It will be an oak for seven times seventy years; unless you need a man-of-war to thunder at the foe that shows a flag upon the shore, where freemen dwell; and then you take no willow in its daintiness and gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and stormstrengthened oak. So are the men made that will make a state.

The men to make a state are themselves made by obedience. Obedience is the health of human hearts; obedience to God; obedience to father and to mother, who are, to children, in the place of God; obedience to teachers and to masters, who are in the place of father and of mother; obedience to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and to the powers that be, which are ordained of God. Obedience is but self-government in action; and he can never govern men who does not govern first himself. Only such men can make a state.

A COUNTRY COURTSHIP.—FRANCIS O'CONNOR.

It was a night in harvest time;
The full, clear moon was gleamin'.
With light that leads a fellow straight
To where bright eyes are beamin';
And earth and air were bathed all round
In just such milky splendor

As soaks a fellow through and through,
And makes him soft and tender.
You'll see young lovers on such nights,
Paired like the lights and shadows,
And hear low voices on the paths
That lead across the meadows.

The hands had both gone up to bed, Tired out with all day sweepin' Their cradles through the heavy grain, And you could *hear* them sleepin'; But somehow Cousin Jake hung round As restless as a swaller, Till I slunk by to leave him free And watch a chance to foller, Then off he struck across the fields To see the parson's darter— He thought he scooted mighty sly, But I was right straight arter. Well, now, you'd ought to seen him go, Down by the old stone-quarry, And out through Jones's pasture, like A Shanghai in a hurry!

At last I saw the parson's house A-peepin' through the maples, While dark behind the orchard lay. All loaded down with apples. There wa'n't a light about the place, Save one in the back kitchen, And by it sat the parson's wife, A-stitchin' and a-stitchin'. Jake he stole round into the yard, All this here time supposin That I was safe at home at dad's, And snug in bed a-snoozin'; I crawled along close by the fence, And through the rails kept peekin'. While he went dodgin' round the barn, And through the garden sneakin'; You see the parson drove his folks With a patent pious snaffle, And was the sort of parent That a feller's got to baffle.

Just then Jake whistled low and clear,
And then a little louder:
Thinks I, "If you wake up the dog,
He'll chaw you into chowder!"
I knew he was a surly brute;
One night he bit our Barney,

Who come to tip the hired girl A little Irish blarney;

Another time when Gridley's steer Broke in the parson's clover,

He jumped and ketched him by the nose And keeled him right square over.

I heard a growl so awful deep,

I knowed at once 'twas Towser's, And waited just to see him rush And grab Jake by the trousers;

But no such thing: he wagged his tail
When Jake said, "Poor old fellow,"

And clapped him on his shaggy back,
All striped with black and yellow.

He nosed around a little white,
Pronounced the guest all right,
And just a kind o' doggedly

Wished him a pleasant night.

I watched Jake all this time, and

I watched Jake all this time, and saw His eyeballs both a-glistenin', And by the way his ears stuck up

And by the way his ears stuck up I knew he was a-listenin'.

At last I heard the shed-door creak Upon its rusty hinges,

And saw two little bright eyes peek
From out their silken fringes—
I heard him snicker as he took
Her little hand in his'n;

She tried to draw it out, but no— Seemed's though 'twas in State's-pris'n.

The moonlight was a-streamin' down
Too bright for Libbie's blushes,

And so they turned and took the seat Beside the lilac-bushes;

Where sitting safely in the shade, Among the moon-paled roses,

They got their heads so mighty close I thought they'd bunk their noses; And there they whispered for awhile.

As soft as kittens purrin':
Thinks I "It's just about the tip

Thinks I, "It's just about the time For me to be a-stirrin'."

I stepped right back among the corn, And got a rousin' punkin,

All rosy ripe, but soft in spots:
"By gum!" says I, "that's bunkin!
You'll never keep for cattle-feed

Nor makin' pies; but gosh!

Although you're spoiled for punkin, You're exactly right for squash!" I crept just as I've seen our cat A-huntin' of a squirrel, Until I come to where he sat A-talkin' to his girl.

He had his head a-kind o' down,
A-sayin' suthin' tender:
I saw there wa'n't no time to lose—
Now was the time to send her!
I heaved her up, and let her zip,
Right square atween his shoulders:
The way that punkin smashed and flew
Would terrify beholders!

I guess he thought 'twas his own head That fell around him shattered, And that 'twas surely his own brains By which he was bespattered— (A very natural mistake. Both heads were of one color, If anything the punkin's was

A leetle mite the duller)—
And though Jake always went well-dressed,
And wa'n't by no means needy,

I never saw one in my life
Look so confounded seedy!
Jemima! what a yell he let!
And then he made a bound,
And cleared that 'ere old seven-rail fence,
While Lib she screamed and swound!

Great Cæsar! what a fearful mess I'd made on't with my larkin'! I thought I heard the side-door slam, The dog began a-barkin'. I knew if ketched in such a scrape, I'd look almighty silly; But Lib—I couldn't leave her there, Stretched like a wilted lily! So down I bent, more scared than Jake, A-thinkin' every minit That such a fuss would rouse the house With every critter in it. And there she lay as still as death, Her face all set and white; I raised her in my arms—and gosh! My heart did beat with fright; It made me tremble just to see

And find her forehead and her lips

Her look as pale as starlight,

As cold, too, as that far light,

But soon I noticed, as I watched, Her color grow less pallid, As one by one, back to their homes, Her scattered senses rallied-And then-you'd ought to seen her blush, And stare in blank surprise, At seein' me, instead of Jake, On openin' her eyes! Till, all at once, she tried to rise, And bu'sted out a-cryin' And then I felt most awful mean, That 'ere there 's no denyin'. And "Lib," says I, still holdin' her, "You're dreadful mad, I know; Now, do forgive me, won't you, come?" She sobbed out, "Let me go!" I said she must forgive me first, My arm around her tightened— She didn't struggle very hard, She was so weak and frightened. And then I told her how, for fun, I'd watched and followed Jake up, And lammed him with the punkin just To see him kind o' wake up; And when I pictured how he jumped And bellowed like a calf, And how the punkin smashed and flew. You'd ought to seen her laugh!

Now, though I ain't by no means soft,
I didn't know how tryin'
'Twould be to have Lib in my arms,
A-laughin and a-cryin';
And though I felt 'twas rather rough,
The way she chanced to come there,
I fairly longed to hold her clasped
Until she'd grown to home there.

Sometimes, mayhap, afore that night,
At singin'-school or meetin',
I'd dreamed of more 'twixt her and me
Than cold and distant greetin';
And now I wished her all my own,
The precious little beauty;
But she grew shy, and I released
My rudely captured booty.

I didn't hurry home that night, I'd caught the self-same fever I tried to cure in Cousin Jake, Before I turned to leave her.

DEATH'S CHOICE.—George Halse.

As Death was journeying through the land,
The ruthless sickle in his hand,
He reached a cottage door;
Beneath the porch a graybeard sat,
Now looking this way and now that,
Life-weary, weak, and sore.
He seemed awaiting, day by day,
Until that form in dread array
Should come and summon him away—
Away for evermore.

Beneath the porch, beyond the shade,
Sported a winsome little maid
From early dawn to eve;
Her rounded limbs bespoke the wealth
And rich inheritance of health
Testators cannot leave.
The lustre beaming in her eye,
The ringing laugh, the joyous cry,
Betrayed her all unused to sigh,
To suffer, or to grieve.

Beneath the porch, in pensive mood,
The old man's son, her father stood,
In weariness and care.
Life's fair illusions, one by one,
Without a trace had come and gone,
Like vapors in the air;
The hope that sunned him yesterday,
This morn had faded quite away,
Changed to a night of dark dismay,
Of sorrow and despair.

Death scanned the group. "Behold, forsooth, Old age, and middle life, and youth; I know not whom to call! Decay hath marked this man of years, But lo, his son is bowed with cares, And bound in sorrow's thrall. Doubtless they both in hope await The tardy messenger of Fate, And long to meet me at the gate, The welcome guest of all!"

The sable jester then drew near, And whispered in the old man's ear, "Friend, I'm thy guest to-day; Ym come to ease thee of thy load,
Poor pilgrim on life's weary road,
Forever and for aye.
Nay, shrink not, graybeard! Wouldst thou fly?
Why tremble thus, and wherefore cry
For mercy? I, and only I,
Can bear thy pains away."

The dotard shrieked, "O, spare me; stay
Thy hand! I cannot die to-day;
I crave a short reprieve.
I feel my youth return again,
And fled are weariness and pain;
I never more shall grieve."
"Thy fourscore years?" "Are all too few
For work I have on earth to do.
Spare yet awhile. Thy quest pursue,
O death, elsewhere, and leave!"

Death passed, and whispered to the son:

"Where I abide regrets are none;
Come, mourner, quit the stage."

"Avaunt thee, monster! Many a curse
I heap on life, but death is worse;
I dare not turn the page!"

"Thou longest for death." "I did, but life
Grows sweeter with the mortal strife;
I'll live." "Aibeit with sorrow rife?"

"Yea, to decrepit age."

Death beckoned to the child. She sped
With light, unhesitating tread,
And met the solemn guest:
"What art thou?" "Death." "And what is death?"
"A calm surrender of the breath."
"And then?" "Eternal rest.
Say, wilt thou die?" "I've heard and read
The holy book, wherein 'tis said
My soul will live when I am dead,
And be forever blest."

"Then die, sweet cherub." And the dart Was ready for the guileless heart,
While uttering the decree.
"One moment spare! I could not rest Till I have said my prayer, and prest God's earth with bended knee." Her simple vesper sung, the child All new to life and undefiled,
Surrendered her to Death, and smiled,
Her spotless spirit free.

Death winged the spirit on its way
To sunny realms beyond decay,
And turned him from the scene.
"Live longer, fools! and day by day
Die as your treasures pass away,
And blessings that have been,
Wisdom of ripest age, O, fie!
And manhood's reason, 'tis a lie;
Children alone know how to die
Unflinching and serene.

Fair soul, to heaven! beyond the reach Of such a lesson these would teach Of folly and of sin.

In vain may they with aching eyes Search for the gates of Paradise,
Where thou dost enter in.

For thee the gain; for them the gleams And glamour of life's idle schemes,
Hopes unattainable, and dreams
Of joys they cannot win."

FEED MY SHEEP.

Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I leve thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.—John xxi: 15.

With its earnest spirit searching, Came the query and command, As risen Lord and swarthy fisher Walked the Galilean strand.

Still along its pebbled margin Rippling wavelets plash and play; And the thrice repeated lesson Echoes on our hearts to-day.

Still the unfed flocks are ranging Over mountains bleak and bare, Still the wandering lambs are bleating Sadly for the Shepherd's care.

Shall we boast of heart devotion, Tell of outward-reaching love, While our faithless fingers never Point them to the fold above?

Pharisaical profession
Naught avails us, if we bear
In our hand no cup of blessing,
On our lip no word of cheer.

Not with thunder peals of Sinai, Not on graven plates of stone, Not with sign of seer and prophet Comes the law of Bethlehem's son.

Like the voice on Horeb's mountain, Heaven-uttered, clear and deep, In the spirit's hush and stillness Falls his bidding, "Feed my sheep."

Rich the store his bounty gives thee, And the lambs are seeking food; Hand thou forth, nor doubt its fitness Is not what he blesses good?

Straight before the great All-Shepherd Bring the wanderer in his need; Seek not first to build about him Rigid palisades of creed.

Doubt him not because he walketh
Paths thy feet have never trod,
Lend thine hand! Your paths converging,
Both may lead to heaven and God.

So we love him, little matter
How our poor distinctions run.
In the limitless hereafter,
One the fold, the Shepherd one.

THE PARSON'S SOCIABLE.

They carried the pie to the parson's house
'And scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthful cake,
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck Their apple-parings, for sport, And every one laughed when a clumsy lout Spilt his tea in the piano-forte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees
With his wife—but not to pray:
Oh no; 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away!

A TWILIGHT IDYL .-- R. J. BURDETTE.

On a summer evening, Mr. Ellis Henderson, one of our best young men, went out walking with two of the sweetest girls in town. They were nice girls—beautiful, accomplished and modest. And Mr. Henderson was a nice young man, too. He wore that evening a little straw hat with a navy blue band, a cutaway coat, a pair of light, white pantaloons, a white vest, a button-hole bouquet, and fifteen cents. The evening was very warm, and as they walked, these young people talked about the base-ball match, the weather, and sunstrokes. By and by one of the young ladies gave a delicate little shriek.

"OO-oo! What a funny sign!"

"Where? Where? Which one, Elfrida?" asked the other young lady eagerly.

"Ha—yes," said Mr. Henderson, in troubled tones, looking gently but resolutely at the wrong side of the street.

"There," exclaimed Elfrida, artlessly pointing as she spoke.
"How funny it is spelled; see, Ethel."

"Why," said Ethel, "it is spelled correctly. Isn't it, Mr. Henderson?"

"Hy—why—aw—why, yes, yes, to be sure," said Mr. Henderson very luckily, staring as hard as he could at the window full of house-plants.

"Why, Mr. Henderson," said Elfrida, in tones of amazement, how can you say so. Just see, 'i-c-e, ice, c-r double e-m, cream,' that's not the way to spell cream."

"Oh, Elfrida," cried her companion, "you must be near-sighted. That isn't an e, it is an a. Isn't it Mr. Henderson?"

And Mr. Henderson, who was praying harder than he ever prayed before that an earthquake might come along and swallow up either himself or all the ice-cream saloons in the United States, he didn't much care which, looked up at the chimney of the house and said:

"That? Oh, yes, yes; of course, why certainly. How very much cooler it has grown within the past few minutes;" the young man suddenly added, with a kind of inspiration, "surely that cool wave the signal service dispatches an-

nounced as having entered this country from Manitoba, must be nearing us once more."

And he took out his handkerchief and swabbed a face that looked as though it had never heard of a cool wave nor even looked into the face of a man who had heard of one. He knew when he talked of its being cooler, that his face would scorch an iceberg brown in ten minutes.

By this time they turned the corner and the appalling sign was out of sight. Mr. Henderson breathed like a free man.

"I always like to stroll along this street in the evening," said Ethel. "It's so lovely. My! just look at the crowd of people going in at that door. What is going on there, Mr. Henderson?"

Mr. Henderson looked across to the other side of the street, as usual, and said: "Oh, yes; that was Raab & Bros.' clothing house."

"Why, no, Mr. Henderson," exclaimed Elfrida, "that's an

ice-cream saloon."

Ethel laughed merrily. "Do you know," she said, "I wondered what so many young ladies could want in a gentleman's clothing house."

Mr. Henderson said, "Ha, ha! to be sure." And oh, the feeble, ghastly tincture of mirth there was in his nervous "ha, ha." It sounded as though a boy with the earache should essay to laugh.

"Is it true, Mr. Henderson," asked Ethel, "that soda fountains sometimes explode?"

Mr. Henderson, gasping for breath, eagerly assured her that they did, very frequently, and that in every instance, they scattered death and destruction around. In many of the Eastern cities, he said, they had been abolished by law, and the same thing should be done here. In New York, the young man went on, all the soda fountains had been removed far outside the city limits and were located far in lonely meadows side by side with powder houses.

"I am not afraid of them," said the daring Ethel, "I don't

believe they are a bit dangerous."

"Nor I," echoed Elfrida, "I would not be afraid to walk up to one and stand by it all day. Why are you so afraid of them, Mr. Henderson?"

Mr. Henderson gnashed his teeth and secretly pulled ou a great sheaf of hair from his head in a nervous agony. Then be said that he once had a fair, sweet young sister blown to pieces by one of those terrible engines of destruction while she was drinking at it, and he had never since been able to look upon a soda fountain without growing faint.

"How sad," said both the young ladies, and then Ethel asked:

"How do they make soda water, Mr. Henderson?"

And while the young man was getting ready to recite a recipe composed mainly of dirt and poison, Ethel read aloud four ice-cream signs, and read on a transparency, "Lemon-ices, cooling, refreshing and healthful," and Elfrida read, "Ladies' and gentlemen's ice-cream parlors," twice, and Ethel looked in the door and said, "Oh, don't they look nice and cool in there? How comfortable and happy they do look!" And then Elfrida said, "Yes, indeed. It makes the dusty street and scorching sidewalk seem like an oven, just to look at them even," and then young Mr. Henderson, who for the last ten minutes had been clawing at his hair, and tearing off his necktic and collar, and pawing the air, shouted in tones of wild frenzy:

"Oh, ycs, yes, yes! Come in; come in and gorge yourselves. Everybody come in and feed up a whole week's salary in fifteen minutes. Set'em up! Sody, ice-cream, cake, strawberry cobbler, lemon-ice, and sherbet. Set'em up! It's one for me. Oh, yes, I can stand it. Ha, ha, ha! I am John Jacob Vanderbilt in disguise. Oh, yes; it don't cost anything to take an evening walk! Put out your frozen pudding! Ha, ha, ha."

They carried the young man to his humble boarding house, and put him to bed, and sent for his physician. He is not entirely out of danger, but will probably recover, with care and good nursing. The physician does not know exactly what ails him, but thinks it must be hydrophobia, as the sight of a piece of ice throws the patient into the wildest and most furious paroxysms.

-Burlington Hawkeye.

MY DAUGHTER JANE.*-SARAH L. FLOWERS.

I came to town the other day
To see my daughter Jane;
She lives a hundred miles away
And so I took the train.

I've often thought I'd like to come, But 'twas too far to drive, And John was kinder fearfulsome I wouldn't get home alive.

For he came here one time to see
How Jane was getting 'long,
And he was sick as sick could be—
He 's never very strong.

He stopped half way for change of cars
And staggered back, and sunk
Against a post, and oh, my stars—
The people said "he's drunk!"

Just think of that, my own dear John
Accused of being tight—
I bet there wasn't a man along
As good by plaguey sight.

But I'll go back and start again,
Just where I took the train;
I didn't mean John should come in
To what I am a sayin'.

But then you know more'n forty years
We've jogged on together,
Through thick and thin, through smiles and tears,
We've stuck right by each other.

I wonder what on earth he'll do
While I am here to Jane's—
It's bad enough with just us two—
And then suppose it rains.

I wonder if he'll think to catch Some water in a tub,— And keep the goslins out the ditch That he has lately dug.

Jane isn't like she used to be, She tries to keep up style; And that you know, 'twixt you and me, Just costs a little pile.

^{*}The effect of this piece will be greatly increased if recited in costume.

She's awful glad whene'er she can,
If father sells a calf,
To coax around the poor old man
Until he gives her half.

I brought her fifty dollars now,
To pay her doctor's bill—
We got for selling our best cow—
She wrote so pitiful.

But when I come and seen her dressed
For common every day,
Better than what I do for best,
I thought it didn't pay

For us to work so mighty hard,
Way back on the old farm;
Then sell our stock and eggs and lard
To help the girl along.

If she'd just work like I have done, Nigh on to fifty years, And teach her daughter and her son More sense, it kinder 'pears

To me, she'd be more like our Jane When she first left the farm, And I might want to come again, And sort of feel at home.

But now she shows so very plain That she's ashamed of me, I'm going home on the next train My dear old John to see.

We'll still jog on a few more years,
Working as hard as ever,—
Then Jane will come and shed some tears,
And we shall rest forever.

THEY ARE ALWAYS AT THE GATE.

They are always at the gate,
Are the poor,
And at early morn and late
Come these beings, desolate,
Seeking more.
Freely as God gives to you
Give the poor!
Trust him for he shall restore
All you give to them and more;
Never, never close the door
To the poor.

ZEPH HIGGINS' CONFESSION.-HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

AN EXTRACT FROM "POGANUC PEOPLE."

Zeph Higgins, a prominent character in this highly interesting work, was quarrelsome, exacting, and stubborn to such a degree that he was repulsive to the village people. His first real trouble came in the death of his loving, patient wife—whose last request was that he would put away all hard feelings, and make up the old feud with the church.

Nothing could be rougher and more rustic than the old school-house,—its walls hung with cobwebs; its rude slab benches and desks hacked by many a schoolboy's knife; the plain, ink-stained pine table before the minister, with its two tallow candles, whose dim rays scarcely gave light enough to read the hymns. There was nothing outward to express the real greatness of what was there in reality.

From the moment the Doctor entered he was conscious of a present Power. There was a hush, a stillness, and the words of his prayer seemed to go out into an atmosphere thrilling with emotion, and when he rose to speak he saw the countenances of his parishioners with that change upon them which comes from the waking up of the soul to higher things. Hard, weather-beaten faces were enkindled and eager; every eye was fixed upon him; every word he spoke seemed to excite a responsive emotion.

The Doctor read from the Old Testament the story of Achan. He told how the host of the Lord had been turned back because there was one in the camp who had secreted in his tent an accursed thing. He asked, "Can it be now, and here, among us who profess to be Christians, that we are secreting in our hearts some accursed thing that prevents the good Spirit of the Lord from working among us? Is it our pride? Is it our covetousness? Is it our hard feeling against a brother? Is there anything that we know to be wrong that we refuse to make right-anything that we know belongs to God that we are withholding? If we Christians lived as high as we ought, if we lived up to our professions, would there be any sinners unconverted? Let us beware how we stand in the way. If the salt have lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted? Oh, my brethren, let us not hinder the work of God. I look around on this circle and I miss the face of a sister who was always here to help us with her prayers; now she is with the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, with the spirits of the just made perfect. But her soul will rejoice with the angels of God if she looks down and sees us all coming up to where we ought to be. God grant that her prayers may be fulfilled in us. Let us examine ourselves, brethren; let us cast out the stumbling-block, that the way of the Lord may be prepared."

The words, simple in themselves, became powerful by the atmosphere of deep feeling into which they were uttered; there were those solemn pauses, that breathless stillness, those repressed breathings, that magnetic sympathy that unites souls under the power of one overshadowing conviction.

When the Doctor sat down, suddenly there was a slight movement, and from a dark back scat rose the gaunt form of Zeph Higgins. He was deathly pale, and his form trembled with emotion. Every eye was fixed upon him, and people drew in their breath, with involuntary surprise and suspense.

"Wal, I must speak," he said. "I'm a stumbling-block. I've allers ben one. I hain't never ben a Christian, that's jest the truth on't. I never hed oughter 'a' ben in the church. I've ben all wrong—wrong-wrong! I knew I was wrong, but I wouldn't give up. It's ben jest my awful will. I've set up my will agin God Almighty. I've set it agin my neighbors—agin the minister and agin the church. And now the Lord's come out agin me; he's struck me down. I know he's got a right—he can do what he pleases—but I ain't resigned—not a grain. I submit 'cause I can't nelp myself; but my heart's hard and wicked. I expect my day of grace is over. I ain't a Christian, and I can't be, and I shall go to hell at last, and sarve me right!"

And Zeph sat down, grim and stony, and the neighbors looked one on another in a sort of consternation. There was a terrible earnestness in those words that seemed to appall every one and prevent any from uttering the ordinary commonplaces of religious exhortation. For a few moments the circle was silent as the grave, when Dr. Cushing said, "Brethren, let us pray;" and in his prayer he

seemed to rise above earth and draw his whole flock, with all their sins, and needs, and wants, into the presence-chamber of heaven.

He prayed that the light of heaven might shine into the darkened spirit of their brother; that he might give himself up utterly to the will of God; that we might all do it, that we might become as little children in the kingdom of heaven. With the wise tact which distinguished his ministry he closed the meeting immediately after the prayer with one or two serious words of exhortation. He feared lest what had been gained in impression might be talked away did he hold the meeting open to the well-meant, sincere, but uninstructed efforts of the brethren to meet a case like that which had been laid open before them.

After the service was over and the throng slowly dispersed, Zeph remained in his place, rigid and still. One or two approached to speak to him; there was in fact a tide of genuine sympathy and brotherly feeling that longed to express itself. He might have been caught up in this powerful current and borne into a haven of peace, had he been one to trust himself to the help of others; but he looked neither to the right nor to the left; his eyes were fixed on the floor; his brown, bony hands held his old straw hat in a crushing grasp; his whole attitude and aspect were repelling and stern to such a degree that none dared address him.

The crowd slowly passed on and out. Zeph sat alone, as he thought; but the minister, his wife, and little Dolly had remained at the upper end of the room. Suddenly, as if sent by an irresistible impulse, Dolly stepped rapidly down the room and with eager gaze laid her pretty little timid hand upon his shoulder, crying, in a voice tremulous at once with fear and with intensity, "O, why do you say that you can not be a Christian? Don't you know that Christ loves you?"

Christ loves you! The words thrilled through his soul with a strange, new power; he opened his eyes and looked astonished into the little earnest, pleading face.

"Christ loves you," she repeated; "oh, do believe it!"
"Loves me!" he said, slowly. "Why should he?"

"But he does; he loves us all. He died for us. He died for you. Oh, believe it. He'll help you; he'll make you feel right. Only trust him. Please say you will!"

Zeph looked at the little face earnestly, in a softened, wondering way. A tear slowly stole down his hard cheek.

"Thank'e, dear child," he said.

"You will believe it?"

"I'll try."

"You will trust Him?"

Zeph paused a moment, then rose up with a new and different expression in his face, and said, in a subdued and earnest voice, "I will."

"Amen!" said the Doctor, who stood listening; and he silently grasped the old man's hand.

A REFORMED MAN'S LAMENT.-ANNA LINDEN.

You think my heart is stern and cold As some dark Winter's day, And think me feeble, worn, and old, Because my locks are gray. Not time, but sorrow, stern and deep, Has wrought this withering blight; The bitter woes my heart has seen Turned morning into night.

In manhood's early prime and power I loved a maiden fair; They said when she was by my side We were a splendid pair. I wooed and won her tender heart, And she became my wife; I took the solemn marriage vow To cherish her for life. But bitter memories haunt my soul, And sting my heart and brain; For though I loved her, by my hand My gentle wife was slain. She was an angel, and she made My home an Eden fair; It might have lasted, had I given A husband's loving care. We shared two years of wedded bliss, When one sweet child was given;

A welcome pledge of mutual love That made our home a heaven. And when the baby learned to speak

A mother's hallowed name, A shadow fell upon our home—

Loss and misfortune came. My fair young wife, without a tear,

Stood nobly by my side,

And tried to cheer and urge me on,
With woman's love and pride.

Her soul was strong, but mine was weak, Angry with God and man;

I would not hear her words of hope, Nor aught that she could plan.

I yielded like a feeble reed, And when the tempter came,

I sowed the seed that cost two lives
And blighted home and name.

I should have been the giant oak— Brave, strong to do and bear,

And shield the tender, clinging vines Committed to my care.

I was unworthy of the trust Of aught so pure and sweet;

And should have shunned, with manly strength, The snares laid for my feet.

I lost what I might yet have gained With industry and health;

Yet, fool-like, drank to drown regret For loss of worldly wealth.

The holy treasures of my home, With manhood, peace, and pride,

I sank in beastly drunkenness
And cast them all aside.

I tortured my fair, gentle wife With promise of reform,

That kindled meteor rays of hope For many a darker storm.

She plead with me, and prayed for me; I'd promise and forget;

And heeded not the life-wrung tears
With which her eyes were wet.

And oft I gave the bitter words

That made her heart-strings break;

When she, the angel-hearted one,

Was dying for my sake.

I knew that she was very frail,

And trifled with her life;
May God forgive the bitter wrongs
I did my angel wife!

DDDDDD*

And though she drooped beneath the weight Of sorrow, want, and woe, It did not stay me in the course The demon bade me go. I made for her a living death That robbed her of her life: I was a drunken, loathsome sot, And she the martyr wife. The tender child drooped like a flower Upon its mother's breast; Want made it close its starry eyes In long, untroubled rest. I saw the mother's agony With half-unconscious brain; I loved my child, as drunkards love, But could not feel her pain. I felt the gnawings of remorse, And drank the deeper still: While fiercer demons, born of drink, Bound me beneath their will. Then closer crept the angel Death To my poor Mary's side; In cruel sorrow, want, and woe The weary sufferer died. Then I awoke and saw it all,— My fiendish guilt and sin, And prayed that hell might open wide And swallow me within. I raved in frenzied agony No tongue can ever tell;

I've kept the vow and kept the pledge
Made there before my God;
An angel presence lights the path
My feet since then have trod.
Long at the foot of Calvary's cross
I prayed to be forgiven;
And prayed for guiding strength on earth,
And for a hope of heaven.

And knelt beside her coffined form And bade strong drink farewell.

I've told you of my bitter past,
To warn you, ere too late,
To touch not alcoholic fire,
To tempt so dark a fate.
By all the fair and holy things
In heaven or on earth,
Let temperance dwell in every heart,
And comfort every hearth.

AN IDEAL WITH A ROMAN NOSE.

Seraphina, young and lovely, with a fortune at command, Had a host of ardent suitors, each aspiring to her hand; But she smiled not on their wooing, and she cared not for their woes,

For she loved a bright ideal, with a haughty Roman nose. In her waking dreams she saw him—tall, with raven locks

While beneath his brow majestic curved the nose that she could love—

And all other men grew hateful, and with longing look she cried.

"Come! a life's devotion waits thee! come and claim thy willing bride!"

Love, with soft entreating accents, sought in vain the maiden's heart ;

Eves sent out their killing glances, manly figures did their

All in vain; her virgin fancy by the nose was captive led, And to each who came a-wooing, "No!" was all the maiden said.

Sternest fate brought retribution. At a brilliant ball, one night, Seraplina met her hero—that loved nose beamed on her sight.

Colonel Montague Augustus (name as high-bred as his looks), What a pity truth must spoil it by that vile cognomen, Snooks!

Tall, with raven locks, and whiskers, and—most potent charm of all-

Roman nose, whose grand proportions held her very soul in thrall.

Well, the story needs no telling: each seemed to the other drawn,

Talking, walking, glancing, dancing, soon the blissful hours had gone.

Colonel Montague Augustus, in the graceful role of lover, Seraphina gazing fondly at the nose that towered above her. Meeting upon meeting followed! luckless lovers one by one, Saw the fortress of her fancy yield ere siege was well begun. Ere the winter snows had vanished, ere the blossoming of spring,

At her side his nose was carried, on her finger shone his ring. ·Mid the disappointed suitors who for Seraphina pined, One rash youth to schemes of vengeance had devoted heart

and mind.

"Words are useless," so he answered to the friends who would advise—

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"Words are useless while my rival flaunts that nose before my eyes!"

And he hastened from their presence with such anguish in

his air

That he filled them with forebodings dark and deep as his despair.

That same evening Seraphina and her charming Montague, Tired of crowds and gay confusion, stole an hour to bill and

Side by side, their hands close-clasping, he then: "Dearest, name the day."

She, enraptured, softly sighing, "Who that knows thee could say nay?" In that moment, hark! a footstep, then a hand flung wide

the door-

Seraphina's cast-off-suitor gazes on her face once more.

"Mr. Simpkins!" cries the maiden; "unexpected pleasure this; Colonel Snooks—so glad to see you" (though she didn't look her bliss),

Simpkins answered not her greeting. Onward with a single stride,

Past the chair she would have offered, he had reached the Colonel's side.

Something strange in his demeanor thrilled poor Seraphina's heart

With a sense of coming evil, but in vain her scream and start. "Seraphina, I have lost you," Simpkins mutters, as he stands;

"Well I know what came between us"-wildly clenching both his hands.

"But if I might wreak my vengeance on the cause of all my

Pull that nose once; then, contented, I could from your presence go."

Quick as thought his hand is lifted—he has grasped that lovely nose-

See! he starts! he pales! he trembles! see his nerveless grasp unclose!

While poor Montague Augustus, groaning, sinks into a chair, With too little nose to speak of, and a face of white despair. But the crumbling waxen fragments, as from Simpkins' hand they fell,

And were scattered o'er the carpet, had their own sad tale

Seraphina's scream of terror died in anguish sore away; "Where's your nose?" she questioned, faintly, then in deadly swoon she lay;

For the fearful truth had smote her, as she caught the Colonel's eye—

He had lost his nose in battle; she had loved a waxen lie!

EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold, The sweet young grasses wither on the wold, And we, O Lord! have wandered from thy fold; But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks; But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat Their pitiful complaints,—Oh, rest is sweet When evening brings us home!

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts; Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts Search for Thy coming;—when the light departs At evening, bring us home!

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star Rises to guide us; we have wandered far;—Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;
At evening, bring us home!

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken. O, thou dear Shepherd! leave us not to sicken In the waste night; our tardy footsteps quicken;

At evening, bring us home.

THE NEW PREACHER.—PHILIP J. BULL.

'Twas Sunday after conference, and word had got around That our new pastor, Brother Green, had come upon the ground;

You see he rode up in the stage with Miss Miranda Sloan, And for transmittin' news they say she beats the telephone.

That day the sky was swept quite clear of every cloud that floats;

It looked as though 'twould cut a host of army over-coats; The sun, above the hemlock hills, its burnished chariot rolled.

And shone as bright at half-past ten as California gold.

And then at night the stars shone out like fragments of the

As if some passing queen had dropped her jewels in the way;

And so to both the services the folks turned out for miles; They filled the pews and overflowed the benehes in the aisles.

I don't just now remember where the preacher took his text:

My memory will not hold a thing from one hour to the next; But it was somewhere in the Psalms—about a man in "tears" A-seeding down a field of his to reap in after years.

He said that if we chose to sow our fields with amber wheat, We'd pretty certain get a crop to thresh, and grind, and eat; But they that scatter thistle-down, he said would surely find Their finger-tips a-bleedin' when they come to rake and bind.

The second sermon that he preached—I found the text for wife—

Was, "Be thou faithful unto death, and get a erown of life," Such good instructions to the church, and there was one at least

Who thought the richest wine was kept to elose the Sabbath feast.

He passed us oratory's flowers tied up with logie's twine, Though such bouquets will seldom stick in button-holes like mine;

A little illustration, though, he put in for a pin, And so the whole discourse, you see, was firmly fastened in.

'Twas a little drummer lad who played the royal strains; The Irish took him prisoner on Gorey's bloody plains; They told him he should drum for them; he shook his head and smiled,

While loud and elear, like elarion notes, spoke out the eaptive ehild:

"The drum that played 'God save the King' shall ne'er for rebels beat!"

And then he leaped upon its head and burst it with his feet, When flashing spears proclaimed, alas! that death had surely come,

And there that hero poured his blood upon the broken drum.

There wasn't a dry eye in the house; the women sobbed aloud:

And like a passing hurricane the Spirit swept the crowd; "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" was sung, as only saints can sing, And many pledged in solemn vows allegiance to our king.

But like the sun, which scientists deelare, while growing old, Throws off its heat so rapidly that sometime 'twill be cold; Some loved the last year's preacher so, that when they were bereft.

They really didn't seem to have a spark of kindness left.

And so they brought their critics' shears to cut out some mistake;

The clip of those instruments just made my old heart ache:

For scores of pastors, now beneath the graveyard's moss and stones,

Are there because before they died the vultures picked their bones.

And there were Brother Jones's folks—well, there! I've spoke the name;

The way they eat new preachers up is just a burning shame; I don't care what a man may be, he'll find in future hours A scowl beneath their smiling, and a dagger in their flowers.

Of course there was the usual talk at dinner and at tea About the preacher and his wife, but they don't scold to me; They know I'm loyal to the church, and welcome all that come,

And pay my quart'rage right up prompt, and make them feel at home.

The spokes in the itinerant wheel are mostly good and true, Although some seem to be well worn and others nearly new; But what a happy time we'd have, if all the praying folks 'Would urge the chariot on so fast they couldn't see the spokes!

COWS-A COMPOSITION.

This is how the pupil put it:

"The cow is a good animal. She has two horns and two eyes, and gives milk which is good to drink. She has four legs, and eats grass and hay. Some of them are red, and they have long tails."

This is how the head teacher says it ought to be put:

"The female of the bovine genus is a beneficent mammal; this ruminant quadruped is possessed of corneous protuberances projecting from the occiput; her vision is binocular, and she yields an edible and nutritious lacteal exudation; she is quadrupedal and herbivorous, assimilating her food in both the succulent and exsiccated state; some of them chromatically correspond to the seventh color of the spectrum, and they are endowed with caudal appendages of exaggerated longitudinality."

THE OLD SURGEON'S STORY .- ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

'Twas in a Southern hospital, a month ago or more, (God save us! how the days drag on these weary times of war!)

They brought me, in the sultry noon, a youth whom they had found

Deserted by his regiment upon the battle-ground,

And bleeding his young life away through many a gaping wound.

Dark-haired and slender as a girl, a handsome lad was he, Despite the pallor of his wounds, each one an agony. A ball had carried off his arm, and zigzag passage frayed Into his chest; so wild a rent, that, when it was displayed, I, veteran surgeon that I was, turned white as any maid.

"There is no hope?" he slowly said, noting my changing cheek:

I only shook my head; I dared not trust myself to speak. But in that wordless negative the boy had read his doom, And turned about, as best he could, and lay in silent gloom, Watching the summer sunlight make a glory of the room.

"My little hero!" said a voice, and then a woman's hand Lay, like a lily, on his curls: "God grant you self-command!"

"Mother!"—how full that thrilling word of pity and alarm!
"You here? my sweetest mother here?" And with his one poor arm

He got about her neck, and drew her down with kisses warm.

"All the long sultry night, when out" (he shuddered as he said)

"On yon'der field I lay among the festering heaps of dead, With awful faces close to mine, and clots of bloody hair, And dead eyes gleaming through the dusk with such a rigid stare."

Through all my pain, O mother mine, I only prayed one prayer.

"Through all my pain (and ne'er I knew what suffering wat before)

I only prayed to see your face, to hear your voice, once more;

The cold moon shone into my eyes,—my prayer seemed all in vain."

"My poor deluded boy!" she sobbed; her mother-fount of

O'ardowing down her darkening cheeks in drops like thunder-rain. *Accursed be he whose cruel hand has wrought my son such ill!"

The boy sprang upright at the word, and shrieked aloud, "Be still!

You know not what you say. O God! how shall I tell the tale! How shall I smite her as she stands!" And with a moaning wail

He prone among the pillows dropped, his visage ashen pale.

"It was a bloody field," he said, at last, like one who dozed;
"I know not how the day began; I know not how it closed.
I only know we fought like fiends, begrimed with blood and dust,

And did our duty to a man, as every soldier must;

And gave the rebels ball for ball, and paid them thrust for thrust.

"But when our gallant general rode up and down the line, The sunlight striking on his sword until it flashed like wine, And cried aloud (God rest his soul!) with such a cheery laugh:

'Charge bayonets, boys! Pitch into them, and scatter them

like chaff!

One half our men were drunk with blood, and mad the other half.

"My veins ran fire. O heaven! hide the horrors of that plain! We charged upon the rebel ranks and cut them down like grain.

One fair-haired man ran on my steel,-I pierced him

through and through;

The blood up spirted from his wound and sprinkled me like dew.

'Twas strange, but as I looked, I thought of Cain and him he slew.

"Some impulse moved me to kneel down and touch him where he fell;

I turned him o'er,—I saw his face,—the sight was worse than hell!

There lay my brother—curse me not!—pierced by my bayonet!"

—O Christ! the pathos of that cry I never shall forget,— Men turned away to hide their tears, for every eye was wet.

And the hard-featured woman-nurse, a sturdy wench was she,

Dropped down among us in a swoon, from very sympathy.

"I saw his face, the same dear face which once (would we had died

In those old days of innocence!) was ever by my side,

At board or bed, at book or game, so fresh and merry-eyed.

"And now to see it white and set,—to know the deed was mine!

A madness seized me as I knelt, accursed in God's sunshine.

I did not heed the balls which fell around us thick as rain, I did not know my arm was gone; I felt nor wound nor

I only stooped and kissed those lips which ne'er would speak again.

"Oh, Louis! (and the lad looked up and brushed a tear aside)

"Oh, Louis, brother of my soul! my boyhood's fearless guide!

By the bright heaven where thou stand'st,—by thy bighearted faith,—

By these the tear's our mother sheds,—by this my failing breath,—

Forgive me for that murderous thrust that wounded thee to death.

"Forgive me! I would yield my life, to give thee thine, my brother!

What's this?—Don't shut the sunlight out; I cannot see my mother!

The air blows sweet from yonder field! Dear Lou, put up your sword.

Let's weave a little daisy-chain upon this pleasant sward—"
And with a smile upon his mouth, the boy slept in the
Lord.

PROGRESS.

All victory is struggle, using chance And genius well; all bloom is fruit of death; All being, effort for a future germ; All good, just sacrifice; and life's success Is rounded-up of integers of thrift From toil and self-denial. Man must strive If he would freely breathe or conquer: slaves Are amorous of ease and dalliance soft; Who rules himself calls no man master, and Commands success even in the throat of fate. Creation's soul is thrivance from decay; And nature feeds on ruin; the big earth Summers in rot, and harvests through the frost. To fructify the world; the mortal Now Is pregnant with the spring-flowers of To-come; And death is seed-time of eternity.

THE HARVEST OF RUM.—PAUL DENTON.

Streaming down the ages, blighting the rose-buds, shriveling the grasses, scorching the heart, and blistering the soul, has come a lurid tongue of flame which, heated by the madness of hell, has hissed out the terrors of death and dropped over the earth a sea of unutterable woe. In the darkness of midnight it has gathered intensity of brightness, and glared about the hearth-stones, wet with the weeping of wives, mothers, and children, and bronzed the beauty of earth with the horrid cast of hell. Twisting around the altar of the church, it has wreathed the sweetest flowers that ever attempted to bloom for the adornment of heaven, and has fed death from the very waters of life; at the very door of heaven itself, it has glowed with appalling madness and been almost an impassable wall of flame between misery and bliss.

Dripping burning drops of agony into the tenderest depths of writhing souls, they have wailed and wept and hissed unutterable despair, and pleaded with God to blot them from existence forever. This blighting, glowing, burning, damning curse of the world is the demon Intemperance. Language has never been made that can depict it in all its hideousness. Look on that stack of skeletons that rears its ghastly form—an insult to God—high in the clouds, and shapes the whistling winds into an utterance of withering denunciation—of the fiery monster that gnawed and scalded and burned and tore the mangled, bleeding flesh from those bones and tossed them into that revolting pile!

Come, ye writhing, pleading, suffering souls that were robbed of heaven by this sparkling tempter, and cast the black shadow of your wretchedness upon the faces of the living. O graves, give up your bloated, festering millions, and stretch them, in all their rum-scorched ghastliness, over the plains and mountain-tops! Come forth, ye torn, haggard, and bleeding souls from the time of Noah, until to-night. Hold up your bony, withered, skeleton hands, ye countless millions of starved and starving women and children! Come, all the floods of agonizing tears that scorched as the lurid fires of hell where'er they touched, and boil, and blubber.

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and foam, and hiss in one vast steaming, seething ocean, Come, death, and hell, and agony, with your harvest, garnered from the still and the brewery, and let us mass them in one black, horrifying portraiture of the damned. And let it tell to the shuddering, trembling souls what language never can.

THE HOLE IN THE PATCH.

As Richard and I sat together one day,
A gloomy despondency clouding my brow,
I said unto Richard: "The mischief's to pay;
It seems that the jig is all up with me now."

Then Richard looked up with a quizzical smile,
And answered: "Dear fellow, what makes you so glum?
Have you met with misfortune, or used up your pile?
I'll wager I'm worse off than you are! Now come!

"Just acknowledge the truth, and none of your flams,
For whatever the evil, I'll prove mine is worse;
Sure, the frowns of Dame Fortune are nothing but shams,
And oft a reversion is born of reverse."

"Away with your stoical dictums," said I;
"I hate philosophical salving of ills,
And sooner of chronic despair would I die
Than swallow a dose of dogmatical pills."

Said Dick: "Of your ills give a sample or two;
If sorrow from contrast can borrow a hope
Then soon you will bid the blue-devils adieu;
Come! cheer up, my boy! it is foolish to mope!"

I replied: "Now you press me, dear Richard, I'll say, I am poor, I am hungry, and weary beside; In short, about all things the mischief's to pay—Not even a ticket to pay for a ride!

"But the worst of it is that the seat of my woes,
Too deep for exposure, harassingly haunts;
I cannot! I must not! I dare not disclose!
Let me whisper it, Dick; I've a hole in my pants!"

"So have I," replied Dick. "Then, you're no worse than I."
"Yes, I am!" "No, you ain't! it is only a match."
"But 'tis more!" "You must prove it!" "I will, and not try,

The hole in my breeches is worn through a patch !"

took from my pocket one cent—'twas the last;
"Here, Richard, take this," I remarked with a sigh,
For I find that my lot is more pleasantly cast,
As you've proved beyond doubt you are poorer than I!"

A LITTLE SHOE.

There it lies, a little shoe— Only that, at least to you, Just such others, six or more, Patter on your nursery floor; And your heart and lips are smiling, Some sweet thought is you beguiling, Of one little pair of feet That will hurry out to meet Mother,—and when they have found you, Chubby arms will cling around you. You will have no need to call him, Neither sleep nor death enthrall him. You will hold him to your breast, With an utter sense of rest; All your own, within your grasp, At your neck the baby clasp.

And to me a tearless weeping,
And a hunger never sleeping,
As I stand, my heart out-leaping,
Knocking, knocking at the door,
Where God stands for evermore.
For He holds the wee one who
Once did wear this little shoe.
And the tender little voice,
That did make my heart rejoice
Maybe He has taught another
Language, and the childish clinging
Has died out in his upbringing,
And he will not know his mother.

Not the shoe, but what was in it, As the cage that holds the linnet, Did I love; but Christ bereft me, And the husk alone is left me; On my dead heart let it lie; I could leave it, if on high My lost little one should meet me, Tottering, hurrying up to greet me, This you know not—only you See a little common shoe.

THE LIFE BRIGADE.—MINNIE MACKAY.

Wild are the mountainous billows
That break on the rocky shore,
Wildly whistles the storm-wind
Through crevice, window, and door
Down in relentless fury
Falls a torrent of icy rain,
And, black with its wrath, the tempest
Rides over the rolling main.

Hark! 'mid the strife of waters
A shrill despairing cry,
As of some drowning sailor
In his last agony!
Another! and now are mingled
Heart-rending shrieks for aid.
Lo! a sinking ship. What ho! arouse,
Arouse the Life Brigade!

They come with hurrying footsteps:
No need for a second call;
They are broad awake and ready,
And willing one and all.
Not a hand among them trembles,
Each tread is firm and free,
Not one man's spirit falters
In the face of the awful sea.

Yet well may the bravest sailor
Shrink back appalled to-night
From that army of massive breakers
With their foam-crests gleaming white
Those beautiful, terrible breakers,
Waiting to snatch their prey,
And bury you hapless vessel
'Neath a monument of spray!

But rugged, and strong, and cheery
Dauntless and undismayed,
Are the weather-beaten heroes
Of the gallant Life Brigade.
"To the rescue!" shouts their leader,
Nor pauses for reply—
A plunge!—and the great waves bear him
Away to do or die!

The whole night long, unwearied, They battle with wind and sea, All ignorant and heedless Of what their end may be. They search the tattered rigging, They climb the quivering mast, And life after life is rescued Till the frail ship sinks at last.

The thunderous clouds have vanished,
And rose-fingered morn awakes,
While over the breast of ocean
The shimmering sunlight breaks;
And the Life Brigade have finished
The work God gave them to do.
Their names are called. "Any missing?"
Mournful the answer,—"Two!"

Two of the best and bravest

Have been dragged by the cruel waves
Down to the depths unmeasured,
'Mid thousands of sailor graves!
Two lives are given for many!

And the tears of sorrow shed,
Should be tears of joy and glory

For the grandeur of the dead!

DO NOT SING THAT SONG AGAIN.-H. F. McDermore.

Do not sing that song again,
For it fills my heart with pain;
I am bending to the blast,
And it tells me of the past,
Of the years of long ago,
When my days were young and fair,
And my heart as light as air—
When one feeling filled the breast,
And one image gave it rest,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,
I have lived my years in vain,
And my hair is thin and gray,
And I'm passing fast away;
On the dark and downward streams.
I'm a wreck of idle dreams;
And it puts me on the rack
At the weary looking back,
At the ebb and at the flow,
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again, There's a tear in its refrain: It brings sadly back the time When my manhood felt its prime; When the contrades, dear and true, Closer, warmer, fonder grew In the hour of friendship's proof, When the false ones stood aloof, And their friendship was but show, In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again, It distracts my weary brain. Ah, too well, alas! I know It is time for me to go, And to leave to younger eyes The mild myst'ry of the skies, And this mighty world I tread, And the grander age ahead.

There's a mist upon the river,
And there's bleakness on the shore;
And in dreams I pass forever,
While sad music wafts me o'er.

THE SHIP OF FAITH.

A certain colored brother had been holding forth to his little flock upon the ever fruitful topic of Faith, and he closed his exhortation about as follows:

My bruddren, ef yous gwine to git saved, you got to git on board de Ship ob Faith. I tell you, my bruddren, dere ain't no odder way. Dere ain't no gitten up de back stairs, nor goin' 'cross lots; you can't do dat away, my bruddren, you got to git on board de Ship ob Faith. Once 'pon a time dere was a lot ob colored people, an' dey was all gwine to de promised land. Well, dey knowed dere want no odder way for 'em to do but to git on board de Ship ob Faith. So dey all went down an' got on board, de ole granfaders, an' de ole granmudders, an' de pickaninnies, an' all de res' ob 'em. Dey all got on board 'ceptin' one mons'us big feller, he said he's gwine to swim, he was. "W'y!" dey said, "you can't swim so fur like dat. It am a powerful long way to de promised land!" He said, "I kin swim anywhar, I kin. I git board no boat, no, 'deed!" Well, my bruddren, all dey could say to dat poor disluded man dey couldn't git him on

board de Ship ob Faith, so dev started off. De day was fair, de win' right, de sun shinin', an' ev'ryt'ing b'utiful; an' dis big feller he pull off his close and plunge in de water. Well, he war a powerful swimmer, dat man, 'deed he war; he war dat powerful he kep' right 'long side de boat all de time; he kep' a hollerin' out to de people on de boat, sayin': "What you doin' dere, you folks, brilin' away in de sun; vou better come down here in de water, nice an' cool down here." But dey said, "Man alive, you better come up here in dis boat while you got a chance." But he said, "No, indeedy! I git aboard no boat: I'm havin' plenty fun in de water." Well, bimcby, my bruddren, what you tink dat porc man seen? A horrible, awful shark, my bruddren; mouf wide open, teef more'n a foot long, ready to chaw dat pore man all up de minute he catch him. Well, when he seen dat shark he begin to git awful scared, an' he holler out to de folks on board de ship: "Take me on board, take me on board, quick!" But dey said: "No, indeed; you wouldn't come up here when you had an invite, you got to swim, now."

He look over his shoulder an' he seen dat shark a-comin' an' he let hisself out. Fust it was de man an' den it was de shark, and den it was de man agin, dat away, my bruddren, plum to de promised land. Dat am de blessed troof I'm a-tellin' you dis minute. But what do you t'ink was awaitin' for him on de odder shore when he got dere? A horrible, awful lion, my bruddren, was a-stan'in' dere on de shore, a-lashin' his sides wid his tail, an' a-roarin' away fit to devour dat poor nigger de minit he git on de shore. Well, he war powerful scared den, he didn't know what he gwine to do. If he stay in de water de shark eat him up: if he go on de shore de lion eat him up: he dunno what to do. But he put his trust in de Lord, an' went for de shore. Dat lion he give a fearful roar an' bound for him; but, my bruddren, as sure as you 'live an breeve, dat horrible, awful lion he jump clean ober dat pore feller's head into de water; an' de shark eat de lion. But, my bruddren, don't you put your trust in no sich circumstance: dat pore man he done git saved, but I tell you de Lord ain't a-gwine to furnish a lion for every nigger!

SLEEP, WEARY CHILD.—CARL PLOUGH.

SUNG AT THE FUNERAL OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The love for fatherland was deep—
That filial tie can ne'er be mended,
'Neath Nature's flowery carpet sleep,
Worldly praise and kindness ended.
Sleep, weary child!

God's wondrous mercy through thy life,
Dark childhood's weakness first protected;
Always a child, though years were ripe,
Bright honor's call was ne'er neglected.
Sleep, weary child!

The figures painted by thy hand, Sparkle with thy matchless humor; Dim shapes from heaven, they brightly stand Now, all is o'er, "Life's fitful fever." Sleep, weary child!

The dread great secret learned at last,
Now dawns a new and endless morning;
Through God's own gates thy soul liath passed,
Thy guileless soul required no warning.
Sleep, weary child!

But still, in this thy little world,
In faithful hearts forever shrined:
Praised by the old, by young adored,
For the rich treasures of thy mind.
Sleep, weary child!

May art and science in our land
'Gainst force and fraud for aye prevail;
Thy name on Denmark's banner stand,
And loadstar-like grow never pale.
Sleep, weary child!

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

"Say! how canst thou mourn? How canst thou rejoice? Art but metal dull!"

LONGFELLOW.

High up within yon gray old tower
There hangs a massive bell;
It chimes with the wind, and each passing hour
Its flight by its tones doth tell.
As they melt away on the air so clear,
How mournfully linger they on the ear.

And as I gaze on that tower so gray,
Where the dove her circuit makes,
And the hooting owl at set of day
His nightly vigil takes,
I think of the songs that bell hath sung,
Of the mellow peals from its swinging tongue;
Its thrill of joy on a bridal day,
And its mournful tones o'er the lifeless clay;
Still linger they on my list'ning ear,
In their silvery tones so faint and clear.

'Tis a faithful monitor, that bell,
To the heart that knoweth its sounds so well;
Each passing hour of the "live-long day"
It calls to the mind ere it flies away:
The joys of love—the pangs of fear,
Though past, yet are not gone fore'er,—
At its mellow sound they hover near.
As it swings away by the pond'rous wheel
And its tongue beats the sides worn bright,
While the day streams in or shadows steal
Through the lattice that screens it from sight—
Thus sings it out its merry song,

The wild winds on their wings prolong, While distant hills its echoes throng:—

Day follows day,
Years glide away,
Still onward marches Time;
His scythe I hear,
Its clang sounds near,
How solemn is the chime!

From out my screen
Life's busy scene
I reach with varied song;
The haunts of men,—
The fields,—the glen,
Its echoes clear prolong.

And o'er the soul
I have control,
Of feelings sad or gay;
The sympathy
Man holds with me,
Can ne'er be thrown away.

The hurried strife
Of mortal life
My merry peals excite;
But deep and long
A funeral song
I sing o'er death's sad blight.

Years roll away, yet its clear notes rise Like incense to the arching skies; While mortals live, then disappear, Still rings it on so calm, so clear.

THE VILLAGE BELL.

High up in the tower of the old moss covered church, which the winds and storms of many years have beaten against, hangs the village bell. How many times it has

been rung in merriment and rejoicing, in sadness and mourning! And yet it is as faithful as if it had not stood sentinel over the little country town for half a century.

Fifty years! How long, and yet how short! In that time the little churchyard has been filled. The sleepers listened to the sound of the old bell in the days that are gone; and when they passed away, it tolled sadly and solemnly, as they were carried,—lovingly, regretfully, through the old gate-way,—and silently laid down to their calm, sweet rest.

What a long, undisturbed rest it is! They hear not the tones of the old bell, as it tells that still another is being brought out to sleep with them, under the green mounds that mark their resting-place. Is it sounding an invitation from those already there, saying, with its hollow voice, "Come—rest—with—us?" Is it sending up to the Great White Throne a deep-toned, agonized prayer from those who stand weeping by the open grave, supplicating, "God—help—us?" Is it the voice of the departed calling from the other shore, "Come—to—me?" Which is it? Who can tell?

We all know its solemn tolling sends a sorrowful thrill to our hearts. Are we laughing? The laugh goes out on our lips at thought of the anguished father, or mother, or sister, or brother—the lonely-hearted, desolate husband or wife. God help them at such a time! It may be that he sends such terrible dispensations to show us how infinite is his power. As we listen we cannot help thinking in our hearts, and the words form themselves slowly with its deep sound of the old bell, "Will—it—be—my—turn—next?" Sometimes its tones seem almost human, so readily do we assimilate them with our own emotions.

It is a calm, beautiful morning—a lovely, sunshiny Sabbath morning—and our hearts are filled with solemn gratitude to the Great Giver. It is inviting us to come and worship. We fancy its loud, regular double strokes say, "Praise God! praise God!" Its tones seem to be inspired with the sacredness of its holy mission.

It is evening; and just while twilight is stealing over us, the bell's mellow tones come floating down, and thrill through our hearts, wandering in and out, till they grow faint and low, like the sweet, soft music of an Æolian harp. How merrily it is ringing a welcome to the happy young bride and bridegroom! They are just coming up the aisle, the admired of all the simple, honest villagers assembled to witness their joy. His frank, manly face is bent down above hers, and her eyes are raised trustfully to his. What a perfect shower of music the bell is making! What a glad,

joyous ring!

The day fades away. It is night, and then day again. Hark! What sound is that? What has so changed the tones of the old bell? Last night it was ringing in loud rejoicing; .o-day it is slowly tolling, tolling, like great, deep, half-suppressed sobs. What a dreary sadness steals over us as we listen to its muffled sound! Another friend has passed away. The form, lately so full of life and gayety, is now cold and still in death; and now, in the beautiful springtime, the setting sun casts a golden, warm, and mellow light on the heavy sod that covers her breast, and the villagers sorrowfully mourn a loved one.

Every inhabitant of the village will tell you what the old bell is to him. Every peal awakens a responsive heartbeat in our breasts, for the recollection of half a century is

sweetened by hallowed memories.

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.—SAMUEL LOVER.

In the gap of Dunlo
There's an echo, or so,
And some of them echoes is very surprisin';
You'll think in a stave

That I mane to desaive,

For a ballad's a thing you expect to find lies in.
But visible thrue

In that hill forninst you
There's an echo as plain and as safe as the bank, too;
But civilly spake

"How d' ye do, Paddy Blake?" The echo politely says, "Very well, thank you!"

One day Teddy Keogh
With Kate Conner did go
To hear from the echo such wondherful talk, sir;
But the echo, they say.
Was conthrairy that day,

Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out for a walk, sir.

So Ted says to Kate.

"Tis too hard to be bate
By that deaf and dumb baste of an echo. so lazy;
But if we both shout
At each other, no doubt.

We'll make up an echo between us, my daisy!"

"Now. Kitty," says Teddy.
"To answer be ready."

"Oh. very well, thank you." cried out Kitty then. sir;
"Would on like to wed.
Kitty darlin'?" says Ted.

"Oh, very well, thank you," says Kitty again, sir.

D'ye like me?" says Teddy:

And Kitty, quite ready.

Cried, "Very well, thank you!" with laughter beguiling.

Now won't you confess.

Teddy could not do less

Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling.

Oh, dear Paddy Blake. · May you never forsake

Those hills that return us such echoes endearing:
And, girls, all translate

The sweet echoes like Kate.

No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing.

And, boys, be you ready.

Like frolicsome Teddy,
Be earnest in loving, though given to joking;
And, when thus inclined,

May all true lovers find Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're invoking.

WHAT WHISKEY DID FOR ME .- EDWARD CARSWELL.

TO BE RECITED IN CHARACTER.

Kind friends. I'm glad to meet you here;
I stand before you all.

A soldier who has served his time With old King Alcohol.

I've stood by him through thick and thin. Until they call me sot.

And when for him I sold my coat
This was the coat I got.

I fought for him. I bled for him,
As through the streets I'd rave,
And when through him I lost my hat
This is the hat he gave.

My boots were of the neatest fit,
As fine as boots could be;
For him I gave away my boots,
And then he booted me.

My eyes were of the deepest blue,
Nor lustre did they lack;
But now you see they both are red,
And one is also black!
My nose was never beautiful,
But still was not amiss;
Old Alcohol, he touched it up,
And what d' ye think of this?

He promised I should courage have
For all the ills of life;
The bravest thing he made me do
Was beat my little wife.
He promised he would give me wit,
And I should ne'er be sad;
Instead of which he took away
The little sense I had.

The health and wealth he promised me
He never, never gave;
But when he'd taken all I had,
I found myself a slave.
So now I'll fight for him no more,
For woe is all his pay;
He's cheated me and lied to me—
I'll join the "Sons" to-day!

THE NIGHT THAT BABY DIED.—NICHOLAS NILES

No black-plumed hearse goes slowly sweeping by,
No suits of woe nor masks of misery,
No long procession winding to the tomb
Its serpent length of simulated gloom;
Only one carriage and two mourners there,
Who on the other seat a burden bear—
A little pine-wood coffin, rudely stained
To imitate a fabric finer grained.
Who would suppose that that small box contained
The hopes, the fears, the joys, the exultant pride
Which in the dark were crucified
The night that Baby died?

Poor Baby! what a gleam of glory lit You wretched hovel when he brightened it With his sweet presence, of a winter morn! Say not that he to poverty was born, For from the first his blue, contented eyes
Reflected visions of serener skies.
He saw, beyond the world that round us lies,
That far-off shore whose outline seems so dim,
He found companions in the seraphim,
And all the wealth of Heaven belonged to him;
Its pearly portals angels opened wide,
The night that Baby died.

He was not poor, but very poor were they
To whom he came—brief sunshine of their day—
The only sunshine that was ever lent
To light the gloom of their dark tenement.
And when he fell into the final sleep
Their hearts were torn by agony so deep
That, bending over him, they could not weep,
But gazed upon him in their dumb despair,—
Upon the little face supremely fair,
The aureole glory of his yellow hair,
Then hugged the grief to which tears were denied,
The night that Baby died.

Dear Lord! who art the poor man's friend and shield Be with that carriage in the Potter's Field; Command the white wings of the Holy Ghost To cover them, who need thy healing most. And when upon the little coffin lid The dull earth falls—the poor pine box is hid—Though no priest pray, and never prayer is said, Be thou with them to sanctify their dead. And though their lives through tortuous paths be led Teach them to know, whatever is denied, They gained the love of Him, the crucified, The night that Baby died.

RECIPE FOR A MODERN NOVEL.

Stir in a fool to make us laugh;
Two heavy villains and a half;
A heroine with sheeny hair,
And half a dozen beaux to spare;
A mystery upon the shore;
Some bloody foot-prints on a floor;
A shrewd detective chap, who mates
Those foot-prints with the hero's eights,
And makes it squally for that gent—
Till he is proven innocent;
A brown stone front; a dingle dell;
Spice it with scandal; stir it well;
Serve it up hot;—and the book will sell.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.—MARK TWAIN.

Will the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

"Conductor, when you receive a fare, Punch in the presence of the passenjare! A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS:

Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper, a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. am writing. I took up my pen; but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on and so on, without peace or respite. day's work was ruined-I could see that plainly enough. gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step, and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed and rolled, tossed and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight, frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!" By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marveled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings: "Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passeniare!"

EEEEE*

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfill an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. —, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. — talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. — said;

"Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something, do?"

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said:

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad; and yet—maybe it was the way you said the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is—"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare." I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden Mr. —— laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted:

"Oh, wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it! look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have traveled; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured:

"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Rev. Mr. — stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said:

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said:

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

"I said them over. Then Mr. — said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an hour, straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent-up talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said:

"Haven't we had a royal good time! But now I remember, you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with correcting!"

out with something!"

The Rev. Mr. —— turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness:

"Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! he has got it now."

I did not see Mr. —— for two or three days after that. Then, on Tucsday evening, he staggered into my presence, and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face and said:

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend, who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars and set my-

self to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the train started and the carwheels began their 'clack-clack-clack! clack-clackclack-clack!' and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. Why, I was as fagged out then as if I had been chopping wood all day. My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and-well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along just the same. 'Clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clackclack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack, a buff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare—and so on, and so on, and so on-punch in the presence of the passenjare! Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don't ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could; but every solitary individual sentence was meshed and tangled and woven in and out with 'Punch, brothers! punch with care! punch in the presence of the passenjare!' And the most distressing thing was that my delivery dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding time to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the antercom in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said:

"'Oh, oh, he is gone, he is gone, and 1 didn't see him before he died!"

[&]quot;'Yes!' I said, 'he is gorre, he is gone, he is gone—oh, will this suffering never cease?"

[&]quot;'You loved him, then! Oh, you too loved him!"

[&]quot;'Loved him! Loved who?"

[&]quot;'Why. my poor George! my poor nephew!"

"'Oh—him! Yes—oh, yes, yes. Certainly—certainly. Punch—ounch—oh, this misery will kill me!"

"'Bless you! bless you, sir, for those sweet words! I, too, suffer in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments?"

"'Yes! I-whose last moments?"

"'His. The dear departed's.'

"'Yes! Oh, yes—yes—yes! I suppose so, I think so, I don't know! Oh, certainly—I was there—I was there!'

"'Oh, what a privilege! what a precious privilege. And his last words—oh, tell me—tell me his last words! What did he say!'

"'He said—he said—oh, my head, my head! He said—he said—he never said anything but punch, punch, punch in the presence of the passenjare! Oh, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair!—a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare—endurance can no fur-ther go!—punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

My friend's hopeless eyes rested on mine a pregnant minute, and then he said impressively:

"Mark, you do not say anything. You do not offer me any hope. But, ah me, it is just as well—it is just as well. You could not do me any good. The time has long gone by when words could comfort me. Something tells me that my tongue is doomed to wag forever to the jigger of that remorseless jingle. There—there it is coming on me again: a blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a—"

Thus murmuring faint and fainter, my friend sank into a peaceful trance, and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite

How did I finally save him from the asylum? I took him to a neighboring university, and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the eager ears of the poor unthinking students. How is it with them, now? The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across those merciless rhymes, to avoid them—avoid them as you would a pestilence!

THE FLIGHT FOR LIFE.—WILLIAM SAWYER.

AN EMIGRANT'S REMINISCENCE.

Oh, hideous leagues of straining woods, Straining back from the sea; Oh, woods of pine, and nothing but pine, Will they never have end for me?

The ceaseless line of the red, red pine,
My very brain it sears;
And the roar of trees, like surging seas,
Is it ever to haunt my ears?

Let me remember it all: 'Twas late— The burning end of day— The trees were all in a golden glow, As with flame they would burn away.

The joyful news to our clearing came, Came as the sun went down; A ship from England at anchor lay In the bay of the nearest town.

In that good ship my Alice had come-Alice, my dainty queen! Sweet Alice, my own, my own so near— There was only the woods between!

Now, three days' journey we counted that,
The days and nights were three;
But for thirty days and thirty nights
I had journeyed my love to see.

Before an hour to the night had gone,
Into the wood I went;
The pine tops yet were bright in the light,
Though below it was all but spent.

"The moon at ten and the dawn at four!
For this I offered praise;
Though I knew the wood on the hither side,
Knew each of its tortuous ways.

The moon rose redder than any sun,
Through the straight pines it rose:
But glittered on keener eyes than mine—
On the eyes of deadliest foes!

To sudden peril my heart awoke—
And yet it did not quail;
I had skirted Indians in their camp,
And the fiends were upon my trail!

Three stealthy "Snakes" were upon my track, Supple and dusk and dread, A thought of Alice, a prayer to God, And like wind on my course I sped.

Only in flight, in weariest flight, Could I my safety find; But fast or slow, howe'er I might go, They followed me close behind.

The night wore out and the moon went down,
The sun rose in the sky;
But on and on came the stealthy foes,
Who had made it my doom to die.

With two to follow and one to sleep,
They tracked me through the night;
But one could follow and two could sleep
In the day's increasing light.

So all day under the burning sky,
All night beneath the stars,
And on, when the moon through ranging pines
Gleamed white as through prison-bars.

With some to follow and some to halt, Their course they well might keep; But I—oh, God, for a little rest, For a moment of blessed sleep!

Lost in the heart of the hideous wood,
My desperate way I kept;
For why? They would take me if I stayed,
And murder me if I slept.

But brain will yield and body will drop;
And next when sunset came,
I shrieked delirious at the light,
For I fancied the wood on flame!

I shrieked, I reeled; then venomous eyes
And dusky shapes were there;
And I felt the touch of gleaming steel,
And a hand in my twisted hair.

A cry, a struggle, and down I sank;
But sank not down alone—
A shot had entered the Indian's heart,
And his body bore down my own!

Yet an Indian gun that shot had fired— Most timely, Heaven knows! For I had chanced on a friendly tribe, Who were watching my stealthy foes. And they who fired had kindliest hearts:
They gave me nursing care;
And when that my brain knew aught again,
Lo, my Alice, my own, was there!

Dear Alice! But, oh, the straining woods,

Straining back from the sea;

The woods of pine, and nothing but pine,
They have never an end for me.

The ceaseless line of the red, red pine,
My brain to madness sears;
And the roar of trees, like surging seas,
Is a horror in my ears.

IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.-JOHN G. WHITTIER

She came and stood in the Old South Church, A wonder and a sign, With a look the old-time sibyls wore, Half-crazed and half-divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her wound, Unclothed as the primal mother, With limbs that trembled, and eyes that blazed With a fire she dare not smother.

Loose on her shoulder fell her hair, With sprinkled ashes gray; She stood in the broad aisle, strange and weird As a soul at the judgment day.

And the minister paused in his sermon's midst,
And the people held their breath,
For these were the words the maiden said
Through lips as pale as death:—

"Thus saith the Lord: 'With equal feet All men my courts shall tread,
And priest and ruler no more shall eat
My people up like bread!'

"Repent, repent!—ere the Lord shall speak In thunder, and breaking seals! Let all souls worship him in the way His light within reveals!"

She shook the dust from her naked feet, And her sackcloth closely drew, And into the porch of the awe-hushed church She passed like a ghost from view. They whipped her away at the tail o' the cart; (Small blame to the angry town!)
But the words she uttered that day nor fire Could burn nor water drown.

For now the aisles of the ancient church By equal feet are trod; And the bell that swings in its belfry rings Freedom to worship God!

And now, whenever a wrong is done,
It thrills the eonscious walls;
The stone from the basement cries aloud,
And the beam from the timber calls!

There are steeple-houses on every hand,
And pulpits that bless and ban;
And the Lord will not grudge the single church
That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law And the prophets under the sun; And the first is last, and the last is first, And the twain are verily one.

So long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay-tides rise and fall,
Shall freedom stand in the Old South Church,
And plead for the rights of all!

HOW TO BREAK THE CHAIN.-John B. Gough.

A man once said to me: "I was a pretty hard case; my wife used to be afraid of me, and my children used to run away when I came in the house; it was but a word and a blow, and then a kick. When I put my name on the temperance pledge, the thought came across my mind, I wonder what my wife will say to this? Then I thought if I went in and told her all of a hurry it might make her faint. Another time I would have gone home and knocked her down and kicked her up again. Now, I was going home thinking how I could break it to my wife and not hurt her! So I made up my mind I would break it to her easy. I got to the door; I saw her leaning over the embers of the fire; she didn't look up; I suppose she expected a blow or a curse as usual, and I said, 'Mary!' She didn't turn; I said, 'Mary!'

'Well, Dick, what is it?' I said, 'Mary!' Well, what is it?' 'Cannot you guess, Mary?' And she looked round at me,her face was so white! 'I say, Mary!' 'Well?' 'I have been to the meeting, and have put my name down on the pledge, and taken my oath I never will take another drop. She was on her feet in a minute. She didn't faint away, poor soul; and as I held her I didn't know but she was dead. and I began to cry. She opened her eyes, and got her arm around my neck, and pulled me down on my knees,—the first time I remember ever going on my knees since I was a boy,-and said, 'O God, bless my poor husband!' and I said, 'Amen.' And she said, 'Help him to keep that pledge,' and I said, 'Amen;' and she kept on praying, and I kept on hallooing, and you never heard a Methodist halloo like me, until I could not speak a word. It was the first time we ever knelt together, but it was not the last."

A great many men have said to me: "I can reform without becoming a Christian." I am not one of those who will say to you that you cannot reform unless you become a Christian, but I say this, within my experience, that mine out of ten who try it fail. A gentleman that I know married into an excellent family and got so abased that he could drink a quart of brandy a day; how he stood it no one knows; a man of strong constitution, splendid physique, but he drank his quart a day. He had a lovely wife and three boys, and one day he was in the house and he said to his wife: "Come, my dear, and sit on my knee." She came and sat, and then she said: "If my husband didn't drink I would be the happiest woman in Canada." "Well," he said, "my dear, I married you to make you happy, and I ought to do everything to make you happy; and if that will make you happy I will never drink another drop as long as I live." That was seven years ago, and he has never tasted a drop from that day to this. He had cut it off just as clean as you would cut off a piece of cheese. That man had a mighty will; but I want to tell you something else. Walking with him up Young Street one day, he said: "You see that red saloon. I have gone two blocks out of my way many a time to keep out of the wav of that. When I come in sight of it, and begin to feel queer. I turn right down Front Street; but

since I have got the grace of God in my heart I can go right by that place, and if I find the slightest inclination to enter, I can ejaculate the prayer, 'God help me,' and I go right along." The first was a risk; the second was absolute security and safety.

I say to reformed men, your hope is in Jesus to keep your-selves unspotted. Touch not, taste not, handle not, meddle not with it. Men may say to me, "Have you this appetite?" I don't know. My daily prayer is, "God help me to avoid the test." Although it is thirty-five years since I signed the pledge, I will not put to my lips intoxicating wine at the communion table. I have not and I never will. I have known cases of fearful falling from the first swallow, because drunkenness is a disease. A good Christian man said to me: "Three weeks ago I had the most awful struggle against my appetite;" and a gentleman said to me, the other night, "God bless you, I am fighting an awful hard battle." I said, "Do you feel secure?" "Secure in Jesus." Oh, I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that is the strength of the movement to-day.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.—FRANK OLIVE.

(BY A MYSTIFIED QUAKER.)

Respected Wife: From these few lines my whereabouts thee'll learn—

Moreover, I impart to thee my serious concern: The language of this people is a riddle unto me, And words, with them, are fragments of a reckless mockery

For instance: As I left the cars, an imp with smutty face, Said "Shine?" "Nay, I'll not shine," I said, "except with inward grace!"

"Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?" asked this young

Turk;
"Hi, Daddy! What is 'inward grace?" How does the old thing work?"

"Friend," said I to a Jehu, whose breath suggested gin, "Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable inn?" His answer's gross irrelevance I shall not soon forget—Instead of saying yea or nay, he gruffly said "You bet!"

Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be a sir.—Why don't thee answer plainly: Can thee take me to an inn?

The vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folks about in— Then why prevaricate?" Said he perversely, "Now yer shoutin!"

"Nay, verily, I shouted not!" quoth I, "my speech is mild; But thine—I grieve to say it—with falsehood is defiled. Thee ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of guile."
"See here, my lively moke," said he, "you sling on too much style!"

"I've had these plain drab garments twenty years and more," said I,

"And when thee says I'sling on style,' thee tells a willful lie!"

At that he pranced around as if "a bee were in his bonnet," And, with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was "on it!"

"On what? Till thee explains thyself, I cannot tell, I said. He swore that something was "too thin;" moreover it was "played!"

But all this jargon was surpassed, in wild absurdity, By threats, profanely emphasized, to "put a head" on me!

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"
Whereat he fell upon me with blows, and curses, too,
But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design—
Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off mine!

Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect, But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular effect; For when he slapped my broad-brim off, and asked, "How's that for high?"

It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh!

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose, And said I'd "snatched him bald-headed," and likewise "cooked his goose;"

Although I solemnly affirm that I did not pull his hair, Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no poultry there!

They called me "Bully boy!" although I've seen nigh three score year;

They said that I was "lightning" when I "got up on my ear!"

And when I asked if lightning climbed its ear, or dressed in drab,

"You know how 'tis yourself!" said one inconsequential blab!

Thee can conceive that, by this time, I was somewhat per, plexed;

Yea, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed; I tarried there no longer, for plain-spoken men—like me—With such perverters of our tongue, can have no unity.

THE MINES OF AVONDALE.—ALICE CARY.

Old Death proclaims a holocaust—
Two hundred men must die!
And he cometh not like a thief in the night,
But with banners lifted high.
He calleth the north wind out o' th' north
To blow him a signal blast,
And to plow the air with a fiery share,
And to sow the sparks broadcast.
No fear hath he of the arm of flesh,
And he maketh the winds to cry:
"Let come who will to this awful hill,
And his strength against me try!"

So quick those sparks along the land
Into blades of flame have sprung,
So quick the piteous face of heaven
With a veil of black is hung;
And men are telling the news with words,
And women with tears and sighs,
And the children with the frightened souls
That are staring from their eyes:
"Death, death is holding a holocaust!
And never was seen such pyre—
Head packed to head, and above them spread
Full forty feet of fire!"

From hill to hill-top runs the cry,
Through farm and village and town,
And higher and higher—"The mine's on fire!
Two hundred men sealed down!
And not with the dewy hand o' th' earth,
And not with the leaves of the trees;
Nor is it the waves that roof their graves—
Oh, no, it is none of these;
From sight and sound walled round and round—
For God's sake haste to the pyre!
In the black coal-beds, and above their heads
Full forty feet of fire!"

And now the villagers swarm like bees,
And the miners catch the sound,
And climb to the land with their picks in hand
From their chambers in the ground,
For high and low and rich and poor,
To a holy instinct true,
Stand forth as if all hearts were one
And a-tremble through and through.

On, side by side they roll like a tide, And the voice grows high and higher, "Come woe, come weal, we must break the seal Of that forty feet of fire!"

Now eries of fear, shrill, far and near, And o' palsy shakes the hands,

And the blood runs cold, for behold, behold The gap where the enemy stands! Oh, never had painter scenes to paint

So ghastly and grim as these--

Mothers that comfortless sit on the ground With their babies on their knees;

The brown-checked lad and the maid as sad As the grandam and the sire,

And 'twixt them all and their loved, that wall— That terrible wall of fire!

And the grapple begins, and the foremost set Their lives against death's laws,

And the blazing timbers eatch in their arms And bear them off like straws.

They have lowered the flaunting flag from its place; They will die in the gap, or save;

For this they have done, whate'er be won, They have conquered fear of the grave. They have baffled—have driven the enemy,

And with better courage strive;

"Who knoweth," they say, "God's mercy to-day, And the souls he may save alive!"

So now the hands have digged through the brands— They can see the awful stairs,

And there falls a hush that is only stirred By the weeping women's prayers. "Now who will peril his limb and life?

In the damps of the dreadful mine?"

"I, I, and I!" a dozen cry,

As they forward step from line! And down from the light and out o' th' sight,

Man after man they go,

And now arise th' unanswered eries As they beat on the doors below.

And night eame down—what a woful night! To the youths and maidens fair;

What a night in the lives of the miners' wives At the gate of a dumb despair.

And the stars have set their solemn watch

In silence o'er the hill,

And the children sleep and the women weep, And the workers work with a will.

And so the hours drag on and on,
And so the night goes by,
And at last the east is gray with dawn,
And the sun is in the sky.

Hark! hark! the barricades are down,
The torchlights further spread,
The doubt is past—they are found at last—Dead, dead! two hundred dead!
Face close to face, in a long embrace,
And the young and the faded hair—Gold over the snow, as if meant to show
Love strayed beyond despair.
Two hundred men at yester-morn
With the work of the world to strive;
Two hundred yet when the day was set,
And not a soul alive!

Oh, long the brawny Plymouth men,
As they sit by their wintry fires,
Shall tell the tale of Avondale
And its awful pyre of pyres—
Shall hush their breath, and tell how Death
His flag did wildly wave,
And how in shrouds of smoky clouds
The miners fought in their graves;
And how in a still procession
They passed from that fearful glen,
And there shall be wail in Avondale,
For the brave two hundred men.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.—WILLIAM WALLACE. (BROOKLYN, N. Y.)

Here are the houses of the dead. Here youth And age and manhood, stricken in his strength, Hold solemn state and awful silence keep, While Earth goes murmuring in her ancient path, And troubled Ocean tosses to and fro Upon his mountainous bed impatiently, And many stars make worship musical In the dim-aisled abyss, and over all The Lord of Life, in meditation sits Changeless, alone, beneath the large white dome Of Immortality.

I pause and think Among these walks lined by the frequent tombs:

For it is very wonderful. Afar The populous city lifts its tall, bright spires, And snowy sails are glancing on the bay, As if in merriment,—but here all sleep; They sleep, these calm, pale people of the past: Spring plants her rosy feet on their dim homes,-They sleep! Sweet Summer comes and calls, and calls With all her passionate poetry of flowers Wed to the music of the soft south-wind,— They sleep! The lonely Autumn sits and sobs Between the cold white tombs, as if her heart Would break,-they sleep! Wild Winter comes and chants Majestical the mournful sagas learned Far in the melancholy North, where God Walks forth alone upon the desolate seas,— They slumber still!

Sleep on, O passionless dead! Ye make our world sublime: ye have a power And majesty the living never hold. Here Avarice shall forget his den of gold, Here Lust his beautiful victim, and hot Hate His croughing foe. Ambition here shall lean Against Death's shaft, veiling the stern, bright eye That, overbold, would take the height of gods, And know Fame's nothingness. The sire shall come, The matron and the child, through many years, To this fair spot, whether the pluméd hearse Moves slowly through the winding walks, or Death For a brief moment panses: all shall come To feel the touching eloquence of graves. And therefore it was well for us to clothe The place with beauty. No dark terror here Shall chill the generous tropic of the soul, But Poetry and her starred comrade Art Shall make the sacred country of the dead Magnificent. The fragrant flowers shall smile Over the low, green graves; the trees shall shake Their soul-like cadences upon the tombs; The little lake set in a paradise Of wood, shall be a mirror to the moon What time she looks from her imperial tent In long delight at all below; the sea Shall lift some stately dirgc he loves to breathe Over dead nations, while calm sculptures stand On every hill, and look like spirits there That drink the harmony. Oh, it is well! Vhy should a darkness scowl on any spot Where man grasps immortality? Light, light, And art, and poetry, and cloquence, And all that we call glorious are its dower.

A LITTLE GIRL'S VIEW OF LIFE IN A HOTEL.

I'm ouly a very little girl, but I think I have just as much right to say what I want to about things as a boy. hate boys, they're so mean; they grab all the strawberries at the dinner-table, and never tell us when they're going to have any fun. Only I like Gus Rogers. The other day Gus told me he was going to let off some fireworks, and he let Bessie Nettle and me go and look at them. All of us live in a hotel, and his mother's room has a window with a balcony, and it was there we had the fireworks, right on the balcony. His mother had gone out to buy some creme de lis to put on her face, and he'd went and got eleven boxes of lucifer matches, and ever so many pieces of Castile soap; he stealed them from the housekeeper. Just when she was going to put them in her closet, Gus went and told her Mrs. Nettle wanted her directly a minute, and while she was gone he grabbed the soap and the matches, and when she caine back we watched her, and she got real mad, and she scolded Delia, that's the chambermaid, and said she knowed she did it; and I was real glad, because when I was turning somersets on my mother's bed, the other day, Delia slapped me, and she said she wasn't going to make the bed two times to please me; then Bessie and me sticked the matches in the soap like tenpins, and Gus fired them off, and they blazed like anything, and they made an awful smell, and Gus went and turned a little of the gas on so's his mother would think it was that.

We get our dinner with the nurses, 'cause the man that keeps the hotel charges full price for children if they sit at the table in the big dining-room. Once my mother let me go there with her, and I talked a heap at the table, and a gentleman that sat next to us said "little girls should be seen and not heard." The mean old thing died last week and I was real glad, and I told Delia so, and she said if I went and said things like that, I couldn't go to heaven; much she knows about it. I wouldn't want to go if dirty things like she went there. Yesterday Mary, our nurse, told Bessie Nettle's nurse, that she heard Larry Finnegan

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was going to marry her. Larry is one of the waiters, and he saves candies for me from the big dining-room. And Bessie Nettle's nurse said, "O Lord! what a lie!" and Bessie Nettle went in her mother's room, and her little brother said she nipped him, and Bessie said, "O Lord! what a lie!" and you should have heard how her mother did talk to her, and went and shut her up in a dark room where she kept her trunks, and didn't let her have nothing but bread and water, and Gus Rogers went and yelled through the keyhole, and said, "Bessie, the devil is coming to fetch you," and Bessie screamed and almost had a fit, and her mother told Mrs. Rogers, and got Gus licked, and Gus says he's a good mind to set the house on fire some day and burn her out.

One day I went in the parlor, and creeped under a sofa, and there wasn't anybody there. They don't let dogs or children go in the parlor, and I think its real mean—and I creeped under the sofa, so's nobody could see me; and Mr. Boyce came in and Miss Jackson. I don't like Miss Jackson; she said one day childrens was a worse nuisance than dogs was. And Mr. Boyce and Miss Jackson came and sitted down on the sofa, and he said, "O Louisa, I love you so much," and then he kissed her. I heard it smack. And she said, "O Thomas, I wish I could believe you; don't you never kiss anybody else?" and he said, "No, dearest," and I called out, "Oh, what a big story, for I saw him kiss Bessie Nettle's nurse in the hall one night when the gas was turned down." Didn't he jump up, you bet-Gus always says you bet-and he pulled me out and tored my frock, and he said, "Oh, you wicked child, where do you expect to go for telling stories?" and I told him, "You shut up, I ain't going anywhere with you." I wish that man would die like the other did, so I do, and I don't care whether he goes to heaven or not.

Gus Rogers' mother had a lunch party in her parlor, and they had champagne, and they never gave him any, and when his mother wasn't looking he founded a bottle half full on the sideboard, and he stealed it and took it in our nursery, and Mary wasn't there, and Gus and me drinked it out of the glass Mary brushes her teeth in, and it was real nice, and we looked in Mary's wardrobe and finded her

frock she goes to church in, and Gus put it on, and Mary's bonnet, too, and went in the hall, and we tumbled down and tored Mary's frock, and made my nose bleed, and Gus said, "Oh, there's a earthquake," 'cause we couldn't stand up, and you should see how the house did go up and down, awful; and Gus and me laid down on the carpet, and the housekeeper picked me up and tooked me to my mother, and my mother said, "Oh my, whatever have you been doing?" and I said, "Oh my, I drinked champagne out of Gus Rogers' mother's bottle in the glass Mary brushes her teeth in," and the housekeeper says, "Oh my goodness gracious! that child's as tight as bricks," and I said, "You bet, bully for you," and then I was awful sick, and I have forgotts what else.

THE BALLAD OF A BUTCHER AND THE DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN.

It was a gruesome butcher,
With countenance saturnine;
He stood at the door of his little shop,
It was the hour of nine.

The children going by to school
Looked in at the open door;
They loved to see the sausage machine,
And hear its awful roar.

The butcher he looked out and in
Then horribly he swore,
Next yawned, then, smiling, he licked his chops;
Quoth he: "Life's a awful bore!

"Now here's all these dear little children, Some on 'em might live to be sixty; Why shouldn't I save 'em the trouble to wunst An' chop 'em up slipperty licksty?"

So he winked to the children and beckoned them in:
"Oh, don't ye's want some candy?
But ye see ye'll have to come in to the shop,
For out here it isn't handy!"

He 'ticed them into the little shop,
The machine went round and round;
And when those poor babes came out again,
They fetched ten cents a pound.

UP-HILL.—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin?

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

THE LETTER OF MARQUE.—CAROLINE F. ORNE.

We had sailed out a Letter of Marque,
Fourteen guns and forty men;
And a costly freight our gallant barque
Was bearing home again.
We had ranged the seas the whole summer-tide,
Crossed the main, and returned once more;
Our sails were spread, and from the mast-head
The lookout saw the distant shore.

"A sail! a sail on the weather bow!
Hand over hand, ten knots an hour!"
Now God defend it ever should en!
That we should fall in the foeman's power!"

Twas an English frigate came bearing down, Bearing down before the gale, Riding the waves that sent their spray Dashing madly o'er mast and sail.

Every stitch of our canvas set,
Like a frightened bird our good barque flew;
The wild waves lashed and the foam crests dashed,
As we threaded the billows through.
The night came down on the waters wide,—
"By Heaven's help we'll see home once more,"

Our captain cried, "for nor-nor-west Lies Cape Cod Light, and the good old shore."

A sudden flash, and a sullen roar Booming over the stormy sea, Showed the frigate close on our track,-How could we hope her grasp to flee? Our angry gunner the stern-chaser fired: I hardly think they heard the sound, The billows so wildly roared and raged, As we forward plunged with furious bound.

"All our prizes safely in, Shall we fall a prize to-night? The Shoal of George's lies sou-south-east, Bearing away from Cape Cod Light." Our captain's face grew dark and stern, Deadly white his closed lips were. The men looked in each other's eyes,— Not a look that spoke of fear. " Hard up!"

Hard up the helm was jammed. The wary steersman spoke no word. In the roar of the breakers on either side Murmurs of wonder died unheard. Loud and clear rose the captain's voice,-A bronzed old sea-dog, calm and cool, He had been in sea-fights oft, Trained eye and hand in danger's school. "Heave the lead!"

The lead was hove; Sharp and short the quick reply; Steady rose the captain's voice, Dark fire glowed his swarthy eye; Right on the Shoal of George's steered, Urged with wild, impetuous force, Lost, if on either side we veered But a hand's breadth from our course. On and on our good barque drove, Leaping like mad from wave to wave, Hissing and roaring 'round her bow, Hounding her on to a yawning grave.

God! 'twas a desperate game we played! White as the combing wave grew each cheek; Our hearts in that moment dumbly prayed, For never a word might our blenched lips speak. On and on the frigate drove, Right in our track, close bearing down; Our captain's face was still and stern,

Every muscle too rigid to frown.

On and on the frigate drove,
Swooping down in her glorious pride;
Lord of heaven! what a shriek was that
Ringing over the waters wide!
Striking swift on the sunken rocks,
Down went the frigate beneath the wave;
All her crew in an instant sunk,
Gulfed in the closing grave!

We were alone on the rolling sea;
Man looked to man with a silent pain,
Sternly our captain turned away;
Our holmsman bore on our course again.
Into the harbor we safely sailed
When the red morn glowed o'er the bay;
The sinking ship, and the wild death-cry,
We shall see and hear, to our dying day.

A TEXAS STORY.-J. W. Donovan.

In the summer of the year 1860, one hot night in July, a herdsman was moving his cattle to a new ranche further north, near Helena, Texas. As he passed down the panks of a stream his herd became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day about noon a band of a dozen mounted Texan Rangers overtook the herdsman, and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen. It was before the introduction of laws and court-houses in Texas. and one had better kill five men than steal a mule worth five dollars-and this herdsman knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to cut his story short. He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at his proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd in such cases, and that they usually left the thief hanging on a tree as a warning to others in like cases.

The poor fellow was completely overcome.

They consulted apart a few moments and then told him, if he had any explanations to make or business to do, they would allow him ten minutes to do it, and to defend himself.

He turned to the rough faces, and commenced: "How many of you men have wives?" Two or three nodded.

"How many of you men have children?" They nodded again. "Then I know who I am talking to, and you'll hear me," said the frightened herdsman, who continued: "I never stole your cattle; I have lived in these parts over three years; I came from New Hampshire; I failed there in the fall of '57, during the panic; I have been saving; I have lived on hard fare; I have slept out on the ground; I have no home here. My family remain East, while I go from place to place. These clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard-looking customer, but this is a hard country. Days seem like months to me, and months like years; and; but for the letters from home (here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes and letters from his wife) I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts, and he unfolded the letters of acknowledgment. I expected to sell out, and go home in November. Here is the Testament my good old mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture," and he kissed it tenderly. "Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for doing what I am innocent of. send these home, and send as much as you can from the cattle, when I am dead. Can't you send half their value? My family will need it."

"Hold on, now; stop right thar!" said a rough Ranger. "Now, I say boys," he continued; "I say, let him go; he's no thief. That kind of men don't steal. We'll take our cattle, and let him go. Give us your hand, old boy;—that picture and them letters did the business. You can go free; but you're lucky, mind ye." "We'll do more'n that," said a man with a big heart, in Texan garb, and carrying the customary brace of pistols in his belt, "let's buy his herd, and let him go home now."

They did, and when the money was paid over, and the man about to start, he was too weak to stand. The long strain of hopes and fears, being away from home under such trying circumstances, and the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to render him as helpless as a child. An hour later, however, he left on horseback for the nearest stage route; and, as they shook hands when bidding him goodby, they looked the happiest band of men I ever beheld. So says an eye-witness.

THE ADVERTISEMENT ANSWERED.-FRANK M. THORN.

Good mornin' til yez, yer honor! And are yez the gintlemon As advertised, in the paper, fur an active, intilligent b'y?

Y' are? Thin I've brought him along wid me,—a raal, fine sprig iv a wan:—

As likely a b'y iv his age, sur, as iver ye'd wish til empl'y.

That's him. Av coorse I'm his mother! Yez can see his resimblance til me,

Fur ivery wan iv his faytures, and mine, are alike as two paze.—

Barrin' wan iv his hivenly eyes, which he lost in a bit iv a spree

Wid Hooligan's b'y, which intinded to larrup me Teddy wid aize;

And his taythe, which hung out on his lip, like a pair iv big, shinin', twin pearls,

Till wan iv thim taythe was removed by the fut iv a cow he was tazin;

And his hair, that we niver cu'd comb, along iv bewhilderin' curls,

So we kape it cropp'd short to save combin', and that makes our intercoorse plazin.

And is it rid-headed, ye call him? Belike he is foxy, is Ted; And goold-colored hair is becomin' til thim that's complicted wid blonde!

But who cares fur color? Sure, contints out-vally the rest iv the head!

And Ted has a head full iv contints, as lively as t'hrout in a pond!

Good timpered? Sure niver a bett'her.—The paceablest, quietest lamb

As lives the whole lin'th iv our st'hrate, where the b'ys is that kane fur a row

That Ted has to fight iv'ry day, though he'd quarrel no mere than a clam.—

Faith, thim b'ys 'ud provoke the swate angels, in hiven, to fight onyhow!

Thim Hooligan b'ys is that d'hirty, they have to le washed wanst a wake:—

Faith, Hooligan finds it convanient to live down ferninst the canall

Where the wat'her fur scrubbin' the mud off his child'hers is not far til sake.—

But Teddy is allus that nate that he niver nades washin' at all!

Can be rade? Sure me Ted has the makin' iv a beautiful rader, indade,

And lairn't all his lett'hers, but twinty, in three months'

attindance at school:

But the mast'her got mad at me Teddy, becase iv a joke that was played

Wid a pin, that persuaded the mast'her quite suddint to

rise from his stool.

Teddy niver cu'd plaze the school-mast'her wid ony iv thim playful t'hricks;

So, wid his edication unfinished, Ted found it convanient

to lave.

But, barrin' the larnin', I'll match him, fur kaneness, ferninst ony six,

In butt'herin' paple wid blarney, and playin' nate t'hricks

to desave.

Thim Hooligan b'ys is all raders, but Teddy jist skins 'en alive:

Wid their marbles, and paynuts, and pennies, iv'ry wan iv his pockets he'll fill

By the turn iv his wrist, ur such tactics as Teddy knows how til cont'hrive:

They'd gladly t'hrade off their book-larnin' fur Teddy's suparior skill!

Politeness comes aisy til Ted, fur he's had me to tache him the thrick

Iv bowin' and scrapin' and spakin' to show paple proper respict.

Spake up til the gintlemon, Teddy! Whist! Aft wid yer cap first, ye stick!

Hc's shapish a t'hrifle, yer honor; hc's allus been brought up that strict.

Come! Spake up, and show yer foine bradin! Och! Hear that! "How are yez, Owld Moke?"

Arrah, millia murther! Did ivcr yez hear jist the aqual iv that?

"How are yez, Owld Moke?" says he! Ha! Ha! Sure, yer honor, he manes it in joke!

He's the playfullest b'y! Faith, it's laughin' at Teddy that makes me so fat!

Honest? Troth, he is that! He's that honest, he was niver tuk by the perlace,

Barrin' wanst that Owld Hooligan swore, that Teddy had

stole his b'y's knife

Wid niver a blade. And the jidge he remairked, wid contimpt, 'twas the t'hriflinest case To bod'her a dignified Coort wid, he iver had known in

his life!

Yez can t'hrust him wid onything. Honest! Does he luk like a b'y that 'ud stale?

Jist luk in the swate, open face iv him, barrin' the eye wid the wink:—

Och! Teddy!! Phat ugly black st'hrame is it runnin' down there by yer hale! * * * *

Murtheration! Yer honor, me Teddy has spilt yer fine bottle iv ink!!

Phat? How kem the ink in his pocket? I'm thinkin' he borry'd it, sur:—

And yez saw him pick up yer pen-howlder and stick it inside iv his slaive!

And yez think that Ted mint til purline 'em!! Ah, wirra! The likes iv that slur

Will d'hrive me,—poor, tinder, lone widdy,—wid sorrow down intil me grave!

Bad cess til yez, Teddy, ye spalpeen! Why c'u'dn't yez howld on, the day—

Ye thafe iv the world!—widout breakin' the heart iv me? No. Yez must stale!

I'll tache yez a t'hrick, ye rid-headed, pilferin', gimlet-eyed flay!--

Ye freckle-faced, impident bla'guard!—Och! whin we git home yez 'll squale!

-Bric-a-Brac in Scribner's Monthly.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.—R. COATES.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light, no fire! Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire! Shivering, she watches by the cradle side, For him, who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'Tis his footstep. No!—'tis past!—'tis gone!" Tick!—"How wearily the time crawls on! Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind! And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!—How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—"Tis hunger's cry Sleep!—For there is no food!—The fount is dry! Famine and cold their wearying work have done, My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there! he's there! For this!—for this he leaves me to despair! Leaves love, leaves truth, his wife, his child! for what? The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
"Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child! Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! How the sign board creaks! The blast howls by Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky. Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!" 'Tis but the lattice flaps. Thy hope is o'er.

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay, Night after night, in loneliness, to pray For his return—and yet he sees no tear! No! no! It cannot be. He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart! Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part! Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he! O God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled! The wife and child are numbered with the dead. On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest, The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast; The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—Dread silence reigned around;—the clock struck four!

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.-H. W. LONGFELLOW

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet, His chestnut steed with four white feet, Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou, Son of the road and bandit chief, Seeking refuge and relief, Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed,
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood!
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this rayine.

Following close in his pursuit, At the precipice's foot, Reyhan the Arab of Orfah Halted with his hundred men, Shouting upward from the glen, "La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast; Kissed him upon both his eyes; Sang to him in his wild way, As upon the topmost spray Sings a bird before it flies.

O my Kyrat, O my steed, Round and slender as a reed, Carry me this peril through! Satin housings shall be thine, Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine, O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein, Soft as woman's hair thy mane, Tender are thine eyes and true; All thy hoofs like ivory shine, Polished bright; Oh, life of mine, Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet, Drew together his four white feet, Paused a moment on the verge, Measured with his eye the space, And into the air's embrace Leaped as leaps the ocean surge,

As the ocean surge o'er sand Bears a swimmer safe to land, Kyrat safe his rider bore; Rattling down the deep abyss, Fragments of the precipice Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasseled cap of red Trembled not upon his head, Careless sat he and upright; Neither hand nor bridle shook, Nor his head he turned to look, As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment, like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath While this vision of life and death Passed above him. "Allahu!" Cried he. "In all Koordistan Lives there not so brave a man As this Robber Kurroglou!"

-Atlantic Monthly.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.—W. M. THACKERAY.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars, And a ragged old jacket perfumed with eigars, Away from the world and its toils and its cares, I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure, But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure; And the view I behold on a sunshiny day Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks With worthless old nicknacks and silly old books, And foolish old odds and foolish old ends, Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked), Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed; A two-penny treasury wondrous to see; What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require, Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire; And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet. That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp; By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp; A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn, 'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes, Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times; As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie, This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest, There's one that I love and I cherish the best: For the finest of couches that's padded with hair I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat, With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet; But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there, I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms, A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms! I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair,—I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place, She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face! A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair, And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since, Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince; Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare, The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low and the company's gone, In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room; She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom; So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair, And youder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

A TALE OF THE BIG SNOW.-BIZARRE.

After the last heavy snow-storm Mrs. Peewitt discovered that the roof leaked, and that afternoon on her husband's return from the office, mentioned the fact to him, together with her belief that great damage to the ceiling might be

averted by his going up after dinner and shoveling the snow off.

"Confound the old house, any way!" he exclaimed, tossing his hat into one corner, his coat down on the lounge, and his rubbers into the coal-scuttle.

"What's the use of swearing?" asked Mrs. Peewitt, as calmly as a summer noon.

"It's enough to make a saint swear; you can't look crosseyed at the old shebang but something gets out of order," he scolded.

"I never knowed a livin' man with such a frightful temper that didn't fetch up on the gallows," said his spinster aunt, sourly.

"You hold your tongue!" he shouted. "You're always snapping somebody up."

After he had finished his dinner, Peewitt paid a visit to the roof, accompanied by the family shovel, and succeeded in scraping an inch of skin off his shins against the ladder in his ascent.

"Well, by the jumping jingo! that's pleasant," he remarked, as a gust of wind darted around the corner of the chimney, lifted his hat playfully off his head and carried it into his next-door neighbor's back yard, where a woolly and sharp-toothed spitz dog immediately pounced upon and commenced relieving it of its crown, while Peewitt bound a kandkerchief around his head, shouted himself hoarse, and opened a bombardment upon the dog with snow-balls, till the cook, hearing his yells, came out, rescued the hat, and threw it over the fence, where Peewitt, on going down, found it with the crown half chewed out and the rim looking like the top of a pepper-box.

Then Pcewitt waxed wroth, jammed his seal-skin cap down over his ears, and tied it on so tight with a towel, that he couldn't open his mouth to let out the profane expressions that were seething through his mind, and at one time was in imminent danger of exploding and blowing himself and the shovel into a land where it's generally conceded to be *oo warm for snow-storms.

When he got back on the roof he buckled himself right own to work, and shoved about two hundred weight of the "featnery flakes" down on his minister's head, who was bidding his wife "good-by" at the front door.

Then they carried the man of peace into the house, laid him on the sofa, bathed his face with water, held hartshorn under his nose, poured whiskey down him, and dropped all the keys and knives in the house down his back, and burned his mustache off holding a candle too close to him to see if he breathed. He came back to consciousness, finally, and they straightened the biggest dents out of his hat, dusted all the snew they could reach out of his shirt-bosom, and sent him home in a hack, smelling like a distillery, and with a very indistinct recollection of how it all happened.

All this time Peewitt, in blissful ignorance of what had transpired below, had been gathering another snow mountain together, which he now launched over in time to bury an Italian image-vender, with his load of wares, who chanced

to be passing.

Two Irishmen, in a coal cart, who had witnessed the sad affair, stopped and dug him out with their shovels, but it was two hours later before he had ceased gesticulating and rooting around in the snow-heap for his plaster of Paris mocking-birds and chalk dancing-girls.

Then Mrs. Peewitt sent up the hired girl to know if he intended to kill some person and be hung for it, and Peewitt suddenly became aware of the danger incurred by passers-by, and determined to hail them before throwing any more off; but this idea he was forced to abandon after he made two attempts to save life by shouting, "Hello, there! Look out!" owing to an immense crowd collecting on the opposite sidewalk under the impression that he was going to commit suicide by jumping off, and two policemen finally forced their way up and arrested him for creating a disturbance and blocking up the street.

He prevailed upon them to release him, after an explanation, and the crowd dispersed, hooting and advising the neighbors, who had their heads out of the windows, to thain up their old bald-headed lunatic if they didn't want

to get him hart.

Then Peewitt concluded to shovel it down into the back yard, and his spinster aunt, who had run out to empty some

tea leaves, caught about a bushel of the first lot on the back of her neck, bringing her down on her knees, and sending her spectacles and false teeth flying into the swill-bucket. She had crawled into the house, and was sitting belind the kitchen stove rubbing herself with arnica, and thinking of the early Christian martyrs, before the second lot came down.

Two hours later, when Peewitt had got the roof cleaned, his spine nearly dislocated, his hands blistered, and his toes frost-bitten, he came down stairs to find he had broken two windows and blocked up the doors leading from the house into the garden, making all hopes of using them before the Fourth of July simply out of the question—a circumstance not calculated to soothe his feelings, owing to the winter's fuel being stowed away in a snowed-under shed at the back part of the garden.

THE WRECKER'S OATH ON BARNEGAT.

HENRY MORFORD.

One night mid swarthy forms I lay, Along a wild southeastern bay, Within a cabin rude and rough, Formed out of drift-wood, wrecker's stuff, And firelight throwing rosy flame From up-heaped masses of the same,—Waiting the turning of the tide To launch the surf-boats scattered wide, And try the fisher's hardy toil For bass, and other finny spoil.

They lay around me, young and old, But men of hardy mien and mould, Whom one had picked some deed to do Demanding iron hearts and true, But whom one had not picked, if wise, For playing tricks to blinded eyes, Without expecting, at the end, To learn the odds 'twixt foe and friend!

Some leaned upon their arms, and slept; But others wakeful vigil kept, And told short stories,—merry, half, And some too earnest for a laugh. And I—I listened, as I might, With strange and weird and wild delight, To hear the surfmen, in their haunt, On deeds and loves and hates descant.

One gray old man, of whom I heard No more than this descriptive word, "Old Kennedy,"—he rattled on, Of men and things long past and gone, And seemed without one careful thought,—Till spark to tinder some one brought By hinting that he launched no more, Of late, his surf-boat from the shore, However wind and storm were rife And stranded vessels periled life.

"No! by the God who made this tongue!" And up in angry force he sprung,—
"No!—never, while my head is warm,
However wild beat sea and storm,
Launch I a boat, one life to save,
If half creation finds a grave!"

A fearful oath!—I thought; and so Thought others, for a murmur low Ran round the circle, till, at length, The wondering feeling gathered strength, And some, who had not known him long, Declared them words of cruel wrong, And swore to keep no friendly troth With one who framed so hard an oath.

"You will not, mates?" the old man said. His words so earnest, dense, and dread That something down my back ran cold As at the ghostly tales of old.
"You will not? Listen, then, a word! And if, when you have fairly heard, You say a thoughtless oath I swore, I never fish beside you more!"

They listened: so did I, be sure, As Desdemona to her Moor, Or that poor "wedding guest" who heard The Ancient Mariner's lengthy word. They listened; and no murmur broke The full, dead silence, as he spoke.

"You know me, mates,—at least the most,—From Barnegat, on Jersey coast." Tis time you listened something more, That drove me to another shore.

Twelve years ago, at noon of life, I had a fond and faithful wife; Two children, boy and girl; a patch; A drift-wood cabin reofed with thatch; And thought myself the happiest man The coast had known since time began. Ships wrecked: they never saw me flinch, But fight the white surf, inch by inch, To save the meanest thing had breath, If danger seemed to threaten death. Yes,—more! I never once held back, If through the big storm, rushing black, Some nabob's riches I could save And give them to him from the wave. One night a large ship drove ashore, Not half a mile beyond my door. I saw the white surf breaking far; I saw her beating on the bar; I knew she could not live one hour, By wood and iron's strongest power. I was alone, except my boy,-Sixteen,—my wife's best hope and joy; And who can doubt, that is not mad, He was the proudest pride I had! I let him take the vacant oar; I took him with me from the shore; I let him try help save a life: I drowned him, and it killed my wife!"

The old man paused, and dashed his hand Against his brow, to gain command; While all around, a hush like death Hung on the fisher's trembling breath. And pitying eyes began to show How rough men feel a rough man's woe. Then he went on,—a few words more, That still an added horror bore.

"Somebody stole a cask or bale,—At least so ran the pleasant tale.
And while my boy was lying dead,
My wife's last breath as yet unfled,
The city papers reeked with chat
Of 'pirate bands on Barnegat.'
My name was branded as a thief,
When I was almost mad with grief;
And what d'ye think they made me feel,
When the last falsehood ground its heel,—
'I had rowed out, that night, to steal!'
No! if I ever row again,
To save the lives of periled men,

Body and soul at onee go down, And Heaven forget me as I drown!"

It was a direful oath, as well When nothing more remained to tell, As it had been, when at the first His wrong and hate the old man nursed. But I have often thought, since then, The best of men are only men, And some of us, at church and school, Who prattle of the Golden Rule,—Might find it hard, such weight to bear Of shame and outrage and despair, Without forgetting trust and troth And hurling out as dread an oath.

THE MUSICAL FROGS .- JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs! How sweet ye sing! would God that I

Upon the bubbling pool might lie,

And sun myself to-day
With you! No curtained bride, I ween,
Nor pillowed babe, nor cushioned queen,

Nor tiny fay on emerald green, Nor silken lady gay,

Lies on a softer couch. O Heaven! How many a lofty mortal, riven

By keen-fanged inflammation,
Might change his lot with yours, to float
On sunny pond, with bright green coat,
And sing with gently throbbing throat
Amid the croaking nation,

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs! Happy the bard who weaves his rhyme

Recumbent on the purple thyme,
In the fragrant month of June;

Happy the sage whose lofty mood Doth with far-searching ken intrude Into the vast infinitude

Of things beyond the moon;

But happier not the wisest man Whose daring thought leads on the van

Of star-eyed speculation, Than, thou, quick-legged, light-bellied thing, Within the green pond's reedy ring, That with a murmurous joy dost sing Among the croaking nation, Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!
Great Jove with dark clouds sweeps the sky,
Whore thunders roll and lightnings fly

Where thunders roll and lightnings fly,
And gusty winds are roaring;
Fierce Mars his stormy steed bestrides,
And, lashing wild its bleeding sides,
O'er dead and dying madly rides,
Where the iron hail is pouring.

'Tis well—such crash of mighty powers
Must be: the spell may not be ours

To tame the hot creation.

But little frogs with paddling foot
Can sing when gods and kings dispute,
And little bards can strum the lute
Amid the croaking nation,

With Brekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!
Farewell! not always I may sing
Around the green pond's reedy ring
With you, ye boggy muses!
But I must go and do stern battle
With herds of stiff-necked human cattle,
Whose eager lust of windy prattle
The gentle rein refuses.
Oh, if—but all such ifs are vain;
I'll go and blow my trump again,
With brazen iteration;
And when, by Logic's iron rule,
I've quashed each briskly babbling fool,
I'll seek again your gentle school,

Amid the croaking nation, Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

And hum beside the tuneful pool

THE GAMIN.—VICTOR HUGO.

Paris has a child; the forest has a bird. The bird is called a sparrow; the child is called the gamin. His origin is from the rabble.

The most terrible embodiment of the rabble is the barricade, and the most terrible of barricades was that of Faubourg St. Antoine. The street was deserted as far as could

be seen. Every door and window was closed; in the background rose a wall built of paving stones, making the street Nobody could be seen; nothing could be heard; not a cry, not a sound, not a breath. A sepulchre! From time to time, if anybody ventured to cross the street, the sharp, low whistling of a bullet was heard, and the passer fell dead or wounded. For the space of two days this barricade had resisted the troops of Paris, and now its ammunition was gone. During a lull in the firing, a gamin, named Gavroche, took a basket, went out into the street by an opening, and began to gather up the full cartridgeboxes of the National Guards who had been killed in front of the barricade. By successive advances he reached a point where the fog from the firing became transparent, so that the sharpshooters of the line, drawn up and on the alert, suddenly discovered something moving in the smoke. Just as Gavroche was relieving a Grenadier of his cartridges a ball struck the body. "They are killing my dead for me," said the gamin. A second ball splintered the pavement behind him. A third upset his basket. Gavroche rose up straight on his feet, his hair in the wind, his hands upon his hips, his eyes fixed upon the National Guard, who were firing: and he sang:

> "They are ugly at Narterre— 'Tis the fault of Voltaire; And beasts at Palaeseau— 'Tis the fault of Rousseau."

Then he picked up his basket, put into it the cartridges which had falien out, without losing a single one; and advancing towards the fusilade, began to empty another cartridge box. Then a fourth ball just missed him again; Gavroche sang:

"I am only a scribe
'Tis the fault of Voltaire;
My life one of woe—
'Tis the fault of Rousseau."

The sight was appalling and fascinating. Gavroche fired at, mocked the firing and answered each discharge with a couplet. The National Guards laughed as they aimed at him. He lay down, then rose up; hid himself in a doorway, then sprang out; escaped, returned. The insurgents, breathless with anxiety, followed him with their eyes; the

barricade was trembling, he was singing. It was not a child, it was not a man; it was a strange, fairy gamin, playing hide and seek with Death. Every time the face of the grim spectre approached, the gamin snapped his fingers. One bullet, however, better aimed or more treacherous than the others, reached the will-o'-the-wisp child. They saw Gavroche totter, then fall. The whole barricade gave a cry. But the gamin had fallen only to rise again. A long stream of blood rolled down his face. He raised both arms in the air, looked in the direction whence the shot came, and began to sing:

"I am buried in earth—
'Tis the fault—"

He did not finish. A second ball from the same marksman cut him short. This time he fell with his face upon the pavement and did not stir again. That little great soul had taken flight.

THE SECRETS OF MASONRY.

The story is told of a Mason's wife. Who plagued him almost out of his life To learn the secret—whatever it be-The mystic words of Masonry. Said he, "Now, Mary, if I should tell The awful words, I know very well When you get mad, my darling dear. You'll rip them out, that all may hear." Said she, "Oh, Edward, never! never! They'll rest in my heart's recess forever! Tell me, Edward, and never more Shall I scold, or fret, or slam the door; And I'll try to be quiet with all my might, No matter what hour you may come at night." No man, unless he were made of wood. Could resist an offer so fair and good. So he said, "Now, Mary, my woe or weal Depends on the words I'm about to reveal." "Oh, Ned," she answered, "you may depend, I'll keep the secret till life shall end." Said he, "The secret that Masonry screens— The awful words are—"Pork and Beaus!" Scarcely a week had passed away, When Mary got mad, and what did she say? She shouted out that all might hear, "Pork and Beans! I've got you there!"

MUSIC IN CAMP.—John R. Thompson.

Two armies covered hill and plain, Where Rappahannock's waters Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents In meads of heavenly azure; And each dread gun of the elements Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down With cannon grimly planted, O'er listless camp and silent town The golden sunset slanted;

When on the fervid air there came A strain, now rich, now tender, The music seemed itself aflame With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn Played measures brave and nimble, Had just struck up with flute and horn And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks, Till, margined by its pebbles, One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks," And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band With movement light and tricksy, Made stream and forest, hill and strand, Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow, Went proudly o'er its pebbles, But thrilled throughout its deepest flow With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles—
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles:
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels:

No unresponsive soul had heard That plaintive note's appealing, So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him:
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art, Expressed in simplest numbers, Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart— Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines, That bright celestial creature, Who still 'mid war's embattled lines Gave this one touch of nature.

THE HUNTER'S LAST RIDE.

One autumn eve, when words unfurled
Swept down the words in bonnorod splendor,
And dying sunset bathed the World
In dolphin rainbows mild and tender,
A hunter, wearied with the chase,
With his spent steed was slowly turning

GGGGO

Unto his far-off resting-place, Where his lone camp-fire light was burning;

For many a mile his steed had gone
O'er the wide prairie since the dawn.
The choice bits from the saddle hung—
The deer's fat haunch, the buffalo's tongue—
A simple but a sweet repast
To cheer his long and painful fast.
The steed was full of strength and grace,
The noblest of his noble race
In toil, in battle, or in chase,
To hunt the bear on mountain side,
To chase the deer o'er prairie wide,
Or dash upon the ambuscade
Of wily Indian foe arrayed,
Or breast the torrent's angry flow,
Or plunge through winter's deepest snow.

To huntsman who has borne the toil, Welcome the rest, and sweet the spoil: So mused McGregor in his mind, Leading his steed, when far behind Upon his startled ear there came A rushing sound of distant flame. A moment scarce he turned his head—Too well he knew that sound of dread; One moment, and McGregor saw A sight to chill his soul with awe: Behind him, hastening onward, came A long, red, serpent line of flame, Which, hissing, shot its tongues of light Upward into the gathering night.

"Now, Saladin," the huntsman cried,
As onward swept the fiery tide—
"Now Saladin, my gallant steed,
Attest thyself of noble breed;
For never yet thy matchless speed
Has served us in so sore a need;
And never, in the fiercest chase,
Hast thou e'er run so dread a race
As this wild flight for life or death
From yon fire-demon's scorching breath!"

With nostril spread, and pointed ear, And eye of fierceness, not of fear, A moment brief Saladin halted, While to his seat the rider vaulted— A moment snuffed the hot flame's breath, The stifling atmosphere of death; A moment shook his streaming mane, Then sped like lightning o'er the plain. Fly! not for one brief second stay; Fly for thy life—away! away! Stretch every muscle—sinew—fly! To pause one moment is to die.

Weary and worn, and spent with pain, The struggling steed bounds o'er the plain. The mad flame bright and brighter glows. The fatal circle smaller grows: And hotter, fiercer, wilder, higher Lean the red demons of the fire. 'Tis on him! Now, at last, Encircled by the fiery blast, McGregor stands, with folded hands. Firm as the martyr when he braves The rack, the fagot, or the waves. Exhausted, panting, foaming, gasping, As though an iron band were clasping His laboring chest, Saladin sank With quivering side and streaming flank. While his pale rider rent the air With one sad groan of deep despair.

Red rose the fire-cave's crackling arch,
Red rose the lurid walls around him—
The hungry flames his pulses parch,
And like a boa's coils have bound him.
Rest, huntsman, from thy final chase!
Rest, Saladin, from thy last long race!

EVERY YEAR.—ALBERT PIKE.

The spring has less of brightness,
Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor the autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken,
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended, Every year:

Of the charms of friendship ended,

Every year; Of the ties that still might bind me, Until time to death resign me My infirmities remind me, Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us, Every year;

While the cloud grows darker o'er us,

Every year; When we see the blossoms faded, That to bloom we might have aided, And immortal garlands braided, Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,

Every year; As the loved leave vacant places, Every year;

Everywhere the sad eyes meet us, In the evening's dusk they greet us, And to come to them entreat us, Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us, "Every year;

You are more alone," they tell us, "Every year;

You can win no new affection; You have only recollection, Deeper sorrow and dejection, Every year."

Yes! the shores of life are shifting, Every year;

And we are seaward drifting, Every year;

Old places, changing, fret us, The living more forget us, There are fewer to regret us, Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher. Every year;

And its Morning-Star climbs higher Every year;

Earth's hold on us grows slighter, And the heavy burden lighter, And the dawn immortal brighter, Every year.

ARTEMUS WARD'S MORMON LECTURE.—C. F. Brown, ADAPTED.*

I don't expect to do great things here—but I have thought that if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

I don't want to live in vain.—I'd rather live in Chicago—or here. But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation.

I really don't care for money. I only travel round to see the world and to exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in Utah.

How often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an artist, yet I have a passion for pictures. I have had a great many pictures—photographs—taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty—rather sweet to look at for a short time—and as I said before, I like them.

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once drew a small cart-load of raw turnips oven a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time passes on. It is a kind of way time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist—but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs—and I have a servant who—takes anything he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome—Rome in New York State I mean—a distinguished sculpist wanted to sculp me. But I said, "No." I saw through the designing man.

Fond remembrance often makes me ask, "Where are the boys of my youth?" I assure you this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here—some in America—some are in jail.

^{*}This reading is an abridgment of the great showman's lecture on the Mormons, as delivered at Egyptian Hall, London, in connection with his so-called Panorama. Owing to the absence of suitable pictures on our part the lecturer's references thereto are mostly omitted.

Hence arises a most touching question, "Where are the girls of my youth?" Some are married—some would like to be.

O my Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy--because I am. Some

people are not happy. I have noticed that.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said, "Why these weeps?" He said he had a mortgage on his farm—and wanted to borrow \$200. I lent him the money—and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the \$200 he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so I told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened—shook my hand—and said, "Old friend, I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality,—I'll throw off the other hundred."

This story hasn't anything to do with my lecture, I know—but one of the principal features of my lecture is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it.

I like music. I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

The other night some silver-voiced young men came under my window and sang—"Come where my love lies dreaming." I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct.

I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—not a tooth in his head; yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met. He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow—I had nightmares, of course. In the morning the landlord said, "How do you feel, old hoss, hay?" I told him I felt my oats.

I went to Great Salt Lake City by way of California.

I went to California on the steamer "Ariel."

When I reached the "Ariel," at pier No. 4, New York, I found the passengers in a state of great confusion about their things, which were being thrown around by the ship's porters in a manner at once damaging and idiotic. So great

was the excitement, my fragile form was smashed this way, and jammed that way, till finally I was shoved into a state-room which was occupied by two middle-aged females, who said, "Base man, leave us, oh, leave us!" I left them—Oh, I left them!

I here introduce a great work of art. It is an oil painting—done in petroleum. It is by the Old Masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this, and then they expired.

When I first showed this picture in New York, the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration of it that they called for the artist—and when he appeared they threw brickbats at him.

The Overland Mail Coach, is a den on wheels in which we were crammed for ten days—and ten nights. Those of you who have been in the penitentiary—and stayed there any length of time—as visitors—can realize how I felt.

The actors of the Mormon theatre are all amateurs, who charge nothing for their services.

You must know that very little money is taken at the doors of their theatres. The Mormons mostly pay in grain and all sorts of articles.

The night I gave my little lecture there, among my receipts were corn, flour, pork, cheese, chickens—on foot and in the shell. One family went in on a live pig.

I disfike to speak about it—but it was in Utah that I made the great speech of my life. I wish you could have heard it. I have a fine education. Perhaps you may have noticed it. I speak four different languages—Maine, New York, California, and Pennsylvania. My parents sold a cow, and sent me to college when I was quite young. I wish you could have heard that speech, however. If Cicero—he's dead now—he has gone from us—but if old Ciss could have heard that effort, it would have given him the rinderpest. I'll tell you how it was. There were stationed in Utah two regiments of U. S. troops—the 21st from California, and the

37th from Nevada. The 20-onesters asked me to present a stand of colors to the 37-sters, and I did it in a speech so abounding in eloquence of a bold and brilliant character, that I worked the enthusiasm of those soldiers up to such a pitch,—that they came very near shooting me on the spot.

Brigham Young had two hundred wives. Just think of that! Oblige me, ladies and gentlemen, by thinking of that. That is, he had eighty actual wives, and was spiritually mark

ried to one hundred and twenty more.

So we may say he had two hundred wives. He loved not wisely, but two hundred well. He was dreadfully married. He was the most married man I ever saw in my life.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her, but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family—unless you're very fond of excitement.

By the way, Shakespeare indorses polygamy. He speaks of the Merry Wives of Windsor. How many wives did Mr. Windsor have?—But we will let this pass.

Brother Kimball is a gay and festive saint of some seventy summers, or some'er's thereabout. He has one thousand head of cattle and a hundred head of wives

Mr. Kimball had a son—a lovely young man—who was married to ten interesting wives. But one day, while he was absent from home, these ten wives went out walking with a handsome young man, which so enraged Mr. Kimball's son—which made Mr. Kimball's son so jealous—that he shot himself with a horse pistol.

The doctor who attended him—a very scientific man—informed me that the bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membranous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his basiliconthamaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

I hope his sad end will be a warning to all young wives who go out walking with handsome young men. Mr. Kimball's son is now no more. He sleeps beneath the cypress, the myrtle, and the willow. He died by request.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah.

It was leap-year when I was there, and seventeen young

widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day, and taking their soft white hands in mine, which made eighteen hands altogether, I found them in tears.

And I said, "Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?"

They have a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size. They said:

"Oh, soon thou wilt be gonested away!"

I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I wentested.

They said, "Doth not like us?"

I said, "I doth-I doth!"

I also said, "I hope your intentions are honorable, as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far away."

They then said, "Wilt not marry us?"

I said, "Oh, no; it cannot was."

Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined. When they cried--

"Oh, cruel man! This is too much, oh, too much!"

I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

While crossing the desert I was surrounded by a band of Ute Indians. They were splendidly mounted, they were dressed in beaver-skins, and they were armed with rifles, knives, and pistols.

What could I do? What could a poor old orphan do! I'm a brave man. The day before the battle of Bull's Run I stood in the highway while the bullets—those dreadful messengers of death—were passing all around me thickly—in wagons—on their way to the battle-field. But there were too many of these Injuns—there were forty of them, and only one of me; and so I said:

"Great Chief, I surrender." His name was Wocky-bocky. He dismounted and approached me. I saw his tomahawk glisten in the morning sunlight. Fire was in his eye. Wocky-bocky came very close to me and seized me by the hair of my head. He mingled his swarthy fingers with my golden tresses, and he rubbed his dreadful Thomashawk across my lily-white face. He said—

"Torsha arrah darrah mishky bookshean!"

I told him he was right.

Wocky-bocky again rubbed his tomahawk across my face, and said, "Wink-ho—loo-boo!"

Says I, "Mr. Wocky-bocky," says I, "Wocky, I have

thought so for years, and so's all our family."

He told me I must go to the tent of Strong-Heart and eat raw dog. It don't agree with me. I prefer simple food. I prefer hash, because then I know what I'm eating. But as raw dog was all they proposed to give to me, I had to eat it or starve. So at the expiration of two days I seized a tin plate and went to the chief's daughter, and I said to her in a silvery voice—in a kind of German-silvery voice—I said:

"Sweet child of the forest, the pale-face wants his dog."

There was nothing but his paws! I had paused too long! Which reminds me that time passes. A way which time has.

I was told in my youth to seize opportunity. I once tried to seize one. He was rich. He had diamonds on. As I seized him—he knocked me down. Since then I have learned that he who seizes opportunity sees the penitentiary. I will seize this opportunity to close my lecture.

MATURNUS' ADDRESS TO HIS BAND.

EDWARD SPENCER.

Men-not slaves!-

I speak to you! This creature tells the truth:
We did not taste Rome's power until we turned
To fight the legions! That power I knew full well,
And knowing made the venture—took all risks—

And now approve them-thus:

I frankly tell you, we are hard bested!
We've lost three battles, and will lose another
If we must fight to-morrow—and the last!
Say we may chance escape from here—break through
These serried lines—what then? 'Twere but exchange
Of dungeons, for Rome's prison is the world!
That sleepless tigress, once she tastes our blood,
Must lap it every drop! We have defied
The sacred majesty of Rome, proud sitting

Upon her seven hills! Whither shall man fly When Rome pursues, or how escape when Rome Says he shall cease! If we flee to the desert, Rome's arm will reach us there! Across the sea. On pathless wilds, in dungeons, in the grave— There is no sanctuary for us anywhere--No refuge for us—no escape from out Rome's ghastly thraldom of ubiquity!

You all have heard How proud Achilles was made safe from wounds, Except in one small spot!—An arrow probed it, And proud Achilles died! And so proud Rome, Steel-crusted, shaking off assaults like spray Of raindrops dashed on granite, bears within A heart so wrung by passion's fiery thrills, So flushed, so overcome, so weak, subdued By pleasure's mad fruitions, idle ease And pampered luxury and cankering lust— So dastard in effeminate wantonness-That every touch afflicts it—every blow, Though but an infant with his bauble dealt it, Brings agonies! There is the spot to strike— Beneath the armor, past the shield, right through The palpitating heart! Great Jove! Rome's heart! Our swords are whetted!

Comrades, we have borne these toils Not all in vain! The deed that is to do Pales all our past deeds to a feeble shadow In its heroic glory! Day and night Blend softly with each other, year on year, When, sudden, 'thwart the startled face of night. A flaming wonder, some great comet, bursts, Waving her sword, and all the nations tremble l So what we plan shall flash upon the world, And strike Rome palsied with astonishment!

I know a path—it leads o'er yonder crag, And through dim valleys, where the banished sun Ne'er dreams of shining, till it finds the rills That flow to the Adrian sea! Along that path We steal away to-night, unseen, until We cross the mountains! Then, disbanding, creep Like peaceful travelers, one by one, to Rome. There will I meet you—there complete the plot That gives us Rome to spoil.

To Rome, then, soldiers! Follow swift my steps! Tread quick and bold—yet light! Wake not the foe Who slumbers there beneath us; nor the snow That trembles there above us! Guard each breath!

Above, below, around us, lurks swift death!

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.-MARGARET J. PRESTON

"Garçon! You, you Snared along with this curséd crew?

(Only a child, and yet so bold, Scarcely as much as ten years old!)

Do you hear? do you know

Why the gens d'armes put you there, in the row,
You with those Commune wretches tall,
With your face to the wall?"

"Know? To be sure I know! Why not? We're here to be shot;

And there, by the pillar's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell:
Ah, well!—

That's just the way I would choose to fall,
With my back to the wall!"

"(Sacre! Fair, open fight, I say, Is something right gallant in its way,

And fine for warming the blood; but who Wants wolfish work like this to do?

Bah! 'tis a butcher's business!) How? (The boy is beckoning to me now:

I knew that his poor child's heart would fail,

Quick! say your say, for don't you see

When the church-clock yonder tolls out Three,

You are all to be shot?

-- What? 'Excuse you one moment?' O, ho, ho! Do you think to fool a gen d'arme so?"

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day, (My father's friend) just over the way, Lent me; and if you'll let me free—
It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*—
I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight back into line, when my errand's done."

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone! (Now, good St. Dennis, speed him on! The work will be easier since he's saved; For I hardly see how I could have braved The ardor of that innocent eye,

As he stood and heard, While I gave the word, Dooming him like a dog to die.)" "In time? Well, thanks, that my desire Was granted; and now I'm ready:—Fire!
One word!—that's all!
—You'll let me turn my back to the wall?"

"Parbleu! Come out of the line, I say, Come out! (Who said that his name was Ney?) Ha! France will hear of him yet, one day!"

TEXAS CENTENNIAL ORATION.—R. B. HUBBARD.

Sirs, you have been told that we are demons in hate, and gloat at the thought of war and blood. Men of New England—men of the great North! will you believe me whenfor two millions of people whom I represent, and for the whole South as well, I denounce the utterance as an inhuman slander, an unpardonable falsehood, against a brave, and, God knows, a suffering people?

Want war! want bloodshed!—Sirs, we are poor, broken in fortune, and sick at heart. Had you stood by the ruined hearth-stones, by the wrecks of fortune, which are scattered all along the shore; had you seen, as I have seen, the wolf howling at the door of many a once happy home-widow hood and orphanage starving, and weeping over neverreturning sires and sons, who fell with your honored dead at Gettysburg and Manassas; could you hear, as I have heard, the throbbing of the great universal Southern heartthrobbing for peace, and longing for the old and faithful love between the States; could you have seen, and felt, and heard all these things, my countrymen, you would take me by the hand, and swear that the arm thus uplifted against us should wither at the socket, and the tongue which utters the great libel on our name become palsied at its root forever!

With each returning spring let us scatter flowers over the resting-place alike of Federal and Confederate dead, as we enshrine with immortelles of memory your Sumner, and Thomas, and McPherson, with our Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, and the great Lee, forever. Let universal amnesty crown the closing of the century. Our brothers

died not in vain in the last great struggle. Standing, long ago, in the capitol of Texas, with my oath to support the Constitution fresh upon my lips, I uttered these words, and from a full heart I repeat them here to-day: "They died not in vain." Whether wearing the gray or the blue, their lives were offered freely, like libations of water, for right—as each dying soldier deemed—and for native land. In their graves, made immortal by the same ancestral heroism of race and blood, let us bury the feuds of that stormy hour of our history.

In this generous and knightly spirit, Texas to-day sends fraternal greeting to all the States of the Union.

ST. PATRICK'S MARTYRS.

I wonder what the mischief was in her, for the mistress was niver contrairy, But this same is just what she said to me, just as sure as my

name is Mary;

"Mary," says she, all a-smiling and swate like, "the young ladies are coming from France, And we'll give them a welcome next Monday, with an ele-

gant supper and dance."

"Is it Monday, ye're maning?" says I; "ma'am, why, thin, I'm sorry to stand in yer way, But it's little of work I'll do Monday, seeing that Monday's

St. Patrick's Day; And sure it's meself that promised to go wid Cousin Kitty Malone's brother Dan,

And bad luck to Mary Magee," says I, "if she disappoints such a swate young man!"

"Me children have been away four years"— and she spoke in a very unfeelin' way-

'Ye cannot expect I shall disappoint them either for you or St. Patrick's Day;

I know nothing about St. Patrick." "That's true for ye, ma'aın, more's the pity," says I,

"For it's niver the likes of ye has the luck to be born under the Irish sky."

Ye see I was getting past jokin'—and she sitting there so aisy and proud, And me thinking of the Third Avenue, and the procession

and music and crowd;

And it crossed me mind that minit consarning Thady Mulligan's supper and dance,

Says I, "It's not Mary Magee, ma'am, that can stay for ladies

coming from France."

"Mary," says she, "two afternoons each week-ivery Wednesday and ivery Monday-

Ye've always had, besides ivery early Mass, and yer Vespers

ivery other Sunday, And yer friends hev visited at me house, two or three of them ivery night." "Indade thin," says I, "that was nothin' at all but ivery da-

cent girl's right!"

"Very well, thin," says she, "ye can lave the house, and be sure to take wid ye yer 'right;"

And if Michael and Norah think just as ye do, ye can all of ye lave to-night."

So just for St. Patrick's glory we wint; and, as sure as Mary Magee is me name, It's a house full of nagurs she's got now, which the same is

a sin and a shame.

Bad luck to them all! A body, I think, had need of a comfortable glass;

It's a miserable time in Ameriky for a dacent Irish-born

If she sarves the saints, and is kind to her friends, then she

loses her home and her pay, And there's thousands of innocent martyrs like me on ivery St. Patrick's Day.

THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.—FATHER RYAM.

Some reckon their ages by years, Some measure their life by art— But some tell their days by the flow of their tears. And their life by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show The length, not the depth of years, Few or many they come, few or many they go-But our time is best measured by fears.

Ah! not by the silver gray That creeps through the sunny hair, And not by the scenes that we pass on our way-And not by the furrows the finger of care

On the forchead and face have made— Not so do we count our years; Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are offtimes old,
Though their brow be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm their heart lies cold—
O'er them the spring-time, but winter is there.

And the old are ofttimes young
When their hair is thin and white,
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead—'tis well!
And they're blessed with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave bark home.
It reaches the haven through tears.

THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR.—LIZZIE CLARK HARDY

In the primitive days of our grandfathers' time, When the fire-place, genial and bright, Its cavernous recesses glowing with flame, Filled the old-fashioned kitchen with light; They used often to gather at close of the day, Round the hearth-stone, that altar of yore, But men of this modern and glorified age Collect round—a hole in the floor.

The grandfather sat in the chimney nook,
In an old-fashioned splint-bottomed chair,
And solemnly read from the blessed old Book,
Then knelt with the household in prayer;
Their altar the time-honored hearth-stone with gleams
Of the fire-light flickering o'er.
We moderns all worship 'neath fresco and gas,
Our altar—a hole in the floor.

When from the old hearth-stone the children went forth To join in the soul-thrilling strife

And win themselves laurels or valiantly brave The buffeting surges of life,

Then with world-wearied hearts yearning sadly for rest,
They would seek the old hearth-stone once more;
But we, when aweary with toil, and oppressed,
Return to—the hole in the floor.

When the tumult of war overshadowed our land
And our forefathers rushed to the fray,
To repel the invaders that threatened their homes,
Leaving mothers and daughters to pray—
The thoughts of their hearth-stones gave strength to their
arms

And thrilled their brave hearts to the core, But our heroes when called on their homes to defend, Must fight for—a hole in the floor.

Then let us rejoice that we live in an age
When instead of the hearth-stone's bright glow,
Or the cavernous fire-place cheery with flames,
We have "modern improvements," you know.
And when we converse of those primitive times,
And the jolly old customs of yore,
We will laugh as we think of their old-fashioned ways,
As we sit round—the hole in the floor.

LORD DUNDREARY ON MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

[Enter Lord Dundreary, sniffing a perfumed note.]

What a fwagwant cweachaw she ith! "Yours, Awabella." My Awabella! Not if I know it. (Sniffs note again.) Awamatic Awabella! What a pwetty idea! "Awamatic Awabella." 'Pon my life, it would pay some fellah to follow me about and jot down my pwetty ideas, like what's-his-name used to do with Dr. Watths. No, not Dr. Watths;—he wath the "Bithy Bee" man, but the other fellah, Old Dicthonary. (Reads note.)

"Dear Lord Dundweary,—

"Knowing your lordship's cwitical taithte, I have ventured to thend you my Mental Phothogwaph Album, in the hope you will kindly fill in one of its pages from your own pen."

"My own pen!" Why, why—what the dooth does she mean? Does she think I'd steal thome other fellah's pen! Her "Mental Phothograph Album." Wants my phothograph, I thuppose. Well, I can't blame her for that, you know. (Opens album.) "Question No. 1.—Whath your fav'wite name for a lady?" Now, Awamatic Awabella, that won't do. You ekthpect I'm going to fill in your own name;—you know you do, and then you'd have an acthon for bweach of—bweach of what-you-call-it against me. That's just how my brother Tham was caught. Auguthta Gadfly, a vewy knowing girl, and who got up pwetty early in the morning, pwetended one day to be thick. So poor Tham (he wath such an impulsive fellah, was Tham)—sends her a pot of pweserved peaches, and composes a label like this, which he stwings on it:—

"Auguthta, when you take this jam, I hope you'll twy and think of Tham."

"Think of him!" By George, she did think of him,—and so did old Gadfly and the whole crew, and, between 'em all, they scared poor Tham into believing he had wuined Auguthta's peace of mind, and that the only escape from £10; 000 damages was to marry the girl at once. I don't want to be let in for a scwape of that sort:

"What's your fav'wite name for a gentleman?" Well, I've always thought "Dundweary" rather a pwetty name. It's so ew—eu—something or other—uniform—no—unicorn no—euphonious. Talking of names, who should I meet in the park to-day but Perky Pilkington! Hadn't seen him for years. "Hallo, Pilkington!" I cwied, "glad to meet you again, old fellah,-but how you have changed;-would hardly know you again!" "You're mistaken," says he, "my name ısu't Pilkington." And the fellah bobs his head and passes on. Why, you see, his vewy name must have changed too; or, perhaps, after all, he was some other fellah. But then, if he wath some other fellah, how on earth could he have been Pilkington? And then if he wath Pilkington, why wathu't "Pilkington" his name? Unleth, of course, he had got married; but then he didn't look like that. Thomething doosid odd about it all.

She pext wants to know "what's my fav'wite widdle?"

Now, hang it, when a fellah comes to think of it, I don't quite see why Awabella should take such a vewy tender concern in me. Confound it, I don't care what her fav'wite widdle is. She'll want to know next which is my fay'wite corn. And I never did think much of widdles. Never can see where the laugh comes in. And so I have to pwetend to enjoy them so awfully and be a regular hip-hip-hippopotamus -no, that's not it-hypocrite. The best widdle I ever heard, and that wath a good one, my bwother Tham uthed to ask it evewywhere—said it was his own, that—that was a good one. (Chuckles in relish of the riddle.) What was it? "Why"-I know it began with "why." A good many of Tham's widdles used to begin with "why." "Why was"well, I don't quite wekomember the first part, but the anther wath awfully good: "Becauth it makth the buttercup." I always uthed to laugh when Tham athked that widdle. Poor Tham! Poor Tham! (Wipes away a tear.) Auguthta Gadfly wath too much for him. "Gadfly"-of courth, I wekomember now. The anther wathn't "Becauth it makth the buttercup," but the butterfly. Knew it had something to do with—butter.

I may as well see what else she wants to know. Ah! "Who's your fav'wite poet?" Yeth, that's just what the girls are always asking me in quadrilles. I do hate questions of that sort. They thound so much like widdles. Only last night, little Laura Gushington was boring me with some doosid nonsense of this kind. Wanted to know if I didn't adore Tennyson? I told her no, I didn't care a—well, I let her know I managed to get along vcwy well without him. Why should I adore Tennyson? I don't suppose he adores mc. Perhaps, though, that's because he doesn't know me. And then, Was I fond of Longfellow? I told her again, no, nor of any other fellow.

And here comes No. 5: "Were you ever in love, and, if so, how much?" Well, I hope I may never make thuch at ath of myself as that. Poor Tham uthed to ask, "Have you ever had the meathles, and, if tho, how many?" Talking of meathles—no, I mean of being in love—I suppothe that lovely Fwench widow I met at Lady Gelatine's last night will be dwopping in here in a moment. She said she wanted

me to help her in something or other, to belong to some idiotic society; but she would keep wattling away in Fwench, and I couldn't make her more than half out. I only hope her intentions are honorable. Ah! I hear a wing.

LORD DUNDREARY AND THE FRENCH WIDOW.*

MADAME DE MILLE GRACES.—Ah, mon cher Lord Dundrérie, que je suis heureuse de vous revoir! N'est-ce pas que l'on s'est bien amusé hier au soir chez Madame Gelatine? Ah! quelle musique! quelle belle soirée! Et, surtout, quelles belles femmes! Et c'est moi qui vous ai bien observé faisant la cour à la petite Anglaise, en soie verte. Ah, que vous êtes méchant, méchant!

Lord Dundreary.—Weally, this is a doothid painful position for a fellah to be in! I call it ex—ex—crushutorious. Madame, voulez-vous—je vous pwie, parler twès dithtinctement et twès—slow? Mais, madame, ce qui therait beaucoup—better thera parler Anglais. Madame, vous qui êtes touta-fait trop awfully charmante, pouvez sans doute bien parler Anglais.

MADAME M. G.—Ah, milord Dundrérie est toujours gallant. But I will try for to speak in poor English. Eh bien, milord, il faut vous expliquer dat der is a socièté on de tapis pour l'abolition of what you call white keed glove, aux bals et aux soirées. Vous demandez, n'est-ce pas, pourquoi l'on veut un tel changement: ah! excusez-moi; you ask why we demand this great revolution, and we respond, "For de great cause of réforme morale."

Lord D.—More what, madame?

Madame M. G.—Réforme morale. De moral reform.

Lord D.—Why, what a thtoo—thtoo—no, not thtoopid—thtoopendous idea. As you would say, "Gwandiose!"

MADAME M. G.—Mais voici la théorie sur laquelle se base notre grande réforme. La philosophie does prove dat all de goot human emotions are in de heart, and dat de heart is, what you call, connected—est en sympathie wid de hand and de tumb and de fingairs. Well, what does now happen?

^{*} This can be read in connection with the foregoing article, or rendered seperately as suits convenience.

At de balls and de soirées et surtout dans la danse, we all do cover up our hand in de skin of keeds, of de goats and of de rats. Et c'est ainsi dat we do prevent de free and natural échange of de goot emotions, de bons sentiments et spécialement de celui de l'amour. Est-ce que c'est possible for de fine essence of love to penetrer—to pass through de skin gloves of beasts? Non, ce n'est pas possible. Et c'est ainsi que nos sentiments les plus purs se trouvent souvent étouffés dans leur naissance.

Lord D.—I dare say it's all vewy fine, but I'm blowed if I know what she's up to.—Continuez, madame, continuez.

Madame M. G.—Si, donc, vous serez assez bon—just for one moment, to gif me your hand, I will let you feel de operation of dis principe. Voici ma main, comme vous la voyez, bien gantée. I take now your own hand into mine. You will see dat de fluid current of warm affection cannot pass entre nous deux. Why for not? Why you feel so cold to me? Why your heart not sympathique? C'est bien clair. Because de keed glove does prevent de goot spirit to pass from de one hand to de oder. Il n'y a rien qui tue l'amour comme le gant. But I will now take off my glove. Attendez. You will please put your hand into mine, encore une fois.—And I will count ten secondes: Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept, huit, neuf, dix. Ah, je m'en aperçois bien.—I do perceive you like me ver—much more et que vous êtes bien plus aimable et plus gentil qu'auparavant.

Lord D.—Well, I thuppothe all this is what they call in Fwance twès—twès—I know the word—something to do with a pin—ah, yes—twès piquant—but, by Jove, if I let her hold my hand that way, I'll be caught like poor Tham wath, and get mikthd up in a beathly bweach of pwomise caith.—Eh! bien, madame, you wish me to join this new Society?

MADAME M. G.—Oui, milord, l'abonnement est very little; une bagatelle of five leetle soverin for de whole year. You will let me haf your name, n'est-ce pas?

LORD D.—Let her have my name! By Jove, she is coming it wather strong. Oh, well, perwaps I had better say yes, at all events. If I don't, perwaps she'll take an action against me.—Well, madame, a fellah doesn't quite

like lending his name in beathly weather like this: he might catch cold, you know, if he hadn't his name on and he stood in a dwaft. But if the Society particularly wishes to borrow my name, I'll twy and do without it for a short time.

MADAME M. G.—Ah, milord, vous êtes trop bon.

Lord D.—Yeth, and I'll have it packed up carefully in a bathket and thent to you, Madaine.

MADAME M. G.—Mille remerciements. And for de five soverin? Will you send him also in de basket?

LORD D.—Pardon, madame. I will twy to recommem—to recollect to have them counted and wrapped inside a postal card for safety, and sent by mail.

Madame M.G.—Encore une fois je vous remercie. Et maintenant, bonjour, milord. You will not forget my leetle lesson in de philosophie of de hand and de heart.

LORD D.—Mille—mille remerciements, madame, de votre awfully charming visite.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.*—I. EDGAR JONES.

Driven wild with rum, he turned into the street, And reeled along with lingering, leaden feet, With stupid brain, through many winding ways, To where he carned his bread in better days, As fireman, 'mid a foundry's busy hum. But now 'twas night—the idle wheels were dumb, While monstrous shapes uprose on either hand Of huge machines, with silent wheel and band. Near by a boiler stood, with open lid, And scarcely realizing what he did, Into its dark interior slowly crept, And in its iron bosom deeply slept.

How long he lay he knew not, but awoke;
No lingering ray of light the darkness broke,
But water swiftly rose around his feet,
The air was close with fast-increasing heat.
Down underneath he heard the roar of fire,
And still the water slow and sure crept higher—
While o'er his soul a deadly faintness grew;
His brow was wet with horror's deadly dew,

^{*}The incident upon which this poem is founded is true.

As o'er him flashed the dreadful truth at last, That in this fire-bound prison he was fast, And that its scalding heat and burning breath Would slow and surely torture him to death.

And then he hearsely shricked and wildly cried, Rained maddened blows against its iron side, And cursed with burning words his cruel fate, To know that all his efforts were too late; For still the fire embraced his iron shell, Red tongues of flame hissed forth his dying knell; Hope fled afar—and then in dull despair He crouched like some wild beast within its lair, While to his inner vision's anguished gaze Appeared the sights and scenes of other days. He saw the hours in which his fortunes fell, The steps that brought him to this boiling hell, The patient face of her he called his wife, The years of anguish and of bitter strife, The child that walked a beggar in the street With shivering form and bleeding, blistered feet, And all the horrors of the wasted years, That led by devious paths through vales of tears— Until at last the bitter end had come, And one more soul was sacrificed to rum.

But still the water gurgled in its ire;
He seemed to breathe an atmosphere of fire;
The burning, blasting, cruel, withering heat
Ate all the flesh upon his quivering feet,
And licked the substance from his burning bones,
Unmindful of his cries and piteous groans;
Then, as his tortured senses stole away,
He clasped his hands and weakly tried to pray;
And pleading thus, death pitied him at last—
The drunkard's life with all its pains was past.

A week or more had swiftly passed apace,
When some one came to clean the gloomy place,
And shuddered as he saw the bones inside,
And realized how some poor wretch had died.
The workmen gathered 'round with 'bated breath;
The jury called it "accidental death."
But down in hell the savage demon crew
Mignt well have laughed in scorn; for well they knew
That he was only one of hosts that come
To swift destruction by the rage of rum,
And fall by thousands o'er the horrid brink,
Pushed over by the demon dire of drink.

THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL .-- WILL CARLETON,

Paul Revere was a rider bold—Well has his valorous deed been told; Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—Often it has been dwelt upon; But why should men do all the deeds On which the love of a patriot feeds? Hearken to me, while I reveal The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground. In a cottage, cozy, and all their own, She and her mother lived alone. Safe were the two, with their frugal store, From all of the many who passed their door; For Jennie's mother was strange to fears, And Jennie was large for fifteen years; With vim her eyes were glistening, Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing; And while the friends who knew her well The sweetness of her heart could tell, A gun that hung on the kitchen wall Looked solemnly quick to heed her call; And they who were evil-minded knew Her nerve was strong and her aim was true. So all kind words and acts did deal To generous, black-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed, And rain-clouds lingered overhead, And sent their surly drops for proof To drum a tune on the cottage roof, Close after a knock at the outer door There entered a dozen dragoons or more. Their red coats, stained by the muddy road, That they were British soldiers showed; The captain his hostess bent to greet, Saying, "Madam, please give us a bit to eat; We will pay you well, and, if may be, This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea; Then we must dash ten miles ahead, To catch a rebel colonel abed. He is visiting home, as doth appear; We will make his pleasure cost him dear." And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal, Close-watched the while by Jennie M'Neal. For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near,

Had been her true friend, kind and dear;

And oft, in her younger days, had he Right proudly perched her upon his knee, And told her stories many a one Concerning the French war lately done. And oft together the two friends were, And many the arts he had taught to her; She had hunted by his fatherly side, He had shown her how to fence and ride; And once had said, "The time may be, Your skill and courage may stand by me." So sorrow for him she could but feel, Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

With never a thought or a moment more, Bare-headed she slipped from the cottage door, Ran out where the horses were left to feed, Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed, And down the hilly and rock-strewn way She urged the fiery horse of gray. Around her slender and cloakless form Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm; Secure and tight a gloveless hand Grasped the reins with stern command; And full and black her long hair streamed, Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed. And on she rushed for the colonel's weal, Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute, Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit; And a cry from the foremost trooper said, "Halt! or your blood be on your head; She heeded it not, and not in vain She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein. So into the night the gray horse strode; His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road; And the high-born courage that never dies Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes. The pebbles flew from the fearful race; The rain-drops grasped at her glowing face. "On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal, Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neal.

"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right;
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,

Except a silvery laughter-peal, Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will, Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill; The gray horse did his duty well, Till all at once he stumbled and fell, Himself escaping the nets of harm, But flinging the girl with a broken arm. Still undismayed by the numbing pain, She clung to the horse's bridle-rein, And gently bidding him to stand, Petted him with her able hand; Then sprung again to the saddle-bow, And shouted, "One more trial now!" As if ashamed of the heedless fall, He gathered his strength once more for all, And, galloping down a hill-side steep, Gained on the troopers at every leap; No more the high-bred steed did reel, But ran his best for Jennie M'Neal.

They were a furlong behind, or more, When the girl burst through the colonel's door, Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain, And she all drabbled and dreuched with rain, But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are, And her eyes as bright as a blazing star, And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say! They come! they come! Away! away!" Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal, Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M'Neal.

The startled colonel sprung, and pressed The wife and children to his breast, And turned away from his fireside bright, And glided into the stormy night; Then soon and safely made his way To where the patriot army lay. But first he bent in the dim fire-light, And kissed the forehead broad and white, And blessed the girl who had ridden so well To keep him out of a prison-cell. The girl roused up at the martial din, Just as the troopers eame rushing in, And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan, Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown. 'Tis I who have scared him from his nest; So deal with me now as you think best." But the grand young captain bowed, and said, "Never you hold a moment's dread.

Of womankind I must crown you queen; So brave a girl I have never seen. Wear this gold ring as your valor's due; And when peace comes I will come for you." But Jennie's face an arch smile wore, As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps, Who told me the same, long time ago; You two would never agree, I know. I promised my love to be true as steel," Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.*-GEORGE LIPPARD.

Benedict Arnold sailed from our shores and came back no more. From that time forth, wherever he went, three whispered words followed him, singing through his ears into his heart—Arnold, the Traitor.

When he stood beside his king in the House of Lords—the weak old man whispered in familiar tones to his gorgeously attired General—a whisper crept through the thronged Senate, faces were turned, fingers extended, and as the whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable lord arose and stated that he loved his sovereign, but could not speak to him while by his side there stood—Arnold, the Traitor.

He went to the theatre, parading his warrior form amid the fairest flowers of British nobility and beauty, but no sooner was his visage seen than the whole audience rose—the lord in his cushioned seat, the vagrant of London in the gallery—they rose together, while from the pit to the dome echoed the cry—"Arnold, the Traitor!"

When he issued from his gorgeous mansion, the liveried servant, that ate his bread, and earned it, too, by menial offices, whispered in contempt to his fellow lackey as he took his position behind his master's carriage—"Вемеріст Arnold, тне Трантов."

One day, in a shadowy room, a mother and two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourning, were grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a picture shrouded in crape. A

^{*} A reading, giving a vivid description of "The Death-Bed of Benedict Arnold," will be found in No. 2 of this series.

visitor now advanced; the mother took his card from the hands of the servant, and the daughters heard his name. "Go!" said that mother, rising with a flushed face, while a daughter took each hand—"Go! and tell the man that my threshold can never be crossed by the murderer of my son—by Arnold, the Traitor."

Grossly insulted in a public place, he appealed to the company—noble lords and reverend men were there—and breasting his antagonist with his fierce brow, he spat full in his face. His antagonist was a man of tried courage. He coolly wiped the saliva from his cheek. "Time may spit upon me, but I never can pollute my sword by killing—Arnold, the Traitor!"

He left London. He engaged in commerce. His ships were on the ocean, his warehouses in Nova Scotia, his plantations in the West Indies. One night his warehouse was burned to ashes. The entire population of St. John's,—accusing the owner of acting the part of incendiary to his own property, in order to defraud the insurance companies—assembled in that British town, in sight of his very window they hung an effigy, inscribed with these words—"Arnold, the Traitor."

When the Island of Guadaloupe was retaken by the French, he was among the prisoners. He was put aboard a French prison-ship in the Larbor. His money—thousands of yellow guineas, accumulated through the course of years, was about his person. Afraid of his own name, he called himself John Anderson, the name once assumed by John André. He deemed himself unknown, but the sentinel, approaching him, whispered that he was known and in great danger. He assisted him to escape, even aided him to secure his treasure in an empty cask, but as the prisoner, gliding down the side of the ship, pushed his raft toward the shore, that sentinel looked after him, and in broken English sneered—"Arnold, the Traitor."

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hotfoot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there any American gentleman staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel—"I am about to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether American or Englishman I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince, Prime Minister—ascended the stairs; a venerable supplicant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume. Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and, under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind offices. He poured forth his story in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or a hope. You are an American? Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of introduction to some friend of yours, so that I may be enabled to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror that a life of labor would be Paradise to a career of luxury in France—you will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman, like you, has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, still downcast, his eyes still looking from beneath his darkened brows. He spoke as he retreated back, ward: his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the New World that can raise his hand to God, and say—I have not one friend—not one—in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated toward the next room—"Your name?"

"My name—" with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—" My name is *Benedict Arnold*."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words—"Arnold, the Traitor."

Thus, you see, he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the murderer's mark upon his brow. Even in the secluded room of that inn at Havre his crime found him out and forced him to tell his name—that synonym of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless, that his cold brow was unmoistened by one farewell tear, that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering "John Andrè!" in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever, "True to your country, what might you have been, O Arnold, the Traitor!"

A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.—CHAS. F. ADAMS.

INSPIRED BY AN UNUSUAL FLOW OF ANIMAL SPIRITS.

No sweeter girl ewe ever gnu Than Betty Marten's daughter Sue.

With sable hare, small, tapir waist, And lips you'd gopher miles to taste;

Bright, lambent eyes, like the gazelle, Sheep pertly brought to bear so well;

Ape pretty lass, it was avowed, Of whom her marmot to be proud.

Deer girl! I loved her as my life, And vowed to heifer for my wife.

Alas! a sailor, on the sly, Had cast on her his wether eye—

He said my love for her was bosh, And my affection I musquash,

He'd dog her footsteps everywhere, Anteater in the easy chair;

He'd setter round, this sailor chap, And pointer out upon the map

Where once a pirate cruiser boar Him captive to a foreign shore.

The cruel captain far outdid The yaks and crimes of Robert Kid.

He oft would whale Jack with the cat, And say, "My buck, doe you like that?

"What makes you stag around so, say? The catamounts to something, hey?"

Then he would seal it with an oath, And say, "You are a lazy sloth!

"I'll starve you down, my sailor fine, Until for beef and porcupine!"

And, fairly horse with fiendish laughter, Would say, "Henceforth, mind what giraffe ter!"

In short, the many risks he ran Might well a llama braver man.

Then he was wrecked and castor shore While feebly clinging to anoa;

Hyena cleft among the rocks He crept, sans shoes and minus ox.

And when he fain would goat to bed, He had to lion leaves instead.

Then Sue would say, with troubled face, "How koodoo live in such a place?"

And straightway into tears would melt, And say, "How badger must have felt!"

While he, the brute, woodchuck her chin, And say, "Aye-ayc, my lass!" and grin.

Excuse these steers * * * It's over now: There's naught like grief the hart can cow.

Jackass'd her to be his, and she—She gave Jackal, and jilted me.

And now, alas! the little minks Is bound to him with Hymen's lynx.

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

'Twas on the famous trotting-ground, The betting men were gathered round From far and near; the "cracks" were there Whose deeds the sporting prints declare: The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag, The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag, With these a third-and who is he That stands beside his fast b. g.? Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name So fills the nasal trump of fame. There, too, stood many a noted steed Of Messenger and Morgan breed; Green horses also, not a few-Unknown as yet what they could do; And all the hacks that know so well The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day; The bordering turf is green with May; The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan; The horses paw and prance and neigh; Fillies and colts like kittens play, And dance and toss their rippled manes Shining and soft as silken skeins; Wagons and gigs are ranged about, And fashion flaunts her gay turnout: Here stands-each youtliful Jehu's dream-The jointed tandem, ticklish team! And there in ampler breadth expand The splendors of the four-in-hand; On faultless ties and glossy tiles The lovely bonnets beam their smiles (The style's the man, so books avow; The style's the woman anyhow); From flounces frothed with creamy lace Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,

Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye, Or stares the wiry pet of Skye— O woman, in your hours of ease So shy with us, so free with these!

"Come on! I'll bet you two to one I'll make him do it!" "Will you? Done!" What was it who was bound to do? I did not hear, and can't tell you—Pray listen till my story's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest, By cart and wagon rudely prest, The parson's lean and bony bay, Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay—Lent to his sexton for the day. (A funeral—so the sexton said; His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down—
The steed's, the statesman's common lot!
"And are we then so soon forgot?"
Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young!

"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he showed Not like the one Mazeppa rode; Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed. The wreck of what was once a steed—Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints; Yet not without his knowing points. The sexton, laughing in his sleeve, As if 'twere all a make-believe, Led forth the horse, and as he laughed Unhitched the breeching from a shaft, Unclasped the rusty belt beneath, Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth, Slipped off his head-stall, set him free From strap and rein—a sight to see!

So worn, so lean in every limb, It can't be they are saddling him! It is! His back the pig-skin strides And flaps his lank rheumatic sides; With look of mingled scorn and mirth They buckle round the saddle-girth; With horsey wink and saucy toss A youngster throws his leg across. And so, his rider on his back, They lead him, limping, to the track, Far up behind the starting-point, To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he passed, One pitying look old Hiram cast; "Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!" Cried out unsentimental Dan; "A fast-day dinner for the crows!" Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees;
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state:
He's not a colt; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell:
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand The old horse nears the judges' stand, Beneath his jockey's feather-weight He warms a little to his gait, And now and then a step is tried That hints of something like a stride.

"Go!"—Through his ear the summons stung. As if a battle-trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb—
What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein—
He steps a five-year-old again!

Before the quarter pole was passed, Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."

Long ere the quarter was a half, The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh; Tighter his frightened jockey clung As in a mighty stride he swung, The gravel flying in his track, His neck stretched out, his ears laid back, His tail extended all the while Behind him like a rat-tail file! Off went a shoe—away it spun, Shot like a bullet from a gun; The quaking jockey shapes a prayer From scraps of oaths he used to swear: He drops his whip, he drops his rein, He clutches fiercely for a mane; He'll lose his hold—he sways and reels— He'll slide beneath those trampling heels! The knees of many a horseman quake, The flowers on many a bonnet shake, And shouts arise from left and right, "Stick on! stick on!" "Hould tight! hould tight!" "Cling round his neck, and don't let go-That pace can't hold—there! steady! whoa!" But like the sable steed that bore The spectral lover of Lenore, His nostrils snorting foam and fire, No stretch his bony limbs can tire; And now the stand he rushes by, And "Stop him! stop him?" is the cry. Stand back! he's only just begun— He's having out three heats in one! "Don't rush in front! he'll smash your brains; But follow up and grab the reins!" Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard, And sprang, impatient, at the word; Budd Doble started on his bay, Old Hiram followed on his gray, And off they spring, and round they go, The fast ones doing "all they know." Look! twice they follow at his heels, As round the circling course he wheels, And whirls with him that clinging boy Like Hector round the walls of Troy; Still on, and on, the third time round! They're tailing off! they're losing ground! Budd Doble's nag begins to fail! Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail! And see! in spite of whip and shout, Old Hiram's mare is giving out! Now for the finish! At the turn, The old horse—all the rest asternComes swinging in, with easy trot; By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!

That trot no mortal could explain; Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!" Some took his time—at least, they tried, But what it was could none decide; One said he couldn't understand What happened to his second-hand; One said 2:10; that couldn't be—More like two twenty-two or three; Old Hiram settled it at last: "The time was two—too mighty fast!"

The parson's horse had won the bet; It cost him something of a sweat; Back in the one-horse shay he went. The parson wondered what it meant, And murmured, with a mild surprise And pleasant twinkle of the eyes, "That funeral must have been a trick, Or corpses drive at double-quick; I shouldn't wonder, I declare, If Brother Murray made the prayer!"

And this is all I have to say About the parson's poor old bay, The same that drew the one-horse shay.

Moral for which this tale is told: A horse can trot, for all he's old.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.—CHAS. ROWLAND

A CENTENNIAL HYMN.

When cannons peal their booming sounds, Re-echoing o'er the land,
And waving flags on every breeze,
From lake to ocean strand,
Proclaim with one united voice
The nation's freedom vow,
O patriots, think ye of your land
One hundred years from now!

Shall despots tear those sacred stars,
From out that emblem bright?
Shall bigots with their hellish hates,
Enwrap our land in fight?
Shall rulers with satanic lust,
The seeds of discord sov?

And into fragments rend our land, One hundred years from now?

Methinks ere this, from Vernon's shade,
And Monticello's wood,
A ratlying shout again might ring
For those who once had stood
At Bunker Hill, and Guilford, too,
With stern, heroic brow,
To save that land they once had saved,
One hundred years from now.

O God, who rules eternal years,
"Tis Thou alone canst save!
Oh! to our coming people grant
That they be wise and brave;
And as we love that starry flag,
And to Thy goodness bow,
Oh! bless our land, as freedom's land,
One hundred years from now.

THE OLD THIRTEEN. - CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS.

The eurtain rises on a hundred years,— A pageant of the olden time appears. Let the historie muse her aid supply, To note and name each form that passes by. Here come the old original Thirteen! Sir Walter ushers in the Virgin Queen; Catholie Mary follows her, whose land Smiles on soft Chesapeake from either strand; Then Georgia, with the sisters Caroline,— One the palmetto wears, and one the pine; Next, she who ascertained the rights of men Not by the sword but by the word of Penn, The friendly language hers, of "thee" and "thou"; Then, she whose mother was a thrifty vrouw,— Mother herself of princely children now; And, sitting at her feet, the sisters twain,— Two smaller links in the Atlantic chain, They, through those long dark winters, drear and dire, Watched with our Fabius round the bivouae fire; Comes the free mountain maid, in white and green; One guards the Charter Oak with lofty mien; And lo! in the plain beauty once she wore, The pilgrim mother from the Bay State shore; And last, not least, is Little Rhody seen, With face turned heavenward, steadfast and serone,-She on her anchor, Hope, leans, and will ever lean.

JIM WOLFE AND THE CATS.-MARK TWAIN.

As related by old Simon Wheeler of Angel's Camp, Calaveras, County Cal.

We was all boys, then, and didn't care for nothin' only heow to shirk school, an' keep up a revivin' state o' mischief all the time. This yer Jim Wolfe I was talkin' about, was the 'prentice, an' he was the best-hearted feller, he was, an' the most forgivin' an' onselfish, I ever see—well, there couldn't be a more bullier boy than what Jim was, take him heow you would; and sorry enough I was when I see him for the last time.

Me an' Henry was allers pesterin' him, an' plasterin' hoss bills on his back, an' puttin' bumble-bees in his bed, and so on, an' sometimes we'd jist creowd in an' bunk with him, not'standin' his growlin', and then we'd let on to git mad an' fight acrost him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, an' long, an' lank, an' bashful, an' we was fifteen an' sixteen, an' pretty tolerabul lazy an' wuthless.

So, that night, you know, that my sister Mary gin the candy pullin', they started us off to bed airly, so as the comp'ny could have full swing, and we rung in on Jim tew have some fun.

Wall, our winder looked out onter the ruff of the ell, an' about ten o'clock a couple of old tomcats got to rairin' an' chargin' reound on it, an' carryin' on jist like sin.

There was four inches o' snow on the ruff, and it froze so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, an' the moon was shinin' bright, an' we could see them cats jist like daylight.

Fust they'd stand off, e-yow-yow, jist the same as if they was a cussin' one another, you know, an' bow up their backs, an' bush up their tails, an' swell around, an' spit, an' then all of a suddin the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur off the yaller cat's back, an' spin him around jist like a button on a barn-door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come an' clinch, an' the way they'd gouge, an' bite, an' howl, an' the way they'd make the fur fly, was peowerful.

Wall, Jim he jist got disgusted with the row, and 'lowed

ne'd climb out there, an' shake 'm off'n that ruff. He hadn't reely no notion o' doin' it, likely, but we everlastingly dogged him, an' bullyragged him, an' 'lowed he'd allers bragged heow he wouldn't take a dare, an' so on, till bimeby he jist histed the winder, an' lo and behold you! he went—went exactly as he was—nothin' on but his shirt. You ought to a seen him! You ought to seen him creepin' over that ice, an' diggin' his toe nails an' finger nails in, fur to keep him from slippin'; and, 'bove all, you ought to seen that shirt a flappin' in the wind, and them long ridicklous shanks of his'n a glistenin' in the moonlight.

Them comp'ny folks was down there under the eaves, an' the whole squad of 'em under that ornery shed o' dead Wash'ton Bower vines—all settin' reound two dozzen sassers o' bilin' hot candy, which they'd sot in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' an' talkin' lively; but, bless you, they didn't know nothin' 'bout the panorammy that was goin' on over their heads.

Wall, Jim, he jist went a sneakin' an' a sneakin' up unbeknowns to them tomcats—they was a swishin' their tails, and yow-yowin' an' threatnin' to clinch, you know, an' not payin' any attention-he went a sneakin' an' a sneakin' right up to the comb of the ruff, till he got 'in a foot an' a half of 'em, an' then all of a suddin he made a grab fur the yaller cat! But, by gosh, he missed fire, an' slipped his holt, an' his heels flew up, an' he flopped on his back, and shot off'n that ruff jist like a dart!--went a smashin' aud a crashin' deown thro' them old rusty vines, and landid right in the dead centre of all them comp'ny people!—sot deown jist like a yearthquake in them two dozzen sassers of redhot candy, and let off a howl that was hark from the tomb! Them gals-wall, they left, you know. They see he warn't dressed for comp'ny, an' so they left-vamoosed. All done in a second; it was jist one little war-whoop and a whish of their dresses, and blame the one of 'em was in sight anywhere!

Jim, he war a sight. He war gormed with the bilin' hot molasses candy clean deown to his heels, an' more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was a Injun princess—an' he came a prancin' up stairs jist a whoopin' an' a cussin', an'

every jump he gin he shed some sassers, an' every squirm he fetched he dripped some candy! An' blistered! why, bless your soul, that pore creetur couldn't reely set deown comfortable fur as much as four weeks.

THE FIRE-BELL'S STORY .- GEORGE L. CATLIN.

Dong—Dong—the bells rang out Over the housetops; and then a shout Of "Fire!" came echoing up the street, With the sound of eager, hurrying feet. Dong—Dong—the sonorous peal Came mingled with clatter of engine wheel And whistle shrill, and horse's hoof: And lo! from the summit of yonder roof A flame bursts forth, with a sudden glare. Dong-Dong-on the midnight air The sound goes ringing out over the town; And hundreds already are hurrying down, Through the narrow streets, with breathless speed Following whither the engines lead. Dong—Dong—and from windows high Startled ones peer at the ruddy sky, And still the warning loud doth swell From the brazen throat of the iron-tongued bell, Sending a shudder, and sending a start To many a home, and many a heart.

Up in you tenement, where the glare Shines dimly forth on the starlit air Through dingy windows; where flame and smoke Already begin to singe and choke, See the affrighted ones look out In helpless terror, in horrible doubt, Begging for succor. Now behold The ladders, by arms so strong and bold, Are reared; like squirrels the brave men climb To the topmost story. Indeed, 'twere time—"They all are saved!" said a voice below, And a shout of triumph went up. But no-"Not all—ah! no!"—'twas a mother's shriek; The cry of a woman, agonized, weak, Yet nerved to strength by her deep woe's power, "Great God, my child!"—even strong men cower 'Neath such a cry. "Oh, save my child!" She screamed in accents sorrowful, wild.

Up the ladders, a dozen men Rushed in generous rivalry then,

Bravely facing a terrible fate. Breathless the crowd below await. There's one who has gained the sill See! Of yonder window. Now, with a will, He bursts the sash with his sturdy blow; And it rattles down on the pave below. Now, he has disappeared from sight— Faces below are ashen and white, Then a cry In that terrible moment. Of joy goes up to the flame-lit sky-Goes up to welcome him back to life. God help him now in his terrible strife. Once more he mounts the giddy sill, Cool and steady and fearless still; Once more he grasps the ladder—see! What is it he holds so tenderly? Thousands of tearful, upturned eyes Are watching him now; and with eager cries And sobs and cheerings, the air is rent As he slowly retraces the long descent, And the child is saved!

Ah! ye who mourn
For chivalry dead, in the days long gone,
And prate of the valor of olden time,
Remember this deed, of love sublime,
And know that knightly deeds, and bold,
Are as plentiful now as in days of old.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Written in the Chapel of the Manger, in the Convent Church of Bethlehem, Palestine:

In the fields where, long ago,
Dropping tears, amid the leaves,
Ruth's young feet went to and fro,
Binding up the scattered sheaves,
In the field that heard the voice
Of Judea's shepherd King,
Still the gleaners may rejoice,
Still the reapers shout and sing.

For each mount and vale and plain
Felt the touch of holier feet.
Then the gleaners of the grain
Heard, in voices full and sweet,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Ring from angel lips afar,
While, o'er every glade and glen,
Broke the light of Bethlehem's star.

Star of hope to souls in night,
Star of peace/above our strife,
Guiding, where the gates of death
Ope to fields of endless life.
Wanderer from the nightly throng
Which the eastern heavens gem;
Guided, by an angel's song,
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

Not Judea's hills alone
Have earth's weary gleaners trod,
Not to heirs of David's throne
Is it given to "reign with God."
But where'er on His green earth
Heavenly faith and longing are,
Heavenly hope and life have birth,
'Neath the smile of Bethlehem's star.

In each lowly heart or home,
By each love-watched cradle-bed,
Where we rest, or where we roam,
Still its changeless light is shed.
In its beams/each quickened heart,
Howe'er saddened or denied,
Keeps one little place apart
For the Hebrew mother's Child.

And that inner temple/fair
May be holier ground than this,
Hallowed by the pilgrim's prayer,
Warmed by many a pilgrim's kiss.
In its shadow still and dim,
Where our holiest longings are,
Rings forever/Bethlehem's hymn,
Shines forever/Bethlehem's star.

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.—THOS. F. MARSHALL.

Sir, if there be within this hall an individual man who thinks that his vast dignity and importance would be lowered, the laurels which he has heretofore won be tarnished, his glowing and all-conquering popularity at home be lessened, by an act designed to redeem any portion of his colleagues or fellow-men from ruin and shame, all I can say is, that he and I put a very different estimate upon the matter. I should say, sir, that the act was not only the most benevolent, but, in the present state of opinion, the most politic, the most popular, the very wisest thing he ever did in his life.

Think not, sir, think not that I feel myself in a ridiculous situation, and, like the fox in the fable, wish to divide it with others, by converting deformity into fashion. Not so: my honor as a gentleman, not so! I was not what I was represented to be. I had, and I have shown that I had, full power over myself. But the pledge I have taken renders me secure forever from a fate inevitably following habits like mine--a fate more terrible than death. That pledge, though confined to myself alone, and with reference to its effect upon me only, my mind, my heart, my body, I would not exchange for all earth holds of brightest and best. No. no, sir; let the banner of this temperance cause go forward or backward—let the world be rescued from its degrading and ruinous bondage to alcohol or not-I for one shall never, never repent what I have done. I have often said this, and I feel it every moment of my existence, waking or sleeping.

Sir, I would not exchange the physical sensations—the mere sense of animal being which belongs to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure—the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning-the sweet repose it vields him at night—the feeling with which he drinks in. through his clear eyes, the beauty and grandeur of surrounding nature;—I say, sir, I would not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperate man—the sense of renovated youth—the glad play with which my pulses now beat healthful music—the bounding vivacity with which the life-blood courses its exulting way through every fibre of my frame the communion high which my healthful ear and eye now hold with all the gorgeous universe of God-the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky-the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of earth, the music of the air and the waters—with all the grand associations of external nature reopened to the fine avenues of sense;-no, sir, though poverty dogged me-though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed—though want and destitution and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day: -- not for the brightest and the noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow-not, if some angel commissioned by heaven, or some demon,

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rather, sent fresh from hell, to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me back, with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that time and all that earth can give, would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and the horrors which once beset my path;—so help me Heaven! sir, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am, poor but wober.

THE WIDOW.—C. F. GELLERT. [Translated by Longfellow.]

Dorinda's youthful spouse,

Whom as herself she loved, and better too—"Better?"—methinks I hear some caviler say, With scornful smile; but let him smile away!

A true thing is not therefore the less true, Let laughing cavilers do what they may. Suffice it, death snatched from Dorinda's arms— Too early snatched, in all his glowing charms— The best of husbands and the best of men; And I can find no words,—in vain my pen, Though dipped in briny tears, would fain portray,

In lively colors, all the young wife felt, As o'er his couch in agony she knelt, And clasped the hand, and kissed the cheek, of clay.

The priest, whose business 'twas to soothe her, came; All friendship came, in vain;
The more they soothed, the more Dorinda cried;
They had to drag her from the dead one's side.
A ceaseless wringing of the hands
Was all she did; one piteous "Alas!"
The only sound that from her lips did pass:
Full four-and-twenty hours thus she lay.
Meanwhile a neighbor o'er the way
Had happened in, well skilled in carving wood.
He saw Dorinda's melancholy mood,
And, partly at her own request,
Partly to show his reverence for the blest,
And save his memory from untimely end,
Resolved to carve in wood an image of his friend.

Success the artist's cunning hand attended; With most amazing speed the work was ended; And there stood Stephen, large as life. A masterpiece soon makes its way to light. The folk ran up and screamed, so soon as Stephen met their sight:

"Ah, Heavens! Ah, there he is! Yes, yes, 'tis he!

O happy artist! happy wife!

Look at the laughing features! Only see The open mouth, that seems as if 'twould speak

I never saw before in all my life
Such nature,—no, I vow, there could not be
A truer likeness; so he looked to me,
When he stood godfather last week."

They brought the wooden spouse,
That now alone the widow's heart could cheer,
Up to the second story of the house
Where he and she had dwelt one blessed year.
There in her chamber, having turned the key,
She shut herself with him, and sought relief
And comfort in the midst of bitter grief,
And held herself as bound, if she would be
Forever worthy of his memory,

To weep away the remnant of her life. What more could one desire of a wife?

So sat Dorinda many weeks, heart-broken, And had not, my informant said,

In all that time to living creature spoken, Except her house-dog and her serving-maid. And this, after so many weeks of woe, Was the first day that she had dared to glance Out of her window; and to-day, by chance,

Just as she looked, a stranger stood below. Up in a twinkling came the house-maid running, And said, with look of sweetest, half-hid cunning, "Madam, a gentleman would speak with you, A lovely gentleman as one would wish to view, Almost as lovely as your blessed one; He has some business with you must be done,—Business, he said, he could not trust with me."

"Must just make up some story then," said she,
"I cannot leave, one moment, my dear man;
In short, go down and do the best you can;
Tell him I'm sick with sorrow; for, O me!
It were no wonder—"

"Madam 'twill not do;
He has already had a glimpse of you,
Up at your window as he stood below!
You must come down; now do, I pray;
The stranger will not thus be sent away,
He's something weighty to impart I know.
Schould think, madam, you might go."

A moment the young widow stands perplexed, Fluttering 'twixt memory and hope; the next Embracing, with a sudden glow,
The image that so long had soothed her woe.
She lets the stranger in. Who can it be?
A suitor? Ask the maid: already she
Is listening at the kcy-hole; but her ear
Only Dorinda's plaintive tone can hear.
The afternoon slips by. What can it mean?
The stranger goes not yet, has not been seen
To leave the house. Perhaps he makes request—
Unheard-of boldness!—to remain, a guest.

Dorinda comes at length, and, sooth to say, alone.—Where is the image, her dear, sad delight?—"Maid," she begins, "say, what shall now be done? The gentleman will be my guest to-night. Go instantly, and boil the pot of fish."
"Yes, madam, yes, with pleasure, as you wish."

Dorinda goes back to her room again. The maid ransacks the house to find a stick Of wood to make a fire beneath the pot,—in vain. She cannot find a single one; then quick She calls Dorinda out, in agony. "Ah, madam, hear the solemn truth," says she; "There's not a stick of fish-wood in the house. Suppose I take that image down and split it? Is good hard wood, and to our purpose pat." "The image? No, indeed!-But-well-yes, do! What need you have been making all this touse?" "But, ma'am, the image is too much for me; I cannot lift it all alone, you sec; 'Twould go out of the window easily." "A lucky thought! and that will split it for you, too. The gentleman in future lives with mc; I may no longer nurse this misery."

Up went the sash, and out the blessed Stephen flew.

Part Eighteenth.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION on first page of Contents.

The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.

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CHOICE SELECTIONS.

No. 18.

COLUMBIA.—P. S. GILMORE.

A National Historic Poem first presented to the public at the Academy of Music, New York, on Christmas day, 1879.

Columbia! First and fairest gem
On Nature's brow—a diadem
Whose lustre, bright as heavenly star,
The light of Freedom sheds afar.
Like Noah's Ark, a God-sent bark
In search of land, through day and dark
First found thee held by nature's child,
The red man, in his wigwam, wild.

Columbia! Soon the tidings spread Of what Columbus saw and said; The eyes of man then turned to thee, The new land rising from the sea; Each spread his sail before the gale, To verify the wondrous tale. And thus began what was to be The hope and home of Liberty.

Columbia! In thine early days
Our Pilgrim Fathers sang thy praise.
They landed from the Mayflower's deck
On Plymouth Rock—a snow-clad speck
That marks the place from whence the race
Of Puritans their true blood trace,
Who fought for Independence dear
With hearts of steel and conscience clear.

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Columbia! 'Twas in fire and blood Brave Washington the foremost stood; With banner high and sword in hand, He drove the tyrant from the land. Thy breast still sore, to thy heart's core, Till washed again in human gore— In martyr blood! Shed not in vain,— It left thee whole, without a stain.

Columbia! See, what thou art now, A crown of stars on Nature's brow. With fields of gold and teeming marts With fifty million loving hearts Who cling to thee, from sea to sea, To guard thy peace and liberty; Who, man to man, shall e'er be just, And in the Lord place all their trust.

Columbia! Lift thine eyes on high, See Him who dwells in yonder sky, The King of Glory on His throne, Who looks on all, for all's His own! Our earthly gain would be in vain, A home in heaven to attain, If with our hearts we did not pay Our debt to Him. Then let us pray.

At morn, at noon, at eventide, O Lord! be ever at our side, That we Thy voice may always hear, And feel that Thou art ever near. In mercy spare, from grief and care The nation, bowed in fervent prayer, Who with one heart and voice implore, Thy blessing now and evermore.

SISTER AND I.

We were hunting for wintergreen berries.
One May-day, long gone by,
Out on the rocky cliff's edge,
Little sister and I.
Sister had hair like the sunbeams;
Black as a crow's wing, mine;
Sister had blue, dove's eyes;
Wicked, black eyes are mine.
Why, see how my eyes are faded—
And my hair, it is white as snow!
And thin, too! don't you see it is?
I tear it sometimes: so!

There, don't hold my hands, Maggie, I don't feel like tearing it now; But—where was I in my story? Oh, I was telling you how We were looking for wintergreen berries; 'Twas one bright morning in May, And the moss-grown rocks were slippery With the rains of yesterday. But I was cross that morning, Though the sun shone ever so bright— And when sister found the most berries, I was angry enough to fight! And when she laughed at my pouting— We were little things, you know-I clinched my little fist up tight, And struck her the biggest blow! I struck her—I tell you—I struck her, And she fell right over below— There, there, Maggie, I won't rave now; You needn't hold me so-She went right over, I tell you, Down, down to the depths below! 'Tis deep and dark and horrid There, where the waters flow! She fell right over, moaning, "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so sad, That, when I looked down affrighted, It drove me mad—mad! Only her golden hair streaming Out on the rippling wave, Only her little hand reaching Up, for some one to save; And she sank down in the darkness, I never saw her again, And this world is a chaos of blackness And darkness and grief since then. No more playing together Down on the pebbly strand; Nor building our doll's stone castles With halls and parlors grand; No more fishing with bent pins, In the little brook's clear waves; No more holding funerals O'er dead canaries' graves; No more walking together To the log school-house each morn;

No more vexing the master

With putting his rules to scorn; No more feeding of white lambs With milk from the foaming pail; No more playing "see-saw" Over the fence of rail; No more telling of stories After we've gone to bed; Nor talking of ghosts and goblins

Till we fairly shiver with dread; No more whispering fearfully

And hugging each other tight. When the shutters shake and the dogs howl

In the middle of the night; No more saying "Our Father," Kneeling by mother's knee— For, Maggie, I struck sister!

And mother is dead, you see. Maggie, sister's an angel, Isn't she? Isn't it true? For angels have golden tresses And eyes like sister's, blue?

Now my hair isn't golden, My eyes aren't blue, you see— Now tell me, Maggie, if I were to die. Could they make an angel of me?

You say, "Oh, yes;" you think so? Well, then, when I come to die, We'll play up there, in God's garden—

We'll play there, sister and I. Now, Maggie, you needn't eye me, Because I'm talking so queer; Because I'm talking so strangely; You needn't have the least fear.

Somehow I'm feeling to-night, Maggie, $\operatorname{As} \operatorname{I} \operatorname{never} \operatorname{felt} \operatorname{before}$

I'm sure, I'm sure of it, Maggie, I never shall rave any more.

Maggie, you know how these long years I've heard her calling, so sad,

"Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so mournful? It always drives me mad!

How the winter wind shrieks down the chimney, "Bessie, oh, Bessie, oh! oh!"

How the south wind wails at the casement, "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so low.

But most of all when the May-days

Come back, with the flowers and the sun,

How the night-bird, singing, all lonely, "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" doth moan; You know how it sets me raving-For she moaned, "Oh, Bessie!" just so,

That time I struck little sister, On the May-day long ago!

Now, Maggie, I've something to tell you— You know May-day is here—

Well, this very morning, at sunrise, The robins chirped "Bessie!" so clear—

All day long the wee birds, singing, Perched on the garden wall, Called "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so sweetly,

I couldn't feel sorry at all.

Now, Maggie, I've something to tell you-

Let me lean up to you close— Do you see how the sunset has flooded The heavens with yellow and rose?

Do you see o'er the gilded cloud mountains Sister's golden hair streaming out? Do you see her little hand beckoning?

Do you hear her little voice calling out "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so gladly, "Bessie, oh, Bessie! Come, haste?"

Yes, sister, I'm coming; I'm coming, To play in God's garden at last!

THE CARE OF GOD.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what is it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it—a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God, and of His special care, than anything else I possess.

"I was a little child, four years old, with long, curly locks which, in sun or rain or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the stroke of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending splinters in all directions at every stroke. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the

moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen, He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment it was descending upon my head.

"That lock he kept all his days as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his deathbed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes my unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust Him forever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my three-score years and ten, but somehow this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

THE OWL-CRITIC.—JAMES T. FIELD.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop; The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop; The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading The Daily, the Herald, the Post, little heeding The young man who blurted out such a blunt question; Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion; And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!

I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls, And other night fowls, And I tell you What I know to be true: An owl cannot roost With his limbs so unloosed: No owl in this world Ever had his claws curled, Ever had his legs slanted, Ever had his bill canted, Ever had his neck screwed Into that attitude. He can't do it, because 'Tis against all bird laws. Anatomy teaches, Ornithology preaches, An owl has a toe That can't turn out so! I've made the white owl my study for years, And to see such a job almost moves me to tears! Mister Brown, I'm amazed You should be so gone crazed As to put up a bird In that posture absurd! To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness; The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!" And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

"Hark! the minute gun is booming,
And the storm rolls loud and high.
See the breakers to the leeward!"
Then the lightning in the sky
Shows with lurid glare and brightness,
To the watchers on the sand,
A good ship, all wrecked and broken,
Lying helpless on the strand.

And amid the trembling watchers,
Gazing forth upon the tide,
There is one, a bright-eyed maiden,
Now with arms outstretched and wide.
Ah, among the fated hundreds
Who will die ere break of day
Stands her lover! "Oh, God help him!"
She may well in terror pray.

"For my sake, oh, Ronald, save him"
To a youth who watches there.
And with folded arms he listened—
Will he hearken to her prayer?
Rescue from the roaring breakers
One who robbed him of his love—
From the ocean save a rival?
No! Forbid it, God above!

Hark! another peal of thunder— Dark destruction's victory-cry. No man dares to launch the life-boat, And the fated crew must die. Once again the lightning flashes, And the watchers see at last; All are lost—the ship is shattered— Save a broken hull and mast.

No! One figure still is clinging To the stern. Hear that low wail! 'Tis a woman's shriek. Her lover, Now alone amidst the gale, Waits the awful doom so certain— Death beneath the roaring wave. "Save him? Marie, yes, I'll save him, For your sake, e'en from the grave!"

Plunging through the foaming breakers, With a cord clasped in his hand— See! 'tis Ronald, striving madly— Will he gain the rock-bound strand? Yes! For, as the last frail timbers Vanish 'neath the raging tide, And a form sinks in the breakers, Ronald then is at his side—

Binds the saving rope around him, While the watchers on the sand Draw him landward, Ronald faintly Falls and dies upon the strand! On the morrow fair, a lover Wakes to joy upon the shore, And his rival, 'neath the waters, Calmly sleeps forevermore!

ONE DAY SOLITARY.—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

I am all right! Good-bye, old chap! Twenty-four hours, that won't be long; Nothing to do but take a nap, And—say! can a fellow sing a song? Will the light fantastic be in order— A pigeon-wing on your pantry floor? What are the rules for a regular boarder? Be quiet? All right! Cling-clang goes the door.

Clang-clink the bolts, and I am locked in; Some pious reflection and repentance

Come next, I suppose, for I just begin
To perceive the sting in the tail of my sentence—
"One day whereof shall be solitary."
Here I am at the end of my journey,
And—well, it ain't jolly, not so very—
I'd like to throttle that sharp attorney!

He took my money, the very last dollar,
Didn't leave me so much as a dime,
Not enough to buy me a paper collar
To wear at my trial; he knew all the time
"Twas some that I got for the stolen silver
Why hasn't he been indicted, too?
If he doesn't exactly rob and pilfer,
He lives by the plunder of them that do.

Then didn't it put me into a fury,

To see him step up, and laugh and chat
With the county attorney, and joke with the jury,
When all was over, then go back for his hat
While Sue was sobbing to break her heart,
And all I could do was to stand and stare!
He had pleaded my cause, he had played his part,
And got his fee—and what more did he care?

It's droll to think how, just out yonder,
The world goes jogging on the same;
Old men will save, and boys will squander,
And fellows will play at the same old game
Of get-and-spend—to-morrow, next year—
And drink and carouse, and who will there be
To remember a comrade buried here?
I am nothing to them, they are nothing to me.

And Sue—yes, she will forget me, too,
I know; already her tears are drying.
I believe there is nothing that girl can do
So easy as laughing, and lying, and crying.
She clung to me well while there was hope,
Then broke her heart in that last wild sob;
But she ain't going to sit and mope
While I am at work on a five years' job.

They'll set me to learning a trade, no doubt,
And I must forget to speak or smile
I shall go marching in and out,
One of a silent, tramping file
Of felons, at morning, and noon, and night—
Just down to the shops, and back to the cells,
And work with a thief at left and right,
And feed, and sleep, and—nothing else.

Was I born for this? Will the old folks know?
I can see them now on the old home-place;
His gait is feeble, his step is slow,
There's a settled grief in his furrowed face;
While she goes wearily groping about
In a sort of dream, so bent, so sad!
But this won't do! I must sing and shout,
And forget myself, or else go mad.

I won't be foolish; although for a minute
I was there in my little room once more.
What wouldn't I give just now to be in it?
The bed is yonder, and there is the door;
The Bible is here on the neat white stand;
The summer sweets are ripening now;
In the flickering light I reach my hand
From the window, and pluck them from the bough.

When I was a child, (Oh, well for me
And them if I had never been older!)
When he told me stories on his knee,
And tossed me, and carried me on his shoulder;
When she knelt down and heard my prayer,
And gave me, in my bed, my good-night kiss—
Did they ever think that all their care
For an only son could come to this?

Foolish again! No sense in tears
And gnashing the teeth; and yet, somehow,
I haven't thought of them so for years;
I never knew them, I think, till now.
How fondly, how blindly, they trusted me!
When I snould have been in my bed asleep,
I slipped from the window, and down the tree,
And sowed for the harvest which now I reap.

And Jennie—how could I bear to leave her?
If I had but wished—but I was a fool!
My heart was filled with a thirst and a fever,
Which no sweet airs of heaven could cool.
I can hear her asking: "Have you heard?"
But mother falters and shakes her head;
"O Jennie! Jennie! never a word!
What can it mean? He must be dead!"

Light-hearted, a proud, ambitious lad,
I left my home that morning in May;
What visions, what hopes, what plans I had!
And what have I—where are they all—to-day?
Wild fellows, and wine, and debts, and gaming,
Disgrace, and the loss of place and friend:

And I was an outlaw, past reclaiming;
Arrest and sentence, and—this is the end!

Five years! Shall ever I quit this prison? Homeless, an outcast, where shall I go? Return to them, like one arisen

From the grave, that was buried long ago?

All is still; 'tis the close of the week;

I slink through the garden, I stop by the well, I see him totter, I hear her shriek!—
What sort of a tale will I have to tell?

But here I am! What's the use of grieving?
Five years—will it be too late to begin?
Can sober thinking and honest living
Still make me the man I might have been?
I'll sleep:—Oh, would I could wake to-morrow
In that old room, to find, at last,
That all my trouble and all their sorrow
Are only a dream of the night that is past.

ROOM FOR YOU.—GEORGE R. HOWARTH.

Who shall sweep away the errors Crowding on us from the past? Who shall clear the mists and shadows That the future overcast?

Soon we busy teeming millions
Will have ended all this strife;
And the myriads crowding on us
Must take up the task of life.

Ah! the workers in the vineyard
Are too faint and all too few,
And the field of honest effort
Ever waits, young friends, for you.

Room for boyhood, strong and sturdy— Boyhood manly, brave, and true; Room for honest, lusty vigor— Room, my young friends—room for you.

Room for every sweet-voiced singer
That can thrill the heart with song;
Room for thoughts, and words, and actions.
That will drive the world along.

Statesmen, warriors, men of science, Once, my friends, were boys like you; And the grandest deeds of history Are the ones that you may do.

MANSIE WAUCH'S FIRST AND LAST PLAY. D. M. Moir.

Mony a time and often had I heard of play acting, and of players making themselves kings and queens, and saying a great many wonderful things; but I had never before an opportunity of making myself a witness to the truth of these hearsays. So, Maister Glen, being as fu' of nonsense, and as fain to have his curiosity gratified, we took upon us the stout resolution to gang ower thegither, he offering to treat me, and I determined to run the risk of Maister Wiggie, our minister's, rebuke for the transgression, hoping it would make na lasting impression on his mind, being for the first and only time. Folks shouldna at a' times be ower scrupulous.

After paying our money at the door, never, while I live and breathe, will I forget what we saw and heard that night; it just looks to me, by a' the world, when I think on't, like a fairy dream. The place was crowded to the e'e, Maister Glen and me having nearly got our ribs dung in before we fand a seat, and them behint were obliged to mount the back benches to get a sight. Right to the fore hand of us was a large green curtain, some five or six ells wide, a gude deal the waur of the wear, having seen service through two or three simmers, and just in the front of it were eight or ten penny candles, stuck in a board fastened to the ground, to let us see the players' feet like, when they came on the stage, and even before they came on the stage, for the curtain being scrimpit in length, we saw legs and feet moving behind the scenes very neatly, while twa blind fiddlers they had brought with them played the bonniest ye ever heard. Odd, the very music was worth a sixpence of itsel'.

The place, as I said before, was choke full, just to excess, so that ane could scarcely breathe. Indeed I never saw ony pairt sae crowded, not even at a tent preaching, when Mr. Roarer was giving his discourses on the building of Solomon's Temple. We were obligated to have the windows opened for a mouthful of fresh air, the barn being as close as a baker's oven, my neighbor and me fanning our red faces with our hats to keep us cool; and, though all were half

stewed, we had the worst o't, the toddy we had ta'en having fomented the blood of our bodies into a perfect fever.

Just at the time that the twa blind fiddlers were playing the "Downfall of Paris," a hand-bell rang, and up goes the green curtain, being hauled to the ceiling, as I observed wi' the tail o' my e'e, by a birkie at the side, that had haud o' a rope. So, on the music stopping, and all becoming as still as that you might have heard a pin fall, in comes a decent old gentleman, at his leisure, weel powdered, wi' an auldfashioned coat, and waistcoat wi' flap pockets, brown breeches with buckles at the knees, and silk stockings with red gushets on a blue ground. I never saw a man in sic distress; he stampit about, and better stampit about, dadding the end of his staff on the ground, and imploring all the powers of heaven and yearth to help him to find out his runawa' daughter, that had decampit wi' some ne'er-do-well loon of a half-pay captain, that keppit her in his arms frae her bedroom window, up twa pair o' stairs. Every father and head of a family maun ha'e felt for a man in his situation, thus to be robbit of his dear bairn, and an only daughter, too, as he tel't us ower and ower again, as the saut, saut tears ran gushing down his withered face, and he aye blew his nose on his clean calendered pocket napkin. But, ye ken, the thing was absurd to suppose that we should ken onything about the matter, having never seen either him or his daughter between the een afore, and no kenning them by head mark; so though we sympathized with him, as folks ought to do with a fellow-creature in affliction, we thought it best to haud our tongues, to see what might cast up better than he expected. So out he gaed stamping at the ither side, determined, he said, to find them out, though he should follow them to the world's end. Johnny Groat's house, or something to that effect.

Hardly was his back turned, and amaist before ye could cry Jack Robison, in comes the birkie and the very young leddy the auld gentleman described, arm-in-arm thegither, smoodging and lauching like daft. Dog on it, it was a shameless piece of business. As true as death, before all the crowd of folk, he put his arm round her waist, and caad her his sweetheart, and love, and dearie, and darling, and every-

thing that is sweet. If they had been courting in a close thegither, on a Friday night, they couldna ha'e said mair to ane anither, or gane greater lengths. I thought sic shame to be an e'ewitness to sic on-goings, that I was obliged at last to haud up my hat afore my face and look down. though, for a' that, the young lad, to be sic a blackguard as his conduct showed was weel enough faured and had a guid coat on his back, wi' double-gilt buttons, and fashionable lapels, to say little o' a very weel-made pair o' buckskins, a little the waur o' the wear to be sure, but which, if they had been cleaned, would ha'e looked amaist as good as new. How they had come we never could learn, as we neither saw chaise nor gig; but, from his having spurs on his boots, it is mair than likely that they had alighted at the back door of the barn frae a horse, she riding on a pad behint him, maybe, with her hand round his waist.

The faither lookit to be a rich auld bool, baith from his manner of speaking and the rewards he seemed to offer for the apprehension of his daughter; but, to be sure, when so many of us were present that had an equal right to the spulzie, it wadna be a great deal, a thousand pounds when divided, still it was worth the looking after; so we just bidit a wee.

Things were brought to a bearing, howsoever, sooner than either themsel's, I daur say, or onybody else present seemed to ha'e the least glimpse of; for, just in the middle of their fine going-on, the sound of a coming fit was heard, and the lassie taking guilt to her, cried out,—"Hide me, hide me, for the sake of gudeness, for yonder comes my auld faither!"

Nae sooner said than done. In he stappit her into a closet; and, after shutting the door on her, he sat down apon a chair, pretending to be asleep in a moment. The auld faither came bouncing in, and seeing the fellow as sound as a tap, he ran forrit, and gied him sic a shake, as if he wad ha'e shooken him a' sundry, which sune made him open his een as fast as he had steekit them. After blackguarding the chield at no allowance, cursing him up hill and down dale, and caaing him every name but a geutleman, he haddit his staff ower his crown, and gripping him by the cuff o' the neck, askit him what he had made

o' his daughter. Never since I was born did I ever see sie brazen-faced impudence. The rascal had the brass to say at once, that he hadna seen word or wittens o' his daughter for a month, though mair than a hundred folk sitting in his company had seen him dauting her with his arm round her jimpy waist, not five minutes before. As a man, as a faither, as an elder of our kirk, my corruption was raised, for I ave hated leeing, as a puir cowardly sin, and an inbreak on the ten commandments; and I fand my neebor, Mr. Glen, fidgeting on the seat as weel as me; so I thocht, that wha ever spoke first wad ha'e the best right to be entitled to the reward; whereupon, just as he was in the act of rising up, I took the word out of his mouth, saying,-"Dinna believe him, auld gentleman, dinna believe him, friend; he's telling a parcel of lees. Never saw her for a month! It's no worth arguing, or caaing witnesses; just open that press door, and ye'll see whether I'm speaking truth or no."

The auld man stared, and lookit dumb-foundered; and the young man, instead of rinning forrit wi' his double neives to strike me, the only thing I was feared for, began a laughing, as if I had dune him a good turn. But never since I had a being did I ever witness siccan an uproar and noise as immediately took place. The haill house was sae glad that the scoundrel had been exposed, that they set up siccan a roar o' laughter, and thumpit away at siccan a rate at the boards wi' their feet that at lang last, wi' pushing and fidgeting, and hadding their sides, down fell the place they ca' the gallery, a' the folk in't being hurled tapsy-turvy, head foremost amang the saw-dust on the floor below; their guffawing soon being turned to howling, ilka ane crying louder than anither at the tap o' their voices,-"Murder! murder! haud off me; murder! my ribs are in: murder! I'm killed—I'm speechless!" and ither lamentations to that effect; so that a rush to the door took place, in which everything was overturned—the door-keeper being wheeled away like wildfire-the firms stampit to pieces-the lights knockit out-and the twa blind fiddlers dung head foremost ower the stage, the bass fiddle cracking like thunder at every bruise. Siccan tearing, and swearing, and tumbling, and squealing, was never witnessed in the memory of man,

sin' the building of Babel; legs being likely to be broken, sides staved in, een knocked out, and lives lost; there being only ae door, and that a sma' ane; so that when we had been carried off our feet that length, my wind was fairly gane, and a sick gwam cam' ower me, lights of a' manner of colors, red, blue, green, and orange, dancing before me, that entirely deprived me o' common sense, till, on opening my een in the dark, I fand mysel' leaning wi' my braidside against the wa' on the opposite side of the close. It was some time before I mindit what had happened; so, dreading scaith, I fand first the ae arm, and then the ither, to see if they were broken-syne my head-and syne baith o' my legs; but a', as weel as I could discover, was skin-hale and On perceiving which, my joy was without scart free. bounds, having a great notion that I had been killed on the spot. So I reached round my hand, very thankfully, to tak' out my pocket-napkin, to gi'e my brow a wipe, when lo, and behold, the tail of my Sunday's coat was fairly aff and away, dockit by the haunch buttons!

CHILD LOST1

"Nine," by the cathedral clock!
Chill the air with rising damps;
Drearily from block to block
In the gloom the bell-man tramps—
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress,—child lost!"

Something in the doleful strain
Makes the dullest listener start,
And a sympathetic pain
Shoot to every feeling heart.
Anxious fathers homeward haste,
Musing with paternal pride
Of their daughters, happy-faced,
Silken-haired and sparkling-eyed.
Many a tender mother sees
Younglings playing round her chair,
Thinking, "If 'twere one of these,
How could I the anguish bear?"

"Ten," the old cathedral sounds;
Dark and gloomy are the streets;
Still the bell-man goes his rounds,
Still his doleful cry repeats—
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!
Child lost! Blue eyes,
Curly hair, pink dress,—
Child lost! Child lost!"

"Can't my little one be found?
Are there any tidings, friend?"
Cries the mother, "Is she drowned?
Is she stolen? God forfend!
Search the commons, search the parks,
Search the doorways and the halls,
Search the alleys, foul and dark,
Search the empty market stalls.
Here is gold and silver—see!
Take it all and welcome, man;
Only bring my child to me,
Let me have my child again."

Hark! the old cathedral bell
Peals "eleven," and it sounds
To the mother like a knell;
Still the bell-man goes his rounds.
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress,—child lost!"

Half aroused from dreams of peace,
Many hear the lonesome call,
Then into their beds of ease
Into deeper slumbers fall;
But the anxious mother cries,
"Oh, my darling's curly hair,
Oh, her sweetly-smiling eyes!
Have you sought her everywhere?
Long and agonizing dread
Chills my heart and drives me wild—
What if Minnie should be dead?
God, in mercy, find my child!"

"Twelve," by the cathedral clock;
Dimly shine the midnight lamps;
Drearily from block to block,
An the rain the bell-man tramps.
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress,—child lost!"

LEAVING THE HOMESTEAD.

You're going to leave the homestead, John. You're twenty-one to-day,

And the old man will be sorry, John, To see you go away.

You've labored late and early, John, And done the best you could; ain't a-going to stop you, John, I wouldn't if I could.

Yet something of your feelings, John, I s'pose I'd ought to know,

Though many a day has passed away—

'Twas forty years ago, When hope was high within me, John, And life lay all before—

That I, with strong and measured stroke, "Cut loose" and pulled from shore.

The years, they come and go, my boy, The years, they come and go; And raven locks and tresses brown

Grow white as driven snow. My life has known its sorrows, John,

Its trials and troubles sore; Yet God withal has blessed me, John, "In basket and in store."

But one thing let me tell you, John, Before you make your start,

There's more in being honest, John, Twice o'er than being smart;

Though rogues may seem to flourish, John And sterling worth to fail,

Oh! keep in view the good and true; 'Twill in the end prevail.

Don't think too much of money, John, And dig and delve and plan,

And rake and scrape in every shape, To hoard up all you can.

Though fools may count their riches, John

In dollars, pounds or pence, The best of wealth is youth and health, And good sound common sense.

And don't be mean or stingy, John, But lay a little by

Of what you earn; you soon will learn How fast 'twill multiply.

So when old age comes creeping on, You'll have a goodly store Of wealth to furnish all your needs— And maybe something more.

There's shorter cuts to fortune, John,
We see them every day;
But those who love their self-respect
Climb up the good old way.
"All is not gold that glitters," John,
And makes the vulgar stare,
And those we deem the richest, John,
Have oft the least to spare.

Don't meddle with your neighbors, John,
Their sorrows or their cares;
You'll find enough to do, my boy,
To mind your own affairs.
The world is full of idle tongues—
You can afford to shirk;
There's lots of people ready, John,
To do such dirty work.

And if amid the race for fame
You win a shining prize,
The humbler worth of honest men
You never should despise;
For each one has his mission, John,
In life's unchanging plan—
Though lowly be his station, John,
He is no less a man.

Be good, be pure, be noble, John,
Be honest, brave and true;
And do to others as ye would
That they should do to you.
And place your trust in God, my boy,
"Though flery darts be hurled;"
Then you can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Good bye! May heaven guard and bless
Your footsteps day by day;
The old house will be lonesome, John,
When you are gone away.
The cricket's song upon the hearth
Will have a sadder tone;
The old familiar spots will be
So lonely when you're gone.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has been pronounced one of the greatest statesmen and generals of the nineteenth century, saved his master and family by hurrying them on board a vessel at the insurrection of the negroes of Hayti. He then joined the negro army, and soon found himself at their head. Napoleon seut a fleet with French veterans, with orders to bring him to Frauce at all hazards. But all the skill of the French soldiers could not subdue the negro army; and they finally made a treaty, placing Toussaint L'Ouverture governor of the island. The negroes no sooner disbanded their army, than a squad of soldiers seized Toussaint by night, and taking him on board a vessel, hurried him to France. There he was placed in a dungeon, and finally starved to death.]

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army-out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,-the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica,

Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gcts a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

TOM'S LITTLE STAR.—FANNY FOSTER.

Sweet Mary, pledged to Tom, was fair
And graceful, young and slim.
Tom loved her truly, and one dare
Be sworn that she loved him;
For, twisting bashfully the ring
That sealed the happy fiat,
She cooed: "When married in the spring,
Dear Tom, let's live so quiet!

"Let's have our pleasant little place,
Our books, a friend or two;
No noise, no crowd, but just your face
For me, and mine for you.
Won't that be nice?" "It is my own
Idea," said Tom, "so chary,
So deep and true, my love has grown,
I worship you, my Mary."

She was a tender, nestling thing,
A girl that loved her home,
A sort of dove with folded wing,
A bird not made to roam,
But gently rest her little claw
(The simile to carry)
Within a husband's stronger paw—
The very girl to marry.

Their courtship was a summer sea,
So smooth, so bright, so calm,
Till one day Mary restlessly
Endured Tom's circling arm,
And looked as if she thought or planned,
Her satin forehead wrinkled,
She beat a tattoo on his hand,
Her eyes were strange and twinkled.

She never heard Tom's fond remarks,
His "sweety-tweety dear,"
Or noticed once the little larks
He played to make her hear.
"What ails," he begged, "my petsy pet?
What ails my love, I wonder?"
"Do not be trifling, Tom. I've met
Professor Shakspeare Thunder."

"Thunder!" said Tom; "and who is he?"
"You goose! why, don't you know?"
"I don't. She never frowned at me,
Or called me 'goose.' And though,"

Thought Tom, "it may be playfulness, It racks my constitution." "Why, Thunder teaches with success

Dramatic elecution."

"Oh! Ah! Indeed! and what is that? My notion is but faint."

"It's art," said Mary, brisk and pat.
Tom thought that "art" meant paint.
"You blundering boy! why, art is just
What makes one stare and wonder.

To understand *high* art you must Hear Shakspeare read by Thunder."

Tom started at the turn of phrase;
It sounded like a swear.
Then Mary said, to his amaze,
With nasal groan and glare,
"'To be or-r—not to be?" And fain
To act discreet yet gallant,
He asked, "Dear, have you any—pain?"
"Oh, no, Tom; I have talent.

"Oh, no, Tom; I have talent.

"Professor Thunder told me so;
He sees it in my eye;
He says my tones and gestures show
My destiny is high."
Said Tom, for Mary's health afraid,
His ignorance revealing,

"Is talent, dear, that noise you made?"
"Why, no; that's Hamlet's feeling."

"He must have felt most dreadful bad."

"The character is mystic,"

Mary explained, "and very sad,

And very high artistic.

And you are not; you're commonplace;

These things are far above you."

"I'm only," spoke Tom's honest face,

From that time forth was Mary changed;
Her eyes stretched open wide;
Her smooth fair hair in *friz* arranged,
And parted on the side.
More and more strange she grew, and quite
Incapable of taking

The slightest notice how each night

She set Tom's poor heart aching.

As once he left her at the door,

"A thousand times good-night,"

"Artist enough—to love you."

Sighed Mary, sweet as ne'er before. Poor Tom revived, looked bright. "Mary," he said, "you love me so? We have not grown asunder?" "Do not be silly, Tom; you know

I'm studying with Thunder.

"That's from the famous Juliet scene.

I'll do another bit."

Quoth Tom: "I don't know what you mean." "Then listen; this is it:

'Dear love, adieu.

Anon, good nurse. Sweet Montague, he true. Stay but a little, I will come again.'

Now, Tom, say 'Blesséd, blesséd night!"

Said Tom, with hesitation,

"B-blesséd night." "Pshaw! that's not right; You've no appreciation."

At Tom's next call he heard up-stairs A laugh most loud and coarse; Then Mary, knocking down the chairs, Came prancing like a horse.

"'Ha! ha! ha! Well, Governor, how are 7e? I've been down five times, climbing up

your stairs in my long clothes.'
That's comedy," she said. "You're mad,"
Said Tom. "'Mad!" Ha! Ophelia! 'They bore him barefaced on his bier, And on his grave rained many a tear," She chanted, very wild and sad;

Then whisked off on Emilia: "'You told a lie—an odious, fearful lie. Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie.'"

She glared and howled two murder scenes, And mouthed a new French role, Where luckily the graceful miens

Hid the disgraceful soul.

She wept, she danced, she sang, she swore— From Shakspeare—classic swearing;

A wild, abstracted look she wore, And round the room went tearing.

And every word and every pause Made Mary "quote a speech." If Tom was sad (and he had cause), She'd say, in sobbing screech,

"'Clifford, why don't you speak to me?""

At flowers for a present

She leered, and sang coquettishly, "'When daisies pied and violets blue.'"
Tom blurted, "That's not pleasant." But Mary took offense at this.

"You have no soul," said she,
"For art, and do not know the bliss
Of notoriety.

The 'sacred fire' they talk about Lights all the way before me; It's quite my duty to 'come out,' And all my friends implore me.

"Three months of Thunder I have found A thorough course," she said;
"I'll clear Parnassus with a bound."
(Tom softly shook his head.)
"I cannot fail to be the rage."
(Tom looked a thousand pities.)
"And so I'm going on the stage
To star in Western cities."

And Mary went; but Mary came
To grief within a week;
And in a month she came to Tom,
Quite gentle, sweet, and meek.
Tom was rejoiced: his heart was none
The hardest or the sternest.
"Oh, Tom," she sobbed, "It looked like funguation are is dreadful earnest.

"Why, art means work, and slave, and sear All sorts of scandal, too;
To dread the critics so you dare
Not look a paper through;
Oh, 'art is long' and hard." "And you
Are short and—soft, my darling."
"My money, Tom, is gone—it flew."
"That's natural with a starling."

"I love you more than words can say,
Dear Tom." He gave a start.
"Mary, is that from any play?"
"No, Tom; it's from my heart."
He took the tired, sunny head,
With all its spent ambitions,
So gently to his breast, she said
No word but sweet permissions.

"Can you forgive me, Tom, for—" "Life,"
He finished out the phrase.
"My love, you're patterned for a wife.
The crowded public ways
Are hard for even the strongest heart;
Yours beats too softly human.
However woman choose her art,
Yet art must choose its woman."

CAMBYSES AND THE MACROBIAN BOW.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

One morn, hard by a slumberous streamlet's wave, The plane-trees stirless in the unbreathing calm, And all the lush-red roses drooped in dream, Lay King Cambyses, idle as a cloud That waits the wind,—aimless of thought and will,—But with vague evil, like the lightning's bolt Ere yet the electric death be forged to smite, Seething at heart. His courtiers ringed him round, Whereof was one who to his comrades' ears, With bated breath and wonder-archéd brows, Extolled a certain Bactrian's matchless skill Displayed in bow-craft: at whose marvelous feats, Eagerly vaunted, the King's soul grew hot With envy, for himself erewhile had been Rated the mightiest archer in his realm.

Slowly he rose, and pointing southward, said, "Seest thou, Prexaspes, yonder slender palm, A mere wan shadow quivering in the light, Topped by a ghostly leaf-crown? Prithee, now, Can this, thy famous Bactrian, standing here, Cleave with his shaft a hand's-breadth marked thereon." To which Prexaspes answered, "Nay, my lord; I spake of feats compassed by mortal skill, Not of gods' prowess." Unto whom, the king:-"And if myself, Prexaspes, made essay, Think'st thou, wise counselor, I too should fail?" "Needs must I, sire,"—albeit the courtier's voice Trembled, and some dark prescience bade him pause,— "Needs must I hold such cunning more than man's; And for the rest, I pray thy pardon, King, But yester-eve, amid the feast and dance, Thou tarriedst with the beakers over-long."

The thick, wild, treacherous eyebrows of the King, That looked a sheltering ambush for ill thoughts Waxing to manhood of malignant acts,—
These treacherous eyebrows, pent-house fashion, closed O'er the black orbits of his fiery eyes,—
Which, clouded thus, but flashed a deadlier gleam On all before him: suddenly as fire
Half-choked and smouldering in its own dense smoke,
Bursts into roaring radiance and swift flame,
Touched by keen breaths of liberating wind,—
So now Cambyses' eyes a stormy joy
Stormily filled; for on Prexaspes' son,
His first-born son, they lingered,—a fair boy

(Midmost his fellow-pages flushed with sport), Who, in his office of King's cup-bearer,—
So gracious and so sweet were all his ways,—
Had even the captious sovereign seemed to please; While for the court, the reckless, reveling court, They loved him one and all:
"Go," said Cambyses now, his voice a hiss, Poisonous and low, "go, bind my dainty page To youder palm-tree; bind him fast and sure, So that no finger stirreth; which being done, Fetch me, Prexaspes, the Macrobian bow."

Thus ordered, thus accomplished:—fast they bound The innocent child, the while that mammoth bow, Brought by the spies from Ethiopian camps, Lay in the King's hand; slowly, sternly up, He reared it to the level of his sight, Reared, and bent back its oaken massiveness Till the vast muscles, tough as grapevines, bulged From naked arm and shoulder, and the horns Of the fierce weapon groaning, almost met, When, with one lowering glance askance at him—His doubting satrap,—the King coolly said, "Prexaspes, look, my aim is at the heart!"

Then came the sharp twang, and the deadly whirr Of the loosed arrow, followed by the dull, Drear echo of a bolt that smites its mark; And those of keenest vision shook to see The fair child fallen forward across his bonds, With all his limbs a-quivering. Quoth the King, Clapping Prexaspes' shoulder, as in glee, "Go thou, and tell me how that shaft hath sped!"

Forward the wretched father, step by step, Crept, as one creeps whom black Hadéan dreams, Visions of fate and fear unutterable, Draw, tranced and rigid, towards some definite goal Of horror; thus he went, and thus he saw What never in the noontide or the night, Awake or sleeping, idle or in toil, 'Neath the wild forest or the perfumed lamps Of palaces, shall leave his stricken sight Unblasted, or his spirit purged of woe.

Prexaspes saw, yet lived; saw, and returned Where still environed by his dissolute court, Cambyses leaned, half-scornful, on his bow: The old man's face was riven, and white as death; But making meek obeisance to his King, He smiled (ah, such a smile!) and feebly said, "What am I, mighty master, what am I,

That I durst question my lord's strength and skill? His arrows are like arrows of the god, Egyptian Horus,—and for proof, but now, I felt a child's heart (once the child was mine, "Tis my lord's now, and Death's), all mute and still, Pierced by his shaft, and cloven, ye gods! in twain."

Then laughed the great King loudly, till his beard Quivered, and all his stalwart body shook With merriment; but when his mirth was calmed, "Thou art forgiven," said he, "forgiven, old man; Only when next these Persian dogs shall call Cambyses drunkard, rise, Prexaspes, rise! And tell them how, and to what purpose, once,—Once, on a morn which followed hot and wan A night of monstrous revel and debauch,—Cambyses bent this huge Macrobian bow."

THE WIDOW'S LIGHT.—AUGUSTA MOORE.

A BALLAD OF THE SANDS.

Over the ribs of the salt sea sand, Far, far out from the sheltered land, Feet uncovered and free of limb, Danced she into the sea-mist dim; Angela Rainor, the widow's light, The lone, bright star in a heavy night.

Over the sands, with a wild, sweet song, Light as a beach-bird, she skimmed along, Seeking for shells that were left behind When the tide went out; and in hope to find Scallops and crabs, and some razor-fish, To make for her mother a savory dish.

"I'm a long way out," said the little maid;
"But then I'm never the least afraid;
At any time I can hurry back,
I can find the shore by my own plain track.
Oh! but 'tis nice to be out by the sea!
A mermaid how I would love to be;
To dart, with the fishes, up and down,
To frolic and caper, but never drown."

"Hillo! small messmate," called Uncle Jim, The whaler, just from a glorious swim Out by the breakers not far away, "What luck, Sand Piper, in fishing to-day?" "Basket brimful, sir, and there it stands," She pointed back o'er the misty sands; Dimly he saw it, safe and high, On a lofty rock that was always dry.

"Good! little messmate. But don't stay long, The tide will be turning and setting in strong. I heard the sea-witches out there in the spray Tell how they were brewing a tough storm to-day."

"I'm going soon, sir." Her brown hand she kissed With the grace of a princess, and vanished in mist. He heard in the waters the splash of her feet, And as he went shoreward her voice, faintly sweet, Came back on the wind that blew inland the foam, "Yes, yes, I am going, I'm soon going home. But not just this minute," thus low to herself, Playing "catch" with the waves, sang the beautiful elf. "Go home, Captain Jim, but be sure you don't tell That you found me so near where the loud breakers sweil."

The tiny waves rolled as in play o'er her feet, And upward they leaped as if trying to meet The touch of her hand. Then they broke on the strand, Each one just a little way nearer the land. How happy the child! how intent on her play! Till a sudden rough wave dashed her over with spray. Then startled, she listened. None reared on the shore That knows not too well what is meant by that roar, "I must run for my basket and hurry to land." Oh! where was the rock? where the tracks in the sand? Fast over her gathered the mists more and more, And louder and nearer that terrible roar; The breakers were booming and bellowing near, And blinded by spray, she was fainting with fear. "Oh, mother!" she cried in her anguish and pain, "My mother! I never shall see you again. My basket, all filled for your sake, will be found; But, O my dear mother, your child will be drowned."

Wide on the waves spread her long locks of gold,—
To sad widow Rainor a treasure untold,—
And the hungry salt billows that swayed her hair,
Dashed foam on the lovely face lifted in prayer,
As Angela, standing breast-high in the flood,
Stretching out her small arms raised her cry unto God:
"Mother says that you love me, Lord Jesus, O come!
And over the stormy waves carry me home."

Now brave Captain Jim, when he heard the waves roar, Crowded all sail, so he said, for the shore,

To see if the moorings of gay "Susan Jane" Were able to stand the unusual strain. The gay Susan Jane was his joy and his pride, A beautiful yacht, and the captain's sole bride. "I think I will wait for Sand Piper," said he; "A woman worth having I reckon she'll be. My eyes!" he said earnestly, "how she can sing! I'm glad she's safe under her good mother's wing-God a' mercy!" he shouted in sudden affright, While chattered his teeth, and his brown face grew white. As something was flung by the waves at his feet, With seaweed and grass for its wet winding-sheet; With seaweed and grass in its long, clinging hair, It was cast at his feet as if left in his care. Great sobs from his breast told how grievous his pain, And tears down his sun-burned cheeks rushed like the rain. The sea-grass he brushed from the still form away, And tenderly wiped from the fair face the spray. "My poor little messmate," he chokingly said, "I thought you with mother, and here you lie dead."

As Angela bearing, he turned from the shore, How clearly his heart heard her sweet voice once more, From far o'er the sea the glad strain seemed to come— "Yes, yes, I am going, I'm soon going home!"

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower;
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from the maiden bower.

Clouds there are none in the fair summer sky; Sunshine flings benison down from on high; Children sing loud, as the train moves along, "Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Kuell out drearily,
Measured and wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray;
Priests chanting lowly,
Solemnly, slowly
Passeth the corse from the portal to-day.

Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall, Dripping all over the plume and the pall; Murmur old folk, as the train moves along, "Blessed the dead that the rain raineth on." Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.

Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach, Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach; Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom, Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day;
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sadness,
Bridal and burial have passed away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife; Tell us that death ever leadeth to life; Life is our labor, and death is our rest, If happy the living, the dead are the blest.

MERIKY'S CONVERSION.—Julia Pickering.

THE OLD TIME RELIGION.

BROTHER SIMON.—I say, brover Horace, I hearn you give Meriky the terriblest beating las' nite. What you and she hab a fallin' out about?

BROTHER HORACE.—Well, brover Simon, you knows yourse'f, I never has no dejection to splanifying how I rules my folks at home, and stablishes order dar when it's pintedly needed, and 'fore gracious! I leab you to say distime ef 'twan't needed, and dat pow'ful bad.

You see, I'se allers been a plain, straight-sided nigger, an' hain't never had no use for new fandangles, let it be what it mout; 'ligion, polytix, business—don't keer what.—Ole Horace say: De ole way am de bes' way, an' you fellers dat's all runnin' teetotleum crazy 'bout ebery new jim-crack dat's started, better jes' stay whar you is, an' let them things alone. But they won't do it, no 'mount of preaching won't sarve um. And that is jes' at this partickeler p'int dat Meriky

got dat dressin'. She done been off to Richmun Town 2 livin' in sarvice dar dis las' winter, and Saturday a week ago she comed home to make a visit. Well, dat was all good enough. Course we was all glad to see our darter. But you b'l'eve dat gal hadn't turned stark bodily naked fool? Yes, sir: she wa'n't no more like de Meriky dat went away jes' a few munts ago, dan chalk's like cheese. Dar she come in. wid her close pinned tight enuff to hinder her from settin', and her ha'r a-danglin' right in her eyes jes' for all de worl' like a sheep a-looking fru a brush-pile, and you think she haint forgot how to talk? She jes' rolled up her eyes ebery oder word and fanned and talked like she spected to die de nex' bref. She'd toss dat mush-head ob hern and talk proper as two dixunarys. 'Stead ob she callin' ob me "Daddy," and her mudder "Mammy," she say, "Par and Mar, how can you bear to live in setch a one-hoss town as this? Oh! I think I should die." I ies' stared at that girl till I make her out, an' says I to myself, "It's got to come," but I don't say nothin' to nobody 'bout it-all de same I know it had to come fus' as las'. Well, I jes' let her hab more rope, as de sayin' is, tell she got whar I 'cluded was 'bout de end ob her tedder. Dat were on last Sunday mornin', when she went to meetin' in sich a rig, a-puttin' on a'rs, tell she couldn't keep a straight track. When she comed home she brung kumpny wid her, and, ob course, I couldn't do nuthin' then; but, I jes' kept my ears open, an' ef dat gal didn't disqualify me dat day, you can have my hat. Bime-by dey all gits to talkin' 'bout 'ligion and de chu'ches, and den one young fellow, he step up, an' says he, "Miss Meriky, give us your 'pinion 'bout de matter?" Wid dat she flung up her head proud as de Queen Victory, an' says she, "I takes no intelligence in sich matters; dey is all too common for me. Baptisses is a foot or two below my grade. I tends de Pisclopian chu'ch whar I resides, an' 'spects to jine dat one de nex' anniversary ob de bishop. Oh! dey does ebery thing so lovely, and in so much style. I declar', nobody but common folks in de city goes to de Baptiss chu'ch. It made me sick at my stomick to see so much shoutin' and groanin' dis mornin', 'tis so ungenteel wid us to make so much sarcumlocutions in meetin'."

And thar she went on a giratin' 'bout de preacher a-comin' out in a white shirt, and den a-runnin' back and gittin' on a black one, and de people a-jumpin' up and a-jawin' ob de preacher outen a book, and a-bowin' ob dey heads, and a-sayin' ob long rigamaroles o' stuff, tell my head fa'rly buzzed, and I were dat mad at de gal I jes' couldn't see nuffin in dat room. Well, I jes' waited tell the kumpny riz to go, and den I steps up, and, says I, "Young folks, you needn't let what Meriky told you 'bout dat chu'ch put no change inter you. She's sorter out ob her right mine now, but de nex' time you comes, she'll be all right on dat and seberal oder subjicks;" and den dey stared at Meriky mighty hard, and goes away.

Well, I jes' walks up to her and I says, "Darter," says 1, "what chu'ch are dat you say you gwine to jine?"—and, says she, very prompt like, "De Pisclopian, Par," and says I, "Meriky, I'se mighty consarned 'bout you, kase I knows your mine aint right, and I shall jis' hab to bring you 'roun' de shortest way possible." So I retch me a fine bunch ob hick'ries I done prepared for dat 'casion. And den she jumped up, and says she, "What make you think I loss my senses?" "Bekase, darter, you done forgot how to walk, and to talk, and dem is sure signs," and wid dat I jes' let in on her, tell I 'stonished her 'siderably. 'Fore I were done wid her she got ober dem dyin' a'rs and jumped as high as a hoppergrass. Bime-by she 'gins to holler, "Oh, Lordy! daddy! daddy! don't give me no more!" And, says I, "You're improvin', dat's a fac'—done got your nat'ral voice back. What chu'ch does you 'long to, Meriky?" And says she, a-cryin', "I don't 'long to none, Par."

Well, I gib her anodder lettle tetch, and says I, "What chu'ch does you 'long to, darter?" and, says she, all choked like, "I doesn't 'long to none." Den I jes make dem hick'ries ring for 'bout five minutes, and den I say, "What chu'ch you 'long to now, Meriky?" And says she, fa'rly shoutin', "Baptiss, I'se a deep-water Baptiss." "Bery good," says I, "you don't 'spect to hab your name tuck offen dem chu'ch books?" And says she, "No, sar; I allus did despise dem stuck up Pisclopians; dey ain't got no 'ligiou nohow."

Brover Simon, you never see a gal so holpen by a good

genteel thrashin' in all your days. I boun' she won't never stick her nose in dem new fandangle chu'ches no more. Why, she jes' walks as straight dis morning, and looks as peart as a sunflower. I'll lay a tenpence she'll be a-singin' before night dat good old hymn she usened to be so fond ob. You knows, brover Simon, how de words run:

"Baptis', Baptis' is my name,
My name's written on high;
'Spects to lib an' die de same,
My name's written on high."

Brother Simon.—Yes, dat she will, I be boun'; ef I does say it, brover Horace, you beats any man on chu'ch gubernment an' family displinement ob anybody I ever has seen.

BROTHER HORACE.—Well, brover, I does my bes'. You mus' pray for me, so dat my hands may be strengthened. Dey feels mighty weak after dat conversion I give dat Meriky las' night.

HEROES OF THE MINES .-- I. EDGAR JONES.

'Mid many strangely thrilling tales
That time to a wondering world consigns,
Is one from the rock-rent hills of Wales;
Where men, down deep in its dark coal mine;
Were there enclosed by the fire-damp's shock,
Imprisoned fast in the fearful gloom;
While countless tons of the ruptured rock
Confined them there in a living tomb.

Grouped overhead were the weeping wives,
And men with faces stern and still,
Who sadly thought of the hundred lives
That death had claimed in the trembling hill;
Or watched, impatient, the curling smoke
That rose from the burning mine below;
And the roaring flames, that raged and broke
Like the waves of hell in their crimson flow.

Long hours they waited, then work began—With a fierce desire to seek their dead;
And no one shrank from the risk he ran,
But hearts were heavy with grief, as lead.
And they vainly hoped that a chosen few,
In the chambers somewhere beneath the ground,
Had refuge sought, and perhaps lived through,
And 'scaped the fate that the rest had found.

They fiercely labored through many days,
Nor paused to rest in the darksome night,
And slowly opened the cumbered ways,
Where many a bloody and ghastly sight
They met, in working and toiling by;
And mangled corpses were sent above,
Where hillsides echoed the anguished cry
Of some poor creature's despairing love.

But on they went; for they found not all,
Though hundreds lay in the grasp of death—
And hourly listened to catch the call
Of some poor wretch with expiring breath,
Who might have lived in a rock-hewn grave,
To hear the rapid but deadened sound
That told him comrades had sought to save,
And wrest its prey from the flinty ground.

When, sudden, a sound the stillness broke,
As the sound of waters far away;
While each arrested his falling stroke.
No frozen statues as still as they
Who looked and listened in rapt surprise
To the shivering echoes, low and long,
While through the caverns fall and rise
The solemn chant of a sacred song.

A song that all, in their native tongue,
Had listened to on their mother's breast,
And heard in trembling accents sung
When friends were laid in the grave to rest;
A hymn so old, as to form a part
Of the oldest legends the Welshmen knew,
To cling to their inmost soul and heart,
As the old home anthems ever do:

"In the deep and angry billows
None can raise my sinking head
But my fond and faithful Saviour,
Who hath lived and died instead.
Friend of friends in death's dark river,
Firm support upon the wave,
Seeing him I sing contented
Though death's waters round me rave."

Thus distant voices sang the song,
Afaint with fasting but not with fears;
For the brave old miners' hearts were strong;
While listening comrades heard with tears
The notes that the prisoned miners sang,
Who knew not yet that help drew nigh,
Till the dismal death-traps echoes rang
With the fearless faith that dared to die;

To the Christian's glad, triumphant strain,
That looked with trust to an awful death;
That proudly conquered despair and pain,
And sang sweet songs with the latest breath.
No higher heroes in ancient days,

Who proudly figure in glorious tales,

Had higher claims to the hero's praise

Than these rough men in the mines of Wales.

Then the seeking miners bent their powers
Till the sturdy strokes fell thick and fast,
And working bravely a few short hours,
They rescued the little band at last;
But some were discovered, alas, too late;
While those surviving the bitter fright
Bore such dread marks of their cruel fate
That strong men wept at the woeful sight.

For hunger's clutches had marked each face With the sign of suffering branded deep, And the lines that pain's sharp pencils trace On the forms that such dread vigils keep. 'Tis a simple story, sad but true,

Of the humble heroes, rough and brave, Who sang a grand old anthem through In the gloomy depth of a living grave— One of the sadly simple tales Of life and death in the mines of Wales.

THE WOODLAND LESSON, -- ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Not a sound through the forest's deep silence was heard, Save a rustle of leaves that a zephyr had stirred, And this song warbled clear by the voice of a bird,

I love you! I love you!

And another bird perched on a hazel-bough nigh, In each pause of the song caroled forth this reply,

Show it! Show it!
One silvery-voiced songster untiringly sang
I love you,

And still like an echo the forest aisles rang Show it.

The summer day over, the sun sank to rest
Behind the green hill-tops that skirted the West,
And still from the tree that embowered their nest,
I love you! I love you!

Fell in clear, flute-like notes on the listening ear, And in accents as soft, as melodious and clear, Show it! Show it! One sang of affection, frank, ardent, and bold, I love you; One ever asked proof of the story thus told, Show it.

The last level beams lay like gold on the hill, A many-voiced choir woke the echo so still, Yet o'er the wild chorus rose high, loud, and shrill, I love you! I love you!

And as musical, clear, as wild and as high, Was borne on the air with the zephyr's low sigh, Show it! Show it!

One loudly repeating that often told tale, I love you;

One pleading to know that its truth would not fail, Show it.

The shadows grew deep in each lone forest nook,
The forest's green robes in the night breezes shook,
And each woodland songster his anthem forsook.
I love you! I love you!

Came floating no more through the twilight so fair, Nor responsive was borne on the soft summer air, Show it! Show it!

But a twittering sound by slumber half hushed,
I love you.

I love you, Woke as drowsy a chirp from the thick hazel-bush, Show it.

SHAKSPEARE.-GEORGE S. BRYAN.

The poet thus shut out from the busy world—denied a part, or having no proper part, in the great drama of life, like Shakspeare—with sympathies wide as creation, and sensibility deep as old ocean, and susceptible to all objects of universal nature as its watery mirror—becomes its painter and dramatist, and reveals the heart of man, for all time, to his fellows.

In opening his works—the Bible of nature—the eye meets his gentle countenance. Open it is and placid as some summer's sea, but it bears no painful trace of passion, no deep line of thought; it smiles upon us as if its quiet surface had never been swept by a storm of feeling, and its tranquil depths never agitated by the tumults of emotion. Its

smooth mask makes no revelation. And when, passing from his portrait, we turn over his pages, we seem not to be conversing with an individual mind, or to come in contact with an individual character. The works of the god are before us, but they are so varied, and all so perfect, that they give no sign of their parent. The creator of this rich and boundless world is lost in his works; we cannot detect him, we cannot trace him.

We hear the passionate voice of Juliet; the gentle tones of Desdemona; the despairing wail of Ophelia; the freezing whispers of Lady Macbeth; the merry notes of Beatrice; the beguiling music of Antony; the savage cries of Shylock; the kindling utterances of Marcus Brutus; the jolly laugh of Falstaff; the devilish sneer of Iago; all voices of man or woman, witch or fairy, salute us. But which is the voice of Shakspeare? Like the principle of life, which is everywhere, but nowhere to be seen; which crowds the world with its ten thousand shapes of deformity and beauty, of terror, gladness, and glory; yet, is itself shrouded in impenetrable darkness,—the mystery of mysteries,—such is Shakspeare amidst his works,—he is everywhere and nowhere.

Mimic and painter of universal nature, he paints all characters with equal truth, and seemingly with equal relish. The wild and romantic love of Juliet: the saintly tenderness and meek devotion of Desdemona; the ambitious, worldly, licentious, yet weak and womanly passion of the Egyptian sorceress, find equal sympathy. Each has a perfect spell for him, and he is the proper soul of each. He bodies forth the sacred love of Desdemona, as if he were himself a saint, and had found in her a helpmate to his virtue; he decorates the girlish Juliet, he lavishes all virgin sweets and glories upon her, as if he were an ardent, dreaming boy, and she the very mistress of his soul and idol of his worship; and Cleopatra, the serpent of old Nile!—how does he dote upon her—how does he paint her to the very taste of flesh and blood-how does his imagination run riot, and teem like another Nile, with all the images of dissolving luxury and seductive beauty; and when he contemplates her, how like another Antony does he hang upon her, and drink in intoxication from her unchaste eyes! Who of these was, in truth, the mistress of Shakspeare's soul? Who shall tell us? For all his works disclose, Cleopatra may have had as much of his love and approbation as Juliet or Desdemona; and he was perfectly indifferent which of the three you might give your heart to, or whether you were saint or sinner—Romeo or Antony. He was content to paint, and happy alike, if Leonatus or Iachimo, Othello or Iago, were the sitters.

Which of these you might make the man of your counsel and the model of your life, was no concern of his. His sympathies were so universal that he seemed to have lost entirely his own individuality in the character of others, and, like the mocking-bird, to have had no song which could be recognized as his own. His distinctive self and the process of his thought alike lie hidden in a darkness as profound as the great womb of nature itself; and amidst the multitudinous and wondrous masquerade which he has, with wizard power, conjured up for your amusement, his form—the master of this princely revel—is not detected, and his face alone among the maskers remains crever masked.

YOUTHFUL EXPERIENCES.

Aunt Prue was a little particular, And I was a little gay, So, when she caught me doing things She thought were out of the way,

She'd drive me into a corner
With her questions cute and clear,
And sometimes, dodge or no dodge,
I couldn't keep quite clear.

At last I grew a big fellow—
A score of years or so.
I fell in love with a beauty;
Her name was Nettie Snow.

'Twas then Aunt Prue made manifest Her righteous Baptist ire; For Nettie sang first treble In the Unitarian choir. She told me all the awful texts
From Job to Revelation,
About the "unbelieving soul,"
And the "only sure salvation."

Then she thought the thing was settled Beyond a chance of doubt. But I hankered after Nettie, And this was what came about.

One day in hottest weather—
I won't forget it soon—
The Baptist meeting was over
Quite early that afternoon.

Aunt Prue heard a sound of music
That throbbed on the summer air,
So she stole in, softly, to listen
To the Unitarian choir.

Unconscious of any danger
I stood by Nettie's side—
My soul on her voice floating outward
Like a barge on a sunny tide.

And after the benediction
I lingered to see her home,
And loitered and talked and murmured
Till the stars began to come.

Then I hurried me home to supper;
Aunt Prue with a quiet air
Asked, "Tom, do you know who sings tenor
In the Unitarian choir?"

I thought perhaps some one had told her That I had been there that day, So I said, "It's a fellow that looks like me, But what's his name I can't say."

Said she, "That fellow that looks like you Must have borrowed your coat to wear," And she took from my tell-tale shoulder A long, bright, golden hair.

Well, I found Aunt Prue was worried, And so for a time I tried To give up all thoughts of Nettie— At least as my future bride.

But the old love was earnest and faithful,
I could not persuade it to die,
I wanted to see my treasure
Once more, just to say good-bye.

I went with Aunt Prue to the Baptist All day—good boy, you see— And when she was reading her hymn-book In the parlor after tea,

I did not wait for permission,
As you may well suppose,
But I took a bee-line through the meadow
On my way to Dr. Snow's.

And soon I peeped in at the window And who do you think was there? Why, my Cousin John was a-sitting As straight as a cob, in a chair.

His best Sunday meeting clothes on, He looked well enough, but then If some one had routed that fellow How glad I'd have said amen!

But Nettie, the blesséd angel,
Her face flushed pink with surprise.
I knew she was glad to see me
By the curious look in her eyes.

We chatted till John grew angry.

"I guess I'll be going," said he;
And I feared the old folks would scold her
For they liked him better than me.

So I said I'd go, too, and together We climbed the old meadow stile, And he said he had just concluded To go out West for awhile.

I tried to express my sorrow,
And wished I was going, too,
But I was religiously lying,
A fact which he very well knew.

Soon after he left us, the young folks
Were going to ride one day;
I wanted to go, and take Nettie,
So I studied and planned a way.

The morning came: I was shaving,
And Odin was cutting around;
A ten-year-old fuller of mischief
Than a church bell is full of sound.

I thought I must hear from Nettie, So I told him to go and see If she was getting ready, And be sure to call her he. For I was determined Aunt Prudence Should think I had gone with a man. "Oh, yes," said the good-natured monkey, "I'll go as fast as I can."

Off he went and was back in a jiffy.
I asked, "Well, what did he say?"
"He said he was almost ready.
He is glad it's a pleasant day."

"And what was he doing?" Aunt Prudence asked, With such a grave, innocent air, I knew my poor trick was discovered,

And I was angry enough to swear.

"He was, ah—he was, ma'am—he was, ah—"
I strangled myself with a cough.

"He was just putting on his new bonnet."
And the mischievous imp ran off.

I sank down, weak as a baby.
She'd up and tell grandsire, of course,
And then he would keep me from going
By fussing about the house.

I was sulkily thinking it over,
There was not a word to be said;
I hated myself so badly—
When a hand fell light on my head.

I looked up. Aunt Prue's eyes were smiling, "My foolish boy," said she,
"If you find that new bonnet becoming
You'd better ask him home to tea."

She knew that no creed or doctrine
Two loving young hearts could divide.
And now you'll want me to tell you
How fair Nettie looked as a bride!

Well, yes, she was married next spring-time.
Aunt Prue knows just how she was dressed;
And I was the bridegroom? Not any,
'Twas my Cousin John from the West!

SATAN AND THE GROG-SELLER.-W. H. BURLEIGH.

The grog-seller sat by his bar-room fire, With his feet as high as his head and higher, Watching the smoke as he puffed it out, That in spiral columns curled about, Veiling his face with its fleecy fold, As lazily up from his lips it rolled,

While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom Were slowly gathering within the room.

To their drunken slumbers, one by one, Foolish and fuddled, his friends had gone, To wake in the morn to the drunkard's pain, With a blood-shot eye and a whirling brain. Drowsily rung the watchman's cry, "Past two o'clock, and a cloudy sky," But our host sat wakeful still and shook His head, and winked with a knowing look.

"Ha, ha!" said he, with a chuckling tone,
"I know the way the thing is done!
Twice five are ten, and another V,
Two ones, two twos, and a ragged three,
Make twenty-four for my well-filled fob;
He! he! it was rather a good might's job;
Those fools have guzzled my brandy and wine,
Much good may it do them, the cash is mine."

He winked again with a knowing look, And from his cigar the ashes shook, "He! he! those fellows are in my net, I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet; There's Brown, what a jolly dog is he! And he swells the way that I like to see; Let him dash for awhile at this reckless rate, And his farm is mine as sure as fate.

"I've a mortgage now on Tompkins' lot,
What a fool he was to become a sot!
But it's luck to me; in a month or so
I shall foreclose and the scamp must go!
Zounds, won't his wife have a taking on,
When she hears that his house and lot are gone?
How she will blubber and sob and sigh!
But business is business, and what care I?

"And Gibson has murdered his child, they say;
He was drunk as a fool here yesterday,
And I gave him a hint, as I went to fill
His jug, but the brute would have his will,
And the folks blame me! why, bless their gizzards,
If I did not sell he would go to Izard's;
I've a right to engage in a lawful trade,
And take my chance where there's cash to be made.

"If men'll get drunk and go home to turn Their wives outdoors, 'tis their own concern; But I hate to have women coming to me, With this tweedle-dum and that tweedle-dee, With their swollen eyes and their haggard looks, And their speeches learned from temperance books; With their pale, lean children, whimpering fools, Why can't they go to the public schools?

"Let the hussies mind their own affairs,
For never have I interfered with theirs;
No customer will I turn away
Who is able to buy and willing to pay;
For business is business—Tee, he! Tee, he!"
And he rubbed his hands in his chuckling glee.
"Many a lark I have caught in my net,
I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet."

"Tee, he! Tee, he!" 'twas an echo'd sound; Amazed, the grog-seller looked around, This side and that through the smoke peered he, But nought but the chairs could the grog-seller see. "Ho, ho! He, he!" 'twas a guttural note, It seemed to have come from an iron throat, And his knees they shook and his hair 'gan to rise, And he opened his mouth and he strained his eyes.

And lo! in a corner dark and dim,
Sat an uncouth form, with an aspect grim;
From his grisly head, through his snaky hair,
Sprouted of hard rough horns a pair;
And fiercely those shaggy brows below,
Like sulphurous flame, did his green eyes glow,
And his lip was curled with a sinister smile,
And the smoke belched forth from his mouth the while,

In his hand he bore, if a hand it was,
Whose fingers were shaped like a vulture's claws,
A three-tined fork, and its prongs so dull
Through the sockets were thrust of a grinning skull.
Like a sceptre he waved it, to and fro,
As he softly chuckled "Ha, ha! Ho, ho!"
And all the while were his eyes, that burned
Like sulphurous flame, on the grog-seller turned.

And how did he feel beneath that look?
Why, his jaw fell down, and he shivered and shook,
And quivered and quaked in every limb,
As an ague fit had hold of him;
And his eyes to that monster grim were glued,
And his tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood.
But the fiend laughed on, "Ho, ho! He, he!"
And switched his tail in his quiet glee.

"Why, what do you fear, my friend?" he said, And nodded the horns of his grisly head;

"You're an ally of mine, and I love you well; In a very warm country, that men call hell, I hold my court, and I'm proud to say, That I've not a more faithful friend in pay Than you, dear sir, for a work of evil: Mayhap you don't know me, I'm called the Devil."

Like a galvanized corpse, so pale and wan, Up started instanter that horror-struck man. And he turned up the whites of his goggle eyes, With a look half terror and half surprise, And his tongue was loosed, but his words were few, "The Devil! you don't!" "Yes, faith, I do," Interrupted old Nick, "and here is the proof; Just look at my tail, and my horns, and my hoof."

As Satan bade, so the grog-seller did, Filling the vessel with gin to the lid, And when it boiled and bubbled o'er, The fiery draught to his guest he bore; Nick in a jiffy the liquor did quaff, And thanked his host with a guttural laugh; But faint and few were the smiles I ween That on the grog-seller's face were seen;

For a mortal fear had seized him then, And he deemed that the ways of living men He should tread no more, that his hour had come And his master, too, to call him home; Thought went back to the darkened past, And shrieks were heard on the wintry blast, And gliding before him, pale and dim, Were gibbering fiends and spectres grim.

"Ho, ho!" says Nick, "'tis a welcome cold You give to a friend so true and old, Who has been for years in your own employ, Running about like an errand boy; But we'll not fall out, for I clearly see That you're rather afraid, and 'tis strange, of me! Do you think I've come for you? never fear, You can't be spared for a long while here.

"There are hearts to break, there are souls to win From the ways of peace to the paths of sin; There are homes to be rendered desolate; There is trusting love to be changed to hate; There are hands that murder must crimson red; There are hopes to crush, there is blight to be shed Over the young and the pure and the fair, Till their lives are crushed by the fiend, despair.

"This is the work you have done so well, Cursing this earth and peopling hell; Quenching the light on the inner shrine Of the human soul, till you make it mine; Want and sorrow, disease and shame, And crimes that even I shudder to name, Dance and howl in their hellish glee, Around those spirits you've marked for me.

"Oh! selling of grog is a good device
To make a hell of a paradise;
Wherever may roll that fiery flood,
It is swollen with tears, it is stained with blood.
And the voice, that was heard just now in prayer,
With its muttered curses stirs the air.
And the hand that shielded the wife from ill,
In its drunken wrath is raised to kill.

"Hold on your course, you are filling up With the wine of the wrath of God your cup, And the fiends exult in their homes below, As you deepen the pangs of human wo; Long shall it be, if I have my way, Ere the night of death shall close your day; For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf, You rival, in mischief, the Devil himself."

No more said the fiend, for clear and high, Rang out on the air the watchman's cry. With a choking sob and a half-formed scream, The grog-seller woke—it was all a dream; His grisly guest with the horns had flown, The light was out and the fire was gone, And sad and silent his bed he sought, And long of that wondrous vision thought.

HOMEWARD.

The day dies slowly in the western sky;
The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerily
The goatherd calls his wanderers to their fold.
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged seagull takes its flight;
The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand;
The sunlit boats draw shoreward for the night;
The shadows deepen over sea and land;
Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;
Behold, one evening God shall lead thee home.

ANTONIO ORIBONI.—MARGARET J. PRESTON.

In gray Spielburg's dreary fortress buried from the light of day,

From the bounteous, liberal sunshine, and the prodigal breeze's play,—

Where no human sounds could reach him, save the mocking monotones

Of the sentinel whose footsteps trod the dismal court-yard stones—

Lay the young and knightly victim of the Austrian despot's law,

Worn with slow, consuming sickness, on his meagre bed of straw.

Oft he strove to press his forehead with his pallid hand in vain,—
For the wrist so thin and pulseless could not lift the bur-

dening chain:

Though his lips were parched to frenzy, while the quenchless fever raged,

They had halved the stint of water, lest his thirst might be

assuaged:
And because his morbid hunger loathed the mouldy food

they thrust

Through the gratings of his dungeon, they had even withheld the crust.

Snatched from country, home, and kindred, from his immemorial sky
Rich with summer's lavish leafage, they had flung him here

to die:

Not because through perjured witness they had stained his noble name,

Not because their jealous malice could adduce one deed of shame:—

But he learned to think that freedom was a guerdon cheaply bought

By the lives of slaughtered heroes and—he dared to speak the thought!

And for this,—for this they thrust him where no arm might reach to save,

And with youth's hot pulses throbbing, sunk him in a living grave:

Strove to stifle in a dungeon, under piled centurial stone, l'itan-thoughts whose heaving shoulders might upturn the tyrant's throne;

-Motherland! thou heard'st his groaning, and for every tear he poured,

Thou hast summoned forth a hero, armed with Freedom's vengeful sword!

Through the dragging years he wasted,—for the flesh will still succumb,

Though the inexorable spirit hold the lips sublimely dumb—And he yearned to clasp his brothers,—enter the old trellised door,—

Fall upon his mother's bosom,—kiss his father's hand once

more,

Till he murmured, as the vision swam before his feverish eye,—
"Oh, to hear their pitying voices break in blessings ere I die!

on, to hear their pitying voices break in blessings ere i die:

"Thou who shrank'st with human shrinking, even as I, and thrice didst pray,

If 'twere possible, the anguish from Thy lips might pass away—

Lift this maddening, torturing pressure, seal this struggling,

panting breath,—
Let Thy mercy cheat man's vengeance,—lead me out to

peace through death:

Rend aside this fleshy fastness, shiver this soul-cankering strife,

Turn the key, Thou Blessed Warder,—break the cruel bolt of life!"

In the deep and ghostly midnight, as the lonely captive lay Gasping in the silent darkness, longing for the dusk of day, Burst a flood of light celestial through the rayless prison cell,

And an angel hovering o'er him, touched his shackles—and

they fell;

And the wondering, tranced spirit, every thrall of bondage past.

Dropt the shattered chains that held it, and sprang upward,—freed at last.

"SOCKERY" SETTING A HEN.

MEESTER VERRIS: I see dot mosd efferpoty wrides something for de shicken pabers nowtays, and I tought praps meppe I can do dot, too, so I wride all apout vot dook blace mit me lasht summer; you know—oder uf you dond know, den I dells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, und von tay she sait to me, "Sockery" (dot is mein name), "vy dond you put some uf de aigs under dot olt plue hen shickens. I dinks she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "meppe, I guess I

vill." So I bicked oud some uf de best aigs, und dook um oud do de parn fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side of de haymow, poud fife six veet up. Now you see I nefer was ferry pig up and down, but I vas pooty pig all de vay around in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up till I vent und got a parrel do stant on. Vell, I klimet me en de parrel, und ven my hed rise up py de nesht, de olt hen she gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted olt parrel het preak, und I vent town kershlam.

Py cholly, I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel pefore, but dere I vas, und I fit so dite dot I koodn't git me oud efferway—my fest vas bushed vay up unter my armholes. Ven I fount I vos dite shtuck, I holler "Katrina! Katrina!" Und ven she koom and see me shtuck in de parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood und aigs, by cholly, she chust lait town on de hay und laft, und laft till I got so mat I sait, "Vot you lay dere und laf like a olt vool, eh? Vy dond you koom bull me oud?" Und she set up und sait, "Oh, vipe off your chin, und bull your fest down;" den she lait back und laft like she vood shplit herself more as ever.

Mat as I vas I tought to myself, Katrina, she sheak English pooty good; but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" Und she see dot I look pooty red, so she sait, "Of course I vill, Sockery." Den she lait me und de parrel town on our site, und I dook holt de door sill, und Katrina she bull on de parrel, but de first bull she mate I yellet, "Donner und blitzen, shtop dat, py golly; dere is nails in de parrel!" You see de nails bent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey schticks in me all de vay rount. Vell, to make a short shtory long, I told Katrina to go und dell naypor Hansman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off. Vell, he koom und he like to shplit himself mit laf, too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I git up mit half a parrel around my vaist. Den Katrina she say, "Sockery, vait a leetle tiil I get a battern of dot new oferskirt you haf on." But I didn't sait a vort, I shust got a nife oud und vittle de hoops off und shling dot confounted olt parrel in de voot pile.

Pimeby ven I koom in de house, Katrina she said, so soft like, "Sockery, dond you go in to put some aigs under dot olt plue hen?" den I sait, in my deepest voice, "Katrina, uff you effer say dot to me again I'll git a pill from you, so help me chiminy cracious!" Und I dell you she didn't say dot any more. Vell, ven I step on a parrel now, I dond step on it, I git a pox.

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.-MARY A. TOWNSEND.

Far up the lonely mountain side my wandering footsteps led;

The moss lay thick beneath my feet, the pine sighed overhead.

The trace of a dismantled fort lay in the forest nave, And in the shadow near my path I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed upon the lowly mound, The simple headboard, rudely writ, had rotted to the ground;

I raised it with a reverent hand, from dust its words to

clear

But time had blotted all but these—"A Georgia Volunteer!"

I saw the toad and scaly snake from tangled covert start, And hide themselves among the weeds above the dead man's heart;

But undisturbed, in sleep profound, unheeding, there he lay; His coffin but the mountain soil, his shroud Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll along the vale below, I saw the Alleghanies rise towards the realms of snow.

The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind—its leader's name—and then

I knew the sleeper had been one of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say—whose tongue will ever tell

What desolated hearths and hearts have been because he fell?

What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair, her hair which he held dear?

One lock of which, perchance, lies with the Georgia Volunteer!

What mother, with long watching eyes and white lips cold and dumb,

Waits with appalling patience for her darling boy to come? Her boy! whose mountain grave swells up but one of many a scar

Cut on the face of our fair land, by gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore, are all un known to fame;

Remember, on his lonely grave there is not e'en a name! That he fought well and bravely too, and held his country dear,

We know, else he had never been a Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps—what need to question now if he were wrong or right?

He knows, ere this, whose cause was just in God the Father's sight.

He wields no warlike weapons now, returns no foeman's thrust—

Who but a coward would revile an honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll, adown thy rocky glen, Above thee lies the grave of one of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Beneath the cedar and the pine, in solitude austere, Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies a Georgia Volunteer.

THE BACK-LOG; OR, UNCLE NED'S LITTLE GAME

INNES RANDOLPH.

It was a rule at Thornton Hall,
Unbroken from Colonial days,
That holiday at Christmas-tide
Was measured by the Christmas blaze;
For till the back-log burned in two,
The darkies on the place were free
To dance and laugh, and eat and drink,
And give themselves to jollity.
And mighty were the logs they brought,
Of weight that six stout men might bear
All gnarled and knotted, slow to burn:
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Old Ned had cut the log that year,
Old Ned, the fiddler, far renowned,
Who played at every country dance
That happened thirty miles around.
He cut the log; for days his face
Showed gleams of merriment and craft,

He often went behind the house

And leaned against the wall and laughed,
And called the other darkies round

And whispered to them in the ear,
And loud the ringing laughter broke:

For Christmas comes but once a year.

At twilight upon Christmas Eve
The log was borne on shoulders strong
Of men who marked their cadence steps
With music as they came along;
And Ned, with air of high command,
Came marching at the head of all,
As he had done for "thirty year,"
On Christmas Eve at Thornton Hall.
He led the chorus as they marched,
The voices ringing loud and clear
From lusty throats and happy hearts:
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Though briskly blazed at Christmas Eve
That fire with flames and embers bright,
Until the antique fireplace lit
The paneled walls with ruddy light—
Although the spacious chimney roared
Like woodlands in autumnal gales,
And lion andirons of bronze
Were red-hot in their manes and tails,
That back-log, incombustible,
Lay quite unkindled in the rear,
Or only slightly scorched and charred:
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Wide open swung the great hall door
Before the east was gray with dawn,
And sleighs with argosies of girls
Came jingling up across the lawn;
Came youths astride of prancing steeds,
Came cousins to the tenth remove,
With cousin greetings by the sweet
Lip services that cousins love.
The silver tankard went around
To every lip with brave good cheer,
According to the ancient rites:
For Christmas comes but once a year.

They feasted high at Thornton Hall,
The Christmas revel lasted long:
They danced the Old Virginia reels,
And chanted many a jovial song.
The old folk prosed, the young made tove:
They played the romps of olden days,

They told strange tales of ghost and witch,
While sitting round the chimney's blaze.
But though the pile of light-wood knots
Defied the frosty atmosphere,
The back-log still held bravely out:
For Christmas comes but once a year.

And at the quarters merry rang
The fiddle's scrape, the banjo's twang;
How rhythmic beat the happy feet!
How rollicsome the songs they sang!
No work at all for hands to do,
But work abundant for the jaws,
And good things plenty, smoking hot,
Made laughter come in great yaw-haws!
They frolicked early, frolicked late,
And freely flowed the grog, I fear,
According to the settled rule:
For Christmas comes but once a year.

So passed the merry Christmas week, And New Year's morning came and passed; The revel ceased, the guests went home, The back-log burned in two at last. And then old master sent for Ned, Still mellow with protracted grog, And asked him where in Satan's name He picked him out that fire-proof log: And Ned, with all that dignity That drink confers, contrived to speak, "I tuk and cut a black-gum log, And soaked it nine days in de creek. I fears it was a wickid thing, I'm feared to meet de oberseer; But den you mus' remember, sah, Dat Christmas comes but once a year."

MATT. F. WARD'S TRIAL FOR MURDER.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

Gentlemen, my task is done, the decision of this case—the fate of this prisoner—is in your hands. Guilty or innocent—life or death—whether the captive shall joyfully go free, or be consigned to a disgraceful and ignominious death—all depend on a few words from you. Is there anything in this world more like Omnipotence, more like the power of the Eternal, than that you now possess?

Yes, you are to decide; and, as I leave the case with you, I implore you to consider it well and mercifully before you pronounce a verdict of guilty,—a verdict which is to cut asunder all the tender cords that bind heart to heart, and to consign this young man, in the flower of his days and in the midst of his hopes, to shame and to death. Such a verdict must often come up in your recollections—must live forever in your minds.

And in after-days, when the wild voice of clamor that now fills the air is hushed, when memory shall review this busy scene, should her accusing voice tell you you have dealt hardly with a brother's life,—that you have sent him to death, when you have a doubt whether it is not your duty to restore him to life, oh, what a moment that must be! how like a cancer will that remembrance prey upon

your hearts!

But if, on the other hand, having rendered a contrary verdict, you feel that there should have been a conviction,—that sentiment will be easily satisfied; you will say, "If I erred, it was on the side of mercy; thank God I incurred no hazard by condemning a man I thought innocent." How different the memory from that which may come in any calm moment, by day or by night, knocking at the door of your hearts, and reminding you that in a case where you were doubtful, by your verdict you sent an innocent man to disgrace and to death! Oh, pronounce no such, I beseech you, but on the most certain, clear, and solid grounds! If you err, for your own sake, as well as his, keep on the side of humanity, and save him from so dishonorable a fate—preserve yourselves from so bitter a memory.

I am no advocate, gentlemen, of any criminal licentiousness,—I desire that society may be protected, that the laws of my country may be obeyed and enforced. Any other state of things I should deplore; but I have examined this case, I think, carefully and calmly; I see much to regret, much that I wish had never happened; but I see no evil intentions and motives, no wicked malignity, and, there-

fore, no murder-no felony.

There is another consideration of which we should not be unmindful. We are all conscious of the infirmities of our nature, we are all subject to them. The law makes an allowance for such infirmities. The Author of our being has been pleased to fashion us out of great and mighty elements, which make us but a little lower than the angels, but he has mingled in our composition, weakness and passions. Will He punish us for frailties which nature has stamped upon us, or for their necessary results? The distinction between these and acts that proceed from a wicked and malignant heart is founded on eternal justice, and in the words of the Psalmist, "He knoweth our frame—He remembereth that we are dust." Shall not the rule He has established be good enough for us to judge by?

Gentlemen, the case is closed. Again I ask you to consider it well before you pronounce a verdict which shall consign this prisoner to a grave of ignominy and dishonor. These are no idle words you have heard so often. This is your fellow-citizen—a youth of promise—the rose of his family—the possessor of all kind, and virtuous, and manly qualities. It is the blood of a Kentuckian you are called upon to shed. The blood that flows in his veins has come down from those noble pioneers who laid the foundations for the greatness and glory of our State; it is the blood of a race who have never spared it when demanded by their country's cause. It is his fate you are to decide. I excite no poor, unmanly sympathy—I appeal to no low, groveling spirit. He is a man—you are men—and I only want that sympathy which man can give to man.

I will not detain you longer. But you know, and it is right you should, the terrible suspense in which some of these hearts must beat during your absence. It is proper for you to consider this, for, in such a case, all the feelings of the mind and heart should sit in council together. Your duty is yet to be done; perform it as you are ready to answer for it, here and hereafter. Perform it calmly and dispassionately, remembering that vengeance can give no satisfaction to any human being. But if you exercise it in this case, it will spread black midnight and despair over many aching hearts. May the God of all mercy be with you in your deliberations, assist you in the performance of your duty, and teach you to judge your fellow-being as you hope to be judged hereafter!

A DOMESTIC TEMPEST.

Young people think were they wed they'd be free From life's petty trials—but list, and we'll see Whether bridegrooms are perfect as poets oft sing, And brides uncorrupted by earth's venomed sting. Behind the home curtain we'll silently peep, And rouse a young couple who quietly sleep.

"Ho, hum," says the gent, with a stretch and a yawn "Come, love, let's arise, it is long since the dawn; (So soundly I've slept, I'm as cross as two sticks) Come, darling, awake—'tis already past six."

The lovely companion starts up in surprise, Stares vaguely around as she opens her eyes: Again on her pillow disposes her head, And dreams of poor coffee and yellow-white bread.

"Come, Nellie, arouse--'tis your husband's desire That you should get up and kindle the fire."

"Indeed, Mr. Snooks, I shall do no such thing, I've ran long enough at the flap of your wing; And you know very well 'tis no duty of mine Such things to perform, and I'll gladly resign The office, and say, 'tis my ardent desire That you should get up and kindle the fire."

"Oh dear, what a fuss you do make o'er life's ills! I vow, dearest Nell, you're as odd as the hills; Come, do as I bid, like a dutiful wife—You know you are bound to obey me through life!"

"And you to protect me—hast done it? I ask; Say, when was the time that you lightened my task? Ah! little I thought when you made me your bride, Such sorrow and anguish this bosom should hide; I wish I had never been married—I do, At least, that I ne'er had been wedded to you; And I won't build the fire, so mind what I say, I can't, shan't, and will not, your mandates obey."

"Tut, tut, honored madam, beware how you toot, Or I'll show you what virtue exists in my boot; And bring to your vision a practical view Of ancient Petruchio taming a shrew."

"Well done, Mr. Snooks, you discourse like a man— Let all modern heroes award you the van! Bianca shall struggle with you, and not Kate, So, gentle Petruchio, list to your fate.

LLLLL*

You've insulted, abused me,—I've borne it for years. The world deems me happy, they see not my tears; My wrongs shall be published—the law I'll enforce, And justice shall grant me a bill of divorce; I'll not build your fire, if you have none to-day—Farewell, Mr. Snooks, I am going away."

"Ha, ha! my sweet beauty, you're spunky, I vow; How gracefully sits that dark frown on your brow! You speak like a woman,—a woman of sense, So do as you will, I shall make no defense, And when 'tis all settled, why, then I shall go And marry "sweet Bertha," my "old flame" you know But what shall be done with "our sweet little boy," The pride of its father, its fond mother's joy? Of course you'll not want him, he's so much like me, So, madam, I'll take him. Farewell—you are free!"

"Oh dear, Mr. Snooks, do you mean what you say?"

"Of course, Mrs. Snooks, what wonder, I pray? You care nothing for him, else why will you roam, And bring such disgrace on your kindred and home?"

"Dear husband, forgive me—you've melted my heart, I never once dreamed 'twas so wretched to part; I will build the fire, if you'll get me some shavings, And try to forget all my passionate ravings."

"Nay, nay, dearest Nell, I am burning with shame, "Tis I, only I, that am ever to blame. Were I less impulsive, our home were like heaven—I can't wait for my breakfast, 'tis now nearly seven. Good-by, love; remember you have your desire, And I for the future will kindle the fire."

Their confab is ended—the tempest is o'er, And Love's gentle day-star is beaming once more; So now, gentle reader, we'll bid them adieu, And should this dark picture unfold to your view A lesson whose teachings shall profit you aught, Not vain is the etching my labor hath wrought.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.—PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say, And seize the pleasures of the present day; "Live while you live," the Christian preacher cries, "And give to God each moment as it flies." Lord, in my view, let both united be;— I live to pleasure, while I live to thee.

JENNY DUNLEATH.-ALICE CARY.

Jenny Dunleath coming back to the town?
What! coming back here for good and for all?
Well, that's the last thing for Jenny to do,—
I'd go to the ends of the earth,—wouldn't you?
Before I'd come back! She'll be pushed to the wall.
Some slips, I can tell her, are never lived down,
And she ought to know it. It's really true,
You think, that she's coming? How dreadfully bold!
But one don't know what will be done, nowadays,
And Jenny was never the girl to be moved
By what the world said of her. What she approved,
She would do, in despite of its blame or its praise.

She ought to be wiser by this time—let's see; Why, sure as you live, she is forty years old! The day I was married she stood up with me, And my Kate is twenty: ah yes, it must be That Jenny is forty, at least—forty-three, It may be, or four. She was older, I know, A good deal, when she was my bridesmaid, than I, And that's twenty years, now, and longer, ago; So if she intends to come back and deny Her age, as 'tis likely she will, I can show The plain honest truth, by the age of my Kate, And I will, too! To see an old maid tell a lie Just to seem to be young, is a thing that I hate.

You thought we were friends? No, my dear, not at all? 'Tis true we were friendly, as friendliness goes, But one gets one's friends as one chooses one's clothes, And just as the fashion goes out, lets them fall. I will not deny we were often together About the time Jenny was in her high feather; And she was a beauty! No rose of the May Looked ever so lovely as she on the day I was married. She, somehow, could grace Whatever thing touched her. The knots of soft lace On her little white shoes,—the gay cap that half hid Her womanly forehead,—the bright hair that slid Like sunshine adown her bare shoulders,—the gauze That rippled about her sweet arms, just because 'Twas Jenny that wore it,—the flower in her belt,— No matter what color, 'twas fittest, you felt. If she sighed, if she smiled, if she played with her fan A sort of religious coquettishness ran Through it all,—a bewitching and wildering way, All tearfully tender and graciously gay.

If e'er you were foolish in word or in speech,
The approval she gave with her serious eyes
Would make your own foolishness seem to you wise;
So all from her magical presence, and each,
Went happy away: 'twas her art to confer
A self-love, that ended in your loving her.

And so she is coming back here! a mishap To her friends, if she have any friends, one would say; Well, well, she can't take her old place in the lap Of holiday fortune: her head must be gray; And those dazzling cheeks! I would just like to see How she looks, if I could, without her seeing me.

To think of the Jenny Dunleath that I knew, A dreary old maid, with nobody to love her,—
Her hair silver-white and no roof-tree above her,—
One ought to have pity upon her,—'tis true!
But I never liked her; in truth, I was glad
In my own secret heart when she came to her fall;
When praise of her meekness was ringing the loudest I always would say she was proud as the proudest;
That meekness was only a trick that she had,—
She was too proud to seem to be proud, that was all.

She stood up with me, I was saying: that day
Was the last of her going abroad for long years;
I never had seen her so bright and so gay,
Yet, spite of the lightness, I had my own fears
That all was not well with her: 'twas but her pride
Made her sing the old songs when they asked her to sing.
For when it was done with, and we were aside,
A look wan and weary came over her brow;
And still I can feel just as if it were now,
How she slipped up and down on my finger, the ring,
And so hid her face in my bosom and cried.

When the fiddlers were come, and young Archibald Mill Was dancing with Hetty, I saw how it was; Nor was I misled when she said she was ill, For the dews were not standing so thick on the grass As the drops on her cheeks. So you never have heard How she fell in disgrace with young Archibald! No? I won't be the first, then, to whisper a word,—Poor thing! if she only repent, let it go!

Let it go! let what go? My good madam, I pray, Whereof do I stand here accused? I would know,—I am Jenny Dunleath that you knew long ago, A dreary old maid, and unloved, as you say: God keep you, my sister, from knowing such woe!

Forty years old, madam, that I agree, The roses washed out of my cheeks by the tears; And counting my barren and desolate years By the bright little heads dropping over your knee, You look on my sorrow with scorn, it appears.

Well, smile, if you can, as you hold up in sight Your matronly honors, for all men to see; But I cannot discern, madam, what there can be To move your proud mirth, in the wildness of night Falling round me; no hearth for my coming alight,—No rosy-red cheeks at the windows for me.

My love is my shame,—in your love you are crowned,— But as we are women, our natures are one; By need of its nature, the dew and the sun Belong to the poorest, pale flower o' the ground. And think you that He who created the heart Has struck it all helpless and hopeless apart From these lesser works? Nay, I hold He has bound Our rights with our needs in so sacred a knot, We cannot undo them with any mere lie; Nay, more, my proud lady,—the love you have got May belong to another as dreary as I! You have all the world's recognition,—your bond,— But have you that better right, lying beyond— Agreement with conscience?—that sanction whereby You can live in the face of the cruelest scorns? Ay, set your bare bosom against the sharp thorns Of jealousy, hatred,—against all the harms Bad fortune can gather,—and say, With these arms About me, I stand here to live and to die! I take you to keep for my patron and saint, And you shall be bound by that sweetest constraint Of a liberty wide as the love that you give; And so to the glory of God we will live, Through health and through sickness, dear lover and friend, Through light and through darkness,—through all, to the end!

Let it go! Let what go? Make me answer, I pray. You were speaking just now of some terrible fall,—My love for young Archibald Mill,—is that all?
I loved him with all my young heart, as you say,—Nay, what is more, madam, I love him to-day,—My cheeks thin and wan, and my hair gray on gray! And so I am bold to come back to the town, In hope that at last I may lay my bones down, And have the green grasses blow over my face, Among the old hills where my love had its birth! If love were a trifle, the morning to grace, And fade when the night came, why, what were it worth?

He is married! and I am come hither too late? Your vision misleads you,—so pray you, untie That knot from your sweet brow,—I come here to die. And not to make moan for the chances of fate! I know that all love that is true is divine, And when this low incident, time, shall have sped, I know the desire of my soul shall be mine,—That, weary, or wounded, or dying, or dead, The end is secure, so I bear the estate—Despised of the world's favored women—and wait.

JOHN SMITH'S WILL.—B. P. SHILLABER.

Now, Mr. Smith, who had taken his leave,
Was a prudentish sort of a man;
He always said to prevent, not retrieve,
Was far the properest plan;
So, to hinder heart-burning and jealous hate,
And contending heirs make still,
Before he surrendered himself to fate
He prudently framed a will.
But he kept it shut from mortal look,
Nor could any define its tone;
To the favored to-be 'twas a close-sealed book,
As well as the destined-to-none.
So hope ran strong and hope ran high
In every degree of kin;
For virtues of Smith was breathed many a sigh,
But smiles were reserved for his tin.

Nor wife nor child On Smith had e'er smiled, To inherit the money for which he had toiled: And he'd no nearer kin than uncles or cousins— But these he had in numberless dozens. Now cold was his clay, And appointed the day When his will was to open in legal way; And the summons was put in the "Post," and all Of the "next of kin" were invited to call, To see what share to their lot would fall; And every heir Had assembled there From sea and land, and from everywhere: There was Smith from the plain, And Smith from the still,

And Smith from the main,
And Smith from the mill,
And Smith from the mountain,
And Smith from the mart,
And Smith from the fountain,
And Smith from the cart;
From the furthest off to the very near,
The Smiths all came the will to hear.

And they soberly sat In neighborly chat, Talking all about this and that. While the clock by the door Was watched more and more As the minute-hand neared the hour of four, The hour set when the opening seal Their joy or their chagrin would reveal. "Watch a pot and 'twill never boil," Hasten time—'tis an up-hill toil; Watch a clock for the hour to go-"Tis the weariest work a man can know; And thus as they watched their patience waned, Though not a voice of the mass complained, For they thought it wouldn't be prudent to show That they were aught anxious their doom to know.

Four struck at last, and, in eager array,
They gathered around an old man gray,
Who straightway out from its iron nook
Mr. Smith's very "last will" then took,
Nicely with black tape strongly tied,
With a huge black seal on either side.
The click of the shears, as the threads did part,
Went with a thrill to each waiting heart,
And then with anxious ear they hung
Upon every word from that old man's tongue.
His "soundness of mind"
And his creed were defined,
And then came the names to whom he was kind:

A cane to this,
And a box to that;
To one his dog,
Another his cat;
To this his buckles,
To that his hat;

Till, through the long list of legacies run,
The name of the heir was lighted upon:
When, in tones like the tones of a bell,
These were the words from his will that fell.—

"And further, I, John,
Have fixed upon,
To fill my place upon earth when I'm gone,—
John Smith the *tenth*, to be my heir,
My house to maintain and my honors to bear."

Now, here was a stew
To know what to do,
Or who the fortune had fallen to;
They couldn't tell, were they to be shot,
For fifteen Johns were then on the spot;
And which was the tenth with the prefix "John"
They were sadly at a loss to fix upon.
Then they argued the matter early and late,
But doubting grew with the growing debate.

And lawsuits gathered, and fees flew free, And juries tried it and couldn't agree, And fortunes were spent, till hope was gone, In finding who was the favored John! But they found instead that it wouldn't pay, And so in court they allowed it to lay, In the dust and rust of years piled away.

A century is it since Mr. Smith died, And his family name is scattered wide, And towns have arisen upon his broad land, Prosperity beaming on every hand; A factory hums o'er his old hearth-stone, But John Smith the *tenth one* was never known, And John Smith's will will in chancery be Till time is lost in eternity's sea.

A LONDON BEE STORY.—Quiz.

I had an improved back yard. I went through a seed store and bought a sample of everything that would grow in this climate. The result was a perfect tangle of flowers and things, from an overgrown sunflower to a forget-menot. Mrs. Bricktop is very proud of our garden, and while gushing over it the other morning, a happy thought worked its way under her back hair: "What a delightful thing it would be to have a hive of bees, and raise our own honey, as well as everything else!" I have always thought that woman inspired ever since she convinced me that I couldn't

do better than to marry her. This was an original, bold idea; a happy thought. I promised her a hive of bees, and went to business with a lighter heart, and firmer belief in the genuineness of home comforts and amusements.

I bought a hive of honey-bees and brought it home with me that very night. It was one of those patent hydrostatic, back-action hives, in which the bees have peculiar accommodations and all the modern improvements. It was a nice little hive, none of your old-fashioned barn-size affairs. It even had windows in it, so that the bees could look out and see what was going on, and enjoy themselves. Both myself and Mrs. B. were delighted; and before dark I arranged a stand for the hive in the garden, and opened the bay-windows so that the bees could take an early start and get to business by sunrise next morning. Mrs. B. called me honey several times during the evening; and such sweet dreams as we had!

We intended to be up early next morning to see how our little birds took to our flowers; but a good half-hour before we probably should have done so we were awakened by the unearthly yells of a cat. Mrs. B. leaped from her downy couch, exclaiming, "What can be the matter with our yellow Billy?" The yells of anguish convinced us that something more than ordinary was the matter with him, and so we hurried into our toilets. We rushed out into our back yard, and, oh, what a sight met our astonished gaze! The sight consisted of a yellow cat that appeared to be doing its best to make a pin-wheel of itself. He was rolling over and over in the grass, bounding up and down, anon darting through the bushes and foliage, standing on his head, and then trying to drive his tail into the ground, and all the while keeping up the most confounded yowling that was ever heard.

"The cat is mad," said Mrs. B., affrighted. "Why shouldn't he be? the bees are stinging him," said I, comprehending the trouble. Mrs. B. flew to the rescue of her cat, and the cat flew at her. So did the bees. One of them drove his drill into her nose, unother vaccinated her on the chin, while another began to lay out his work near her eye. Then she howled, and began to act almost as bad as the cat. It was quite an animated scene. She cried murder, and the

neighbors looked out from their back windows and cried out for the police, and asked where the fire was. This being a trifle too much, I threw a towel over my head and rushed to her rescue. In doing so, I ran over and knocked her down, trod upon the cat, and made matters no better. Mrs. B. is no child on a wrestle, and she soon had me under her, and was tenderly stamping down the garden-walk with my head, using my ears for handles. Then I yelled, and some of the bees came to her assistance, and stung me all over the face.

In the mean time the neighbors were shouting, and getting awfully excited over the show, while our servant, supposing us fighting, opened the basement door, and admitted a policeman, who at once proceeded to go between man and The bees hadn't got at Mrs. B.'s tongue yet, and she proceeded to show the policeman that I had abused her in the most shameful manner, and that I had bought a hive of bees on purpose to torment her into the grave. I tried to explain; but just then a bee stung the officer on the nose, and he understood it all in less than a minute. He got mad and actually lost his temper. He rubbed his nose and did some official cussing. But as this didn't help matters any, he drew his club and proceeded to demolish that patent bee-hive. The bees failed to recognize his badge of office, and just swarmed on him. They stung him wherever he had no clothing, and in some places where he did have it. Then he howled, and commenced acting after the manner of the cat and its mistress. He rolled on the ground for a moment, and then got up and made for the street, shouting Then the bees turned to the people who had climbed upon the fence to see the fun. Then they had some fun. Windows went down, and some of the neighbors acted as though they thought a twenty-inch shell was about to explode.

By this time a fire-engine had arrived, and a line of hose was taken through the house into the back yard. One of the hosemen asked where the fire was; but just then one of the bees bit him behind the ear, and he knew. They turned a stream upon that half-wrecked bee-hive, and began to "play away" with one hand and fight bees with the other. But

the water had the desired effect, and those bees were soon among the things that were. A terrible crowd had gathered in the mean time in front of the house, but a large portion of it followed the flying policeman, who was rubbing his affected parts, and making tracks for the station-house and a surgeon.

This little adventure somehow dampened our enthusiasm regarding the delight of making our own honey. During the next week we wore milk-and-water poultices pretty ardently, but not a word was said about honey; and now Mrs. B. has gone to stay a week with her mother, leaving me and the convalescent cat and the tickled neighbors to enjoy our own felicity.

OUR TRAVELED PARSON.-WILL CARLETON.

For twenty years and over our good parson had been toiling To chip the bad meat from our hearts, and keep the good from spoiling;

But finally he wilted down, and went to looking sickly, And the doctor said that something must be put up for him quickly.

So we kind of clubbed together, each according to his notion, And bought a circular ticket in the lands across the ocean; Wrapped some pocket money in it—what we thought would easy do him—

And appointed me committee-man to go and take it to him.

I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever, And told him 'twas decided that his flock and he should sever.

Then his eyes grew wide with wonder, and it seemed almost to blind 'em:

to blind 'em;
And some tears looked out o' window, with some others close behind 'em.

Then I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of deference, And he studied quite a little ere he got its proper reference; And then the tears that waited, great unmanageable creatures.

Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climbing down his features.

I wish you could ha' seen him, coming back all fresh and glowing,

His clothes so worn and seedy, and his face so fat and knowing;

I wish you could have heard him when he prayed for us who sent him,

And paid us back twice over all the money we had lent him.

Twas a feast to all believers, twas a blight on contradiction, To hear one just from Calvary talk about the crucifixion; Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they could doubt it,

To have a man who'd been there stand and tell them all about it.

Paul, maybe, beat our pastor in the Bible knots unraveling. And establishing new churches, but he couldn't touch him traveling,

Nor in his journeys pick up half the general information; But then he hadn't the railroads and the steamboat navigation.

And every foot of Scripture whose location used to stump us Was now regularly laid out, with the different points of compass.

When he undertook a picture, he quite natural would draw it:

He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if you saw it.

An' the way he chiseled Europe—oh, the way he scampered through it!

Not a mountain dodged his climbing, not a city but he knew it:

There wasn't any subject to explain in all creation, But he could go to Europe and bring back an illustration.

So we crowded out to hear him, much instructed and delighted;

'Twas a picture-show, a lecture, and a sermon, all united; And my wife would wipe her glasses, and serenely pet her Test'ment, And whisper, "That ere ticket was a very good investment."

Now, after six months' travel we were most of us all ready To settle down a little, so's to live more staid and steady; To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us, Using home-made faith more frequent; but the parson wouldn't let us.

To view the self-same scenery time and time again he'd call us.

Over rivers, plains, and mountains he would any minute haul us:

He slighted our home sorrows, and our spirits' aches and

To get the cargoes ready for his reg'lar Sunday sailings.

He would take us off a-touring in all spiritual weather, Till we at last got homesick like, and seasick altogether: And "I wish to all that's peaceful," said one free-expressioned brother,

"That the Lord had made one cont'nent, and then never

made another!"

Sometimes, indeed, he'd take us into sweet, familiar places, And pull along quite steady in the good old gospel traces; But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got

Whispering, "Oh, my goodness gracious! he's a-takin' to the

water!"

And it wasn't the same old comfort when he called around to see us:

On a branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to tree us; All unconcious of his error, he would sweetly patronize us, And with oft-repeated stories still endeavor to surprise us.

And the sinners got to laughing; and that fin'lly galled and stung us

To ask him, Would he kindly once more settle down among us?

Didn't he think that more home-produce would improve our souls' digestions?

They appointed me committee-man to go and ask the questions.

I found him in his garden, trim an' buoyant as a feather; He pressed my hand, exclaiming, "This is quite Italian weather;

How it 'minds me of the evenings when, your distant hearts caressing,

Upon my benefactors I invoked the heavenly blessing!"

went and told the brothers, "No, I cannot bear to grieve

He's so happy in his exile, it's the proper place to leave him. I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it; But I cannot take it from him: if you want to, go and do it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next Sunday to infold him.

And he looked so hurt and humbled that I knew some one had told him.

Subdued-like was his manner, and some tones were hardly vocal;

But every word he uttered was pre-eminently local.

The sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt who heard it.

'Twas a grief to see him hedge it, 'twas a pain to hear him word it;

"When I was in—" was, maybe, half a dozen times repeated, But that sentence seemed to scare him, and was always uncompleted.

As weeks went on, his old smile would occasionally brighten, But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began to whiten;

He would look off to the eastward with a listful, weary sighing,

And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was dying.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands smiling sad as if they knew us; The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us: Our parson had gone touring on a trip he'd long been

earning,

In that wonder-land whence tickets are not issued for returning.

O tender, good heart-shepherd! your sweet smiling lips, half-parted,

Told of scenery that burst on you just the minute that you started!

Could you preach once more among us, you might wander without fearing;

You could give us tales of glory we would never tire of hearing.

—Harper's Magazine.

DAISY'S FAITH.—JOANNA H. MATHEWS.

Down in de b'ight deen meadow,
De pitty daisies' home-Daisies dat are my namesakes,
Mamma has let me tome.
S'e said dat s'e tould see me
From her yoom window dere;
Besides, I know our Fader
Will teep me in His tare.

Oh! see how many daisies,— Daisies so white an' fair— I'll make a weaf for mamma, To wear upon her hair, An' den s'e'll loot so pitty— My darlin' own mamma!— An' tiss her 'ittle Daisy, An' s'ow it to papa.

One, two, fee, sits, an' 'leven,
Hundred an' eight an' nine;
I b'ieve dat's mos' enough now,
To make it pitty fine.
I wouldn't be af'aid here,
Mamma and Dod tan see,
I know dey would let nossin'
Tome near dat tould hurt ma.

De bweeze is soft an' toolin',
An' tosses up my turls;
I dess it tomes from heaven
To play wis 'ittle dirls.
De birdies sin' so sweetly;
To me dey seem to say:
"Don't be af'aid, dear Daisy,
Dod teeps oo all de day."

I'll make a ball for baby
Soon as dis weaf is done,
An' den I'll fow it at her—
Oh my, my fwead's all don'!
Well, den, I'll tate dis wibbon
Off of my old st'aw hat;
I sint mamma would let me;
I'll—oh, dear me! what's dat?

I sought I did hear somesin
Move in dat bus' tose by:
I'm not at all af'aid, dough;
Oh! no, indeed; not I!
Mamma—why, s'e's not lootin',
S'e's f'om de window don';
Den may be Dod is tired, too,
'Tause I 'taid here so lon'.

I dess I'll yun a 'ittle,
I b'ieve Dod wants me to;
He tant tate too much t'ouble,
I sint I'd better do,
An' tate my pitty f'owers,
An' 'tay wis mamma dear;
Dod is 'way up in heaven—
I would like some one near.

My daisies! dey are fallin';
My han's are s'atin' so—
Oh dear! de weaf is boten;
Don't tare! I want to do.
I know dere's somesin' live dere:
See, now! dere's two bid eyes
A lootin' yight stwaight at me—
Dod's 'way up in de sties.

Tan He tate tare of Daisy?

I see a deat, blat head
A tomin' foo de bus'es;
But den I'm not af'aid:
Only—I want my mamma—
I dess dat is a bear;
Bears eat up 'ittle chillens!
I wis' dat Dod was here!

Ow! ow! I tant help steamin';
Oh dear! I so af'aid!
Tome, mamma! Oh! tome twitly
To help oor 'ittle maid.
Dod has fordot oor Daisy;
Dat bear is tomin' fast—
Why! 'tis our dear old Yover
Tome home f'om town at last.

O Yover! dear ole dordy,
What made oo f'wight—well, no,
I'm not af'aid—for, Yover,
Dod tares for me, oo know;
He would let nossin' hurt me—
Dere's mamma lootin', too.
We'll mend dat weaf now, Yover,
Mamma will lite it so.

WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOES.

I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate be subject without being prejudiced against the crime. Al'

they have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the man struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds, on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the MMMMM

patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies; the father of crimes; the mother of all abominations; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.-JOHN G. SAXE.

This tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one, Is old; but the manner is wholly a new one. One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputation, Has told it before in a tedious narration; In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness, But which nobody reads on account of its dulness.

Young Peter Pyramus—I call him Peter, Not for the sake of the rhyme or the metre, But merely to make the name completer; For Peter lived in the olden times, And in one of the worst of pagan climes That flourish now in classical fame, Long before either noble or boor Had such a thing as a Christian name,—Young Peter, then, was a nice young beau As any young lady would wish to know; In years, I ween, he was rather green, That is to say, he was just eighteen,—A trifle too short, a shaving too lean, But "a nice young man" as ever was seen, And fit to dance with a May-day queen!

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
As ever ensnared the heart of an earl
In the magical trap of an auburn curl,—
A little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door
(They lived, in fact, on the very same floor,
With a wall between them and nothing more,
Those double dwellings were common of yore),
And they loved each other, the legends say,
In that very beautiful bountiful way

That every young maid and every young blade Are wont to do before they grow staid, And learn to love by the laws of trade. But (alackaday for the girl and boy!) A little impediment checked their joy, And gave them awhile the deepest annoy;—For some good reason, which history cloaks, The match didn't happen to please the old folks.

So Thisbe's father, and Peter's mother Began the young couple to worry and bother, And tried their innocent passion to smother By keeping the lovers from seeing each other! But who ever heard of a marriage deterred Or even deferred By any contrivance so very absurd As scolding the boy and caging the bird? Now Peter, who was not discouraged at all By obstacles such as the timid appall, Contrived to discover a hole in the wall, Which wasn't so thick but removing a brick Made a passage,—though rather provokingly small. Through this little chink the lover could greet her, And secrecy made their courting the sweeter, While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter, For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls, Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes!

Twas here that the lovers, intent upon love, Laid a nice little plot to meet at a spot
Near a mulberry-tree in a neighboring grove;
For the plan was all laid by the youth and the maid,
Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold enes,
To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.
In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,
The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,
The nulberry-tree impatient to find;
While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,
Strolled leisurely out, some minutes behind.

While waiting alone by the trysting tree, A terrible lion as e'er you set eye on Came roaring along quite horrid to see, And caused the young maiden in terror to flee (A lion's a creature whose regular trade is Blood,—and "a terrible thing among ladies"), And losing her veil as she ran from the wood, The monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter arriving, and seeing the veil All covered o'er and reeking with gore,

Turned, all of a sudden, exceedingly pale, And sat himself down to weep and to wail; For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter Made up his mind in very short metre, That Thisbe was dead and the lion had eat her! So, breathing a prayer, he determined to share The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost," And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost!

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau Lying dead by her veil (which she happened to know), She guessed in a moment the cause of his erring; And, seizing the knife that had taken his life, In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.

Young gentlemen!—pray recollect, if you please, Not to make appointments near mulberry-trees. Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head To be stabbing yourself till you know she is dead. Young ladies!—you shouldn't go strolling about When your anxious mammas don't know you are out; And remember that accidents often befall From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall!

THE FAR AWA LAN'.

Nae ane's wae worn and weary,
Nae ane gangs dark an' dreary
I' the far awa lan'.
Nae frien' frae frien' is pairted,
Nae chokin' tear is stairted,
Nae ane is broken-hairted,
I' the far awa lan'.

Nae bairns greet their deid mither, Like lammies i' could weather, I' the far awa lan'. Nae gude wife there will sicken, Nae strang man down be stricken, Nae sky in murk will thicken I' the far awa lan'.

The heights are crowned in simmer,
The burns i' gladness glimmer
I' the far awa lan'.
As birds rin till their nestie,
As to its dam ilk beastie,
We'll rin till God's own breastie
I' the far awa lan'.

KATE MALONEY .- DAGONET.

In the winter, when the snowdrift stood against the cabin

Kate Maloney, wife of Patrick, lay nigh dying on the floor,— Lay on rags and tattered garments, moaning out with feeble

"Knale beside me, Pat, my darlint; pray the Lord to give me death."

Patrick knelt him down beside her, took her thin and wasted hand,

Saying something to her softly that she scarce could understand.

"Let me save ye, O my honey! Only spake a single word, And I'll sell the golden secret where it's wanted to be heard.

"Sure it cuts my heart to see ye lyin' dyin' day by day, When it's food and warmth ye're wanting just to dhrive yer pains away.

There's a hundred golden guineas at my mercy if ye will— I) 9 ye know that Mickey Regan's in the hut upon the hill?"

Kate Maloney gripped her husband, then she looked him through and through;

' Pat Maloney, am I dhraming? Did I hear them words o'

vou?

Have I lived an honest woman, lovin' Ireland, God, and thee That now upon my death-bed ye should spake them words to me?

"Come ye here, ye tremblin' traitor; stand beside me now and swear

By yer soul and yer hereafther, while he lives ye will not

Whisper e'en a single letter o' brave Mickey Regan's name. Can't I die o' cold and hunger? Would ye have me die o' shame?

"Let the Saxon bloodhounds hunt him, let them show their filthy gold;

What's the poor boy done to hurt 'em? Killed a rascal rich and old,-

Shot an English thief who robbed us, grinding Irish peas ants down;

Raisin' rints to pay his wantons and his lackeys up in town.

"We are beasts, we Irish peasants, whom these Saxon tyrants spurn;

If ye hunt a beast too closely, and ye wound him, won't he turn?

Wasn't Regan's sister ruined by the blackguard lying dead, Who was paid his rint last Monday, not in silver, but in lead?"

Pat Maloney stood and listened, then he knelt and kissed his wife:

"Kiss me, darlint, and forgive me; sure, I thought to save your life;

And it's hard to see ye dyin' when the gold's within my reach,

I'll be lonely when ye're gone, dear—" here a whimper stopped his speech.

Late that night, when Kate was dozing, Pat crept cautiously away

From his cabin to the hovel where the hunted Regan lay; He was there—he heard him breathing; something whispered to him, "Go!

Go and claim the hundred guineas—Kate will never need to know."

He would plan some little story when he brought her food to eat,

He would say the priest had met him, and had sent her wine and meat.

No one passed their lonely cabin; Kate would lie and fancy still

Mick had slipped away in secret from the hut upon the hill.

Kate Maloney woke and missed him; guessed his errand there and then;

Raised her feeble voice and cursed him with the curse of God and men.

From her rags she slowly staggered, took her husband's loaded gun,

Crying, "God, I pray Thee, help me, ere the traitor's deed be done!"

All her limbs were weak with fever as she crawled across the floor;

But she writhed and struggled bravely till she reached the cabin door;

Thence she scanned the open country, for the moon was in its prime,

And she saw her husband running, and she thought, "there yet is time."

He had come from Regan's hiding, past the door, and now he went

By the pathway down the mountain, on his evil errand bent.

Once she called him, but he stopped not, neither gave he glance behind,

For her voice was weak and feeble, and it melted on the wind.

Then a sudden strength came to her, and she rose and followed fast,

Though her naked limbs were frozen by the bitter winter blast:

She had reached him very nearly when her new-born spirit fled.

"God has willed it!" cried the woman, then she shot the traitor dead!

From her bloodless lips, halt frozen, rose a whisper to the sky-

"I have saved his soul from treason; here, O Heaven, let me die.

Now no babe unborn shall curse him, nor his country loathe his name;

I have saved ye, O my husband, from a deed of deathless shame."

No one yet has guessed their story; Mickey Regan got away And across the kind Atlantic lives an honest man to-day; While in Galway still the peasants show the lonely mountain side

Where an Irishman was murdered and an Irishwoman died

OPPORTUNITY.

In harvest-time, when fields and woods
Outdazzle sunset's glow,
And scythes clang music through the land,
It is too late to sow.
Too late! too late!
It is too late to sow.

In wintry days, when weary earth
Lies cold in pulseless sleep,
With not a blossom on her shroud,
It is too late to reap.
Too late! too late!
It is too late to reap.

When blue-eyed violets are astir,
And new-born grasses creep,
And young birds chirp, then sow betimes,
And thou betimes shalt reap.
Then sow! then sow!
And thou betimes shalt reap.

DE PEN AND DE SWOARD.

Happening to pass through Mount V. about Christmas-time, I was invited by a friend to accompany him to the "Colored Debating Society." Your correspondent went. The object of the argument on that particular evening was the settlement at once and forever of the question, "Which am de mightiest, de pen or de swoard?"

Mr. Laukins said about as follows: "Mr. Chaarman, what's de use ob a swoard unless you's gwyne to waar? Who's hyar dat's gwine to waar? I isn't, Mr. Morehouse isn't, Mrs. Morehouse isn't, Mrs. Morehouse isn't, Mrs. Newsome isn't; I'll bet no feller wot speaks on de swoard side is any ideer ob gwyne to waar. Den what's de use ob de swoard? I don't tink dere's much show for argument in de matter."

Mr. Lewman said: "What's de use ob de pen 'less you knows how to write? How's dat? Dat's what I want's to know. Look at de chillun ob Isr'l-wasn't but one man in de whole crowd gwyne up from Egyp' to de Promis' Lan' cood write, an' he didn't write much. [A voice in the audience, "Wrote de ten comman'ments, anyhow, you bet." Cheers from the pen side.] Wrote 'em? wrote 'em? Not much; guess not; not on a stone, honey. Might p'r'aps cut 'em wid a chisel. Broke 'em all, anyhow, 'fore he got down de hill. Den when he cut a new set, de chillun ob Isr'l broke 'em all again. Say he did write 'em, what good was So his pen no 'count nohow. No, Saar. De swoard's what fotched 'em into de Promis' Lan', Saar. Why, Saar. it's rediculous. Tink, Saar, ob David a-cuttin' off Goliah's head wid a pen, Saar! De ideer's altogedder too 'posterous, Saar! De swoard, Saar, de swoard mus' win de argument."

Dr. Crane said: "I tink Mr. Lewman a leetle too fas'. He's a-speakin' ob de times in de dim pas', when de mind ob man was crude, an' de han' ob man was in de ruff state, an' not toned down to de refinement ob cibilized times. Dey wasn't educated up to de use ob de pen. Deir hans was only fit for de ruff use ob de swoard. Now, as de modern poet says, our swoards rust in deir cubbards, an' peas, sweet peas, covers de lan'. An' what has wrot a'll dis change? De pen. Do I take a swoard now to git me a peck ob sweet-

Laters, a pair ob chickens, a pair ob shoes? No, Saar. I jess take my pen an' write a order for 'em. Do I want money? I don't git it by de edge ob de swoard; I writes a check. I want a suit ob clothes, for instance—a stroke ob de pen, de mighty pen—de clothes is on de way. I's done."

Mr. Newsome said: "Wid all due 'spect to de learned gemman dat's jus' spoke, we mus' all agree dat for smooving tings off an' a levelin' tings down, dere's notting equals de swoard."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "I agrees entirely wid Mr. Newsome; an' in answer to what Dr. Crane says, I would jess ask what's de use ob drawin' a check unless you's got de money in de bank, or a-drawin' de order on de store unless de store truss you? S'pose de store do truss, ain't it easier to sen' a boy as to write a order? If you got no boy handy, telegraf. No use for a pen—not a bit. Who ebber heard ob Mr. Hill's pen? Nobody, Saar. But his swoard, Saar—de swoard ob ole Bunker Hill, Saar—is known to ebbery chile in de lan'. If it hadden bin for de swoard ob ole Bunker Hill, Saar, whaar'd we niggers be to-night, Saar? Whaar, Saar? Not hyar, Saar. In Georgia, Saar, or wuss, Saar. No cullud man, Saar, should ebber go back, Saar, on de swoard, Saar."

Mr. Hunnicut's remarks seemed to carry a good deal of weight with the audience. After speeches by a number of others, the subject was handed over to "the committee," who carried it out and "sot on it." In due time they returned with the following decision:

"De committee decide dat de swoard has de most pints an' de best backin', and dat de pen is de most beneficial, an' dat de whole ting is about a stan'-off."

-Harper's Drawer.

"MEMENTO MORI!"—HENRY PETERSON.

In radiant youth we walk among the flowers. The air is balm around us, and the earth Seems an abode for angels. All is bright And glad and beautiful, with song of birds, And musical sound of waters, flowing fast Over gay pebbles, and the infinite bush

Of the great heavens above, through which at times We seem to hear such music, as was heard When the glad stars of morning sang together, And all the sons of God shouted for jov,-Then comes the sudden thought, "Remember death!" And all the glory fades. We cannot die. And leave this wonderful world, that azure dome. This infinite of beauty,—and lie down, Cold, frozen, lifeless, in the dark, damp earth. Our whole flushed being, body and soul and spirit, Recoils as with a shock—as if some head, Fleshless and eyeless, suddenly at the feast, Had risen before our sight, and cried aloud, "Come hence with me!" and with its skeleton arm Had sought to clutch our robes, and drag us down, Down, down, from light, and all this sweet, grand world, To the dark, dreary horror of the tomb. We will not hear thee, Death! We will not hear Thy dull, sepulchral voice; nor will we see Thy ghastly, horrible face. Avaunt, thou fiend! With thy "Memento Mori!" Not to youth, Gay, gladsome youth, should come thy fearful front. Leave us to welcome thy stern forman, Life, And his sweet sister, Love, the starry-eyed, With the fair nymphs which follow in their train. And wreathe with roses all the walls of time.

We walk amid the fields in manhood's prime. Our grand deeds lie before us and around. In our firm hands we hold the guiding reins Of mighty plans—plans which shall make us tower Above our fellows; give us fame and gold. Fortune and power are ever to be gained By the bold heart and hand; a few more years, And the great game is won. "Remember death!" Says a still voice from out a just-dug grave. We shudder. Then we cry: "Avaunt thee, fiend! We have no time now to remember death! Our plans would perish—all our great emprise Would fall to pieces, shatter into dust. "Memento Mori!" Yes, but not just now. We cannot, will not die! Close up that grave! It pains our sight. Put that dull crape aside. This is the time for life, and not for death! Dread portent of the tomb, carry afar Thy face and form of ill! We will not go, And leave this mighty world, so grand, so fair, So full of wondrous deeds!—and lie down thus In poverty and weakness, where our hands Shall not have strength to push aside the worm,

The crawling worm, slow creeping up our face. No. gracious God! We cannot come to this! Not yes! not yet! Grant us our full of time!"

Again at eve we walk amid the fields. Our strength has failed us, and we pause to rest, And lean upon the gate, and watch the stars Flash faintly forth, as fade the western fires. How hallowed seems the night, when day is done, And toil is done, and silence settles down Upon the world, and all seems gathered in Beneath the wing of the eternal love! The hopes of youth—those gorgeous, glorious hopes—Where are they? Vanished, like the rainbow's light, Or the aurora's unsubstantial forms, Such as the pillared domes and porphyry towers The sunset builds with blocks of purple and of gold. And manhood's schemes, born of the ripened brain, Those plans by which we hoped to pluck the fruit Of wealth or fame, or win the heights of power,— Where now are they? Either not won, or else Found scarcely worth the winning, like a game Whose sole good seems the playing, not the stake; Merely the sports of children, nothing worth, Save as they strengthen body and mind, and build The being up for nobler future ends. What we have gained, whether we've won or lost, Is wisdom—teaching us that naught of earth Can satisfy the spirit, quench the thirst, The thirst divine, of the immortal soul. "Memento Mori!" Yes, O beautiful Death, Rapt now we think of thee. Behind thy mask-Thy ghastly, horrible mask—we see thy face, Thy glad, sweet face, beloved child of God! Thou messenger from heaven !-- so beautiful, That, wert thou not disguised, poor, suffering man Would love thee all too well, and seek thy lips Of sweetness, and would cling to thy soft robe, And would not be denied thy cool embrace, But rush uncalled to the vast realms of joy. "Memento Mori!" Ah! most beautiful Death. Think not that we who stand within the shade Of eventide can ever dread thy coming. Reason and faith, those two eyes of the soul, Have pierced thy mask, and seen thee as thou art, Blest guide to the immortals! Perfect love Casts out all fear. We wait thy guiding hand, To lead in God's good time from life to life, From earth to higher spheres of thought and deed. This fragile form may sink beneath the mould,—

Let dust melt back to dust—but the quick soul. Dissevered from the mortal, at thy touch Shall break its bonds, and mount on high with thee. There our lost youth awaits us. There, renewed. Our vanished manhood waits, and plumes its wing. There children, friends, the loved of long ago. Shall fly to greet us with wide-opened arms. There those who love us now shall also come, When this first harvest of the Lord is reaped. There we shall walk the hills of glory, breathe The pure, entrancing air; shall know no more The heart-ache, sorrow, tears, and blinding pain; Have fuller vision, work to nobler ends; With higher powers of feeling and of thought; Ascending thus from heavenly mount to mount, According to the great design of God.

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

A paragraph recently appeared in the New York Sun announcing the death of John Fitzpatrick, one of the Light Brigade, who died of starvation in England. He had received a pension of sixpence a day, which, however, was withdrawn several years ago, and he endeavored to eke out a miserable existence by riding in circus pageants. Old age and disease had unfitted him for this or any other work; the only refuge for the disabled soldier was the workhouse, from which he shrank in horror. The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Died of starvation, and the case is a disgrace to the War Office."

Speed the news; speed the news!
Speed the news onward!
"Died of starvation," one
Of the Six Hundred:
One who his part had played
Well in the Light Brigade,
Rode with six hundred.

Food to the right of him,
Food to the left of him,
Food all around, yet
The veteran hungered;
He, who through shot and shell
Fearlessly rode, and well,
And when the word was "Charge,"
Shrank not nor lingered.

"Off to the workhouse, you!"
Back in dismay he drew,—
Feeling he never knew
When cannon thundered.
His not to plead or sigh,
His but to starve and die,

And to a pauper's grave Sink with a soul as brave As through the vale of death Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed a proud spirit there, Up through the man's despair, Shaming the servile there, Scaring the timid, while

Sordid souls wondered;
Then turned to face his fate
Calmly, with a soul as great
As when through shot and shell
He rode with six hundred!
With high hope elate,

Laughing in face of fate—
Rode with six hundred.

Hunger his mate by day,
Sunday and working day,
Winter and summer day—
Shame on the nation!
Struggling with might and main,
Smit with disease and pain,
He, in Victoria's reign,
"Died of starvation."

While yet the land with pride
Tells of the headlong ride
Of the Six Hundred;
While yet the welkin rings,
While yet the laureate sings,
"Some one has blundered;
Let us with bated breath
Tell how one starved to death—
Of the Six Hundred.

What can that bosom hide?
Oh the dread death he died!
Well may men wonder—
One of the Light Brigade,
One who that charge had made,
Died of sheer hunger.

MY MULE.—THEODORE CROWL.

I own a mule. It is the first mule I ever had, and will be the last one. My mind is my mule.

I suppose many other people have mules of the same kind. I notice that in every phrenological picture-chart

of the human head the mule has the top place among the hieroglyphics.

A mule, according to the prevalent opinion, does not regulate his movements strictly according to the will of his owner. The mule's business hours do not always correspond to those of his driver, and some inconvenience is often occasioned thereby to both parties. I think Mark Twain slanders the mule, and yet we must allow that the mule is troublesome at times.

Sometimes when I am most anxious that my mule shall go, he deliberately stands still. I try to spur him forward, but he refuses to budge. I have seen men in the pulpit and on the rostrum very much in the plight of the driver of a rebellious mule. They stormed, they hammered, but they could not get under way. I would rather be the gazing-stock on Broadway, hammering and clubbing a stubborn mule, than to stand before an audience in a vain attempt to force my mind into action when it doesn't want to go. I have tried it.

I have tried patting and coaxing, and I have tried jerking and spurring. Now I make a desperate effort. I summon all my strength; I determine that my mind shall go. It does move as though it would go. It makes a few wild plunges, and away I go on a flight of imagination that I think must give mc a fair start. I begin an ambitious sentence. Forward I am carried with a rush. I am going—going. I am not just sure where I am going,—I add one word after another, and suddenly—the mule stops. But down comes whip and spur, and with a bound I am off into another bold, emphatic sentence—yip—yip—

"Now it goes, now it goes,— Now it stands still."

The mule has stopped, and I get off very ungracefully.

My mule is troublesome in another way. He gets started, goes like a whirlwind or tempest, and refuses to stop at my bidding.

Bed-time comes. I go to bed. I want to sleep. Whoa! whoa!—but on the mule goes, and I can't get off. I shift from side to side. I determinedly resolve to think about nothing. I lie very still, I almost stop breathing, but it does not stop the thinking. I might as well try to stop the

circulation of the blood by a mandate of the will. I am astride the mule, and the mule is going on the jump.

I pull back with all my might, but it avails nothing. Through the city, through the country, here and there and everywhere, I am carried, in spite of my protesting that I don't want to go, till the mule is exhausted—I was exhausted long ago—and down he tumbles, and I drop into uneasy slumber in the scary dreamland just where the mule stops with me.

Again, mules are often seen, especially in pictures, with their heels at an angle of elevation which intimates that it is best to keep at a respectful distance. In other words, mules sometimes kick. This is the case especially when people take unbecoming liberties with their heels. My mental mule has heels, and it is difficult sometimes to keep them from flying in the faces of people that tempt them.

When some self-conceited creature, with an air of self-importance that is almost unbearable, solemnly and majestically begs leave to inform you that you are seriously mistaken in some unimportant little opinion which you have ventured to half express, thus rapping your mule provokingly over the heels, does he not kick instinctively?

I would not blame my mule for letting the heels fly up on such an occasion, if he would then resume his gravity and maintain his just equilibrium until another such provocation should be offered; but he always assumes an offensive attitude, and gets ready to kick whenever the aforesaid individual comes near.

In this, I think, he shows a bad spirit,—a characteristic, unforgiving, mule spirit. And yet I would take this occasion to suggest respectfully to some people that they are not required to rap the heels of every mule that they see. There is no evidence of lack of good breeding, nor of want of mental capacity, nor of meagre information, in not disagreeing with every remark that any one may make in your presence. It is altogether proper not to contradict every assertion which your companion may casually make in conversation with you.

Again, my mule runs away sometimes without knowing just where he is going.

Dick's mule got scared at an old stump at the roadside one day and dashed away into the woods. (N. B.—There were no fences along the road.) It was an unpleasant excursion for Dick,—over old logs, in dangerous proximity to huge trees, dodging under branches—until the mule was brought to a stand-still in a dense thicket of brush and briers. Dick was consoled with the thought, however, that it was a mule that did it, and so he calmly took his bearings, proceeded to extricate himself and the mule, and get back to the safe road from which he had been carried.

My mule does in a like manner sometimes. Occasionally I find myself going at a dizzy rate of speed away from my life's highway;—away from the plain road along which I have been traveling peacefully and pleasantly;—away from the long-tried and cherished truths that have been the sign-boards of my life's journey;—out of the woods of doubt and uncertainty;—out and away I know not whither, until I am brought to a halt in a dense thicket through which I cannot go and from which I have to back out. Well, my mule does it, and there is some consolation in that thought, as I hunt the way back to the old road. My mule got scared at something he did not quite understand, and so he struck off on what turned out to be no road at all. That is all.

Thus I have learned to distinguish between myself and my mule, though we always go together.

MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS.—B. P. SHILLABER.

Late one evening I was sitting, gloomy shadows round me flitting,—

Mrs. Partington, a-knitting, occupied the grate before; Suddenly I heard a patter, a slight and very trifling matter, As if it were a thieving rat or mouse within my closet door; A thieving and mischievous rat or mouse within my closet door,—

Only this, and nothing more.

Then all my dreaminess forsook me; rising up I straightway shook me,

A light from off the table took, and swift the rat's destruction swore.

Mrs. P. smiled approbation on my prompt determination, And without more hesitation oped I wide the closet door; Boldly, without hesitation, opened wide the closet door; Darkness there, and nothing more!

As upon the sound I pondered, what the deuce it was I won-

Could it be my ear had blundered, as at times it had before? But scarce again was I reseated, ere I heard the sound repeated, The same dull patter that had greeted me from out the

closet door;

Heard the patter that had greeted me from out the closet door;

A gentle patter, nothing more.

Then my rage arose unbounded—"What," cried I, "is this confounded

Noise with which my ear is wounded—noise I've never heard before?

If 'tis presage dread of evil, if 'tis made by ghost or devil, I call on ye to be more civil—'stop that knocking at the door!

Stop that strange, mysterious knocking, there within my closet door;

Grant me this, if nothing more."

Once again I seized the candle, rudely grasped the latchet's handle,

Savage as a Goth or Vandal, that kicked up rumpuses of

yore—
"What the dickens is the matter," said I, "to produce this patter?"

To Mrs. P., and looked straight at her. "I don't know," said she, "I'm shore;

Lest it be a pesky rat, or something, I don't know, I'm shore."

This she said, and nothing more.

Still the noise kept on unceasing; evidently 'twas increas-

Like a cart-wheel wanting greasing, wore it on my nerves full sore;

Patter, patter, patter! the rain the while made noisy clatter,

My teeth with boding ill did chatter, as when I'm troubled by a bore-

Some prosing, dull, and dismal fellow, coming in but just to bore,-Only this, and nothing more.

All night long it kept on tapping; vain I laid myself for napping,

Calling sleep my sense to wrap in darkness till the night was o'er:

A dismal candle, dimly burning, watched me as I lay there turning,

In desperation wildly yearning that sleep would visit me once more:

Sleep, refreshing sleep, did I most urgently implore; This I wished, and nothing more.

With the day I rose next morning, and, all idle terror scorning,

Went to finding out the warning that annoyed me so before; When straightway, to my consternation, daylight made the revelation

Of a scene of devastation that annoyed me very sore, Such a scene of devastation as annoyed me very sore. This it was, and nothing more:—

The rotten roof had taken leaking, and the rain, a passage seeking,

Through the murky darkness sneaking, found my hat-box on the floor:

There, exposed to dire disaster, lay my brand-new Sunday castor.

And its hapless, luckless master ne'er shall see its beauties more—

Ne'er shall see its glossy beauty, that his glory was before; It is gone, for evermore!

THE BANKRUPT'S VISITOR.—THOMAS DUNN ENGLISE

So you're the senior of the firm, the head
Of the great house of Erbenstone and Son—
Great house that has been. That is what is said
On street, in counting-rooms, by every one.
That house had ships one time on every sea;
But then your father with his brains had sway;
His ventures, millions. Come, don't frown at me'l
Sir, I have business, and I'll have my say.

Here are the firm's acceptances—behold!

There is a list, and you may scan it well;
This paper once was thought as good as gold;
Now worthless if the tales be true they tell.
Two hundred thousand and—well, never mind
The odd amount—I bought them as they lay
In many hands, investments poor I find,
But still I put the question—can you pay?

"The house has fallen now"—that cannot be;
You've made a stumble, that is not a fall;
That brings a story freshly up to me,
We queer old fellows will such things recall.
I'll tell you all about it, if you will,
There's something in it you will much admire;
You're bound to hear the story, so keep still—
It's something chilly—let me stir the fire.

'Twas fifty years ago, one day, a lad
Orphaned and friendless—one of those you see
Hanging about the street; some good, some bad—
Walked in a counting-room as bold and free
As if he owned it; 'twas your father's; there
He stood and waited. When your sire that day
Saw him, he asked with a repellant air,
"What do you want?" The answer—"Work and pay."

The merchant stared. "Boy, I've no place for you"—Your father's manner, not his heart, was cold—"And if I took you here what could you do?" And the boy answered, "Do as I am told." Your father liked prompt speech, and so inquired More of the boy—he rather liked his face—And on the following day the lad was hired To run on errands and to sweep the place.

You were a baby then, sir; but you came,
As you grew up to boyhood, rambling through
The great storehouses. You recall the name
Of Byng, the letter-clerk. I see you do.
He was the errand-boy, that bit by bit
Had risen in the house till he had won
The confidence of one who had more wit
In choosing servants than has shown his son.

One day a letter from Calcutta came,
From a great firm there—Belden and Carstairs—
Begging your father that some clerk he'd name
Acquainted with American affairs,
Trusty and shrewd, and send him out to them;
The kind of man they sought they thought he knew.
You know your father's way. He said—"Ahem!
'Trusty and shrewd'—Byng, there's a chance for you.

"Belden is dead; Carstairs has kept the name
Of the old firm—he was its life's blood too—
Immensely rich, and if you play the game
You've played from boyhood, and be just and true
And diligent, and make his interest yours
As you have mine so long, you'll surely rise;

I hate to part with you, but this secures A certain fortune. Take it if you're wise."

Byng took the advice; and then your father said,
"You'll need some money, Byng, and here's a draft;
Take it; a man can always hold his head
Higher with cash in hand." And then he laughed.
"No thanks! "Tis bread upon the waters thrown,
And may come back. If ever you be rich
Pay it to me or mine, or give some one
Who needs it sorely—'tis no matter which."

I'll cut the story short. Byng made his way
There at Calcutta; all seemed cut and dried;
First, general manager; in a little day,
The junior partner; when his senior died,
Became both his successor and his heir;
And recently, the lord of lac on lac
Of good rupees, selling his business there
For a round sum, came to his country back.

Here when he landed, judge of his surprise
To find his benefactor dead, the name
Of the old firm made loathly in men's eyes;
Its olden reputation brought to shame.
Well, sir, he bought its notes, and there they are;
I am John Byng—to save your house's fame
I bought them cent per cent—paid them at par!
There, sir, your fire's improved—they're in the flame.

What, crying like a child! Let go my hand; I'm rich beyond compute. I only do
What I can well afford. Keep self-command;
Ruin has passed—a friend shall stand by you.
The house of Erbenstone and Son is saved;
The bread your father on the waters cast
Comes after many years; the hour I've craved
When I could pay my debt, is here at last.

THE GIVER'S REWARD.

Who gives and hides the giving hand Nor counts on favor, fame, or praise, Shall find his smallest gift outweighs The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath nought been given, His gift in need, though small indeed As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed, Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

JESSIE CAMERON.—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
Hear me but this once," quoth he.
"Good luck go with you, neighbor's son,
But I'm no mate for you," quoth she.
Day was verging toward the night
There beside the moaning sea,
Dimness overtook the light
There where the breakers be.
"O Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
I have loved you long and true."
"Good luck go with you, neighbor's son,
But I'm no mate for you."

She was a careless, fearless girl,
And made her answer plain;
Outspoken she to earl or churl,
Kind-hearted in the main,
But somewhat heedless with her tongue,
And apt at causing pain;
A mirthful maiden she, and young,
Most fair for bliss or bane.
"Oh! long ago I told you so,
I tell you so to-day:
Go you your way, and let me go
Just my own free way."

The sea swept in with moan and foam Quickening the stretch of sand;
They stood almost in sight of home;
He strove to take her hand.
"Oh, can't you take your answer then,
And won't you understand?
For me you're not the man of men,
I've other plans are planned.
You're good for Madge, or good for Cis,
Or good for Kate, may be:
But what's to me the good of this
While you're not good for me?"

They stood together on the beach,
They two alone,
And louder waxed his urgent speech,
His patience almost gone:
"Oh, say but one kind word to me,
Jessie, Jessie Cameron."
"I'd be too proud to beg," quoth she,
And pride was in her tone.

And pride was in her lifted head,
And in her angry eye,
And in her foot, which might have fled,
But would not fly.

Some say that he had gypsy blood,
That in his heart was guile:
Yet he had gone through fire and flood
Only to win her smile.
Some say his grandam was a witch,
A black witch from beyond the Nile,
Who kept an image in a niche
And talked with it the while.
And by her hut far down the lane
Some say they would not pass at night,
Lest they should hear an unked strain
Or see an unked sight.

Alas, for Jessie Cameron!—
The sea crept moaning, moaning nigher:
She should have hastened to be gone,—
The sea swept higher, breaking by her:
She should have hastened to her home
While yet the west was flushed with fire,
But now her feet are in the foam,
The sea-foam, sweeping higher.
O mother, linger at your door,
And light your lamp to make it plain;—
But Jessie she comes home no more.
No more again.

They stood together on the strand,
They only, each by each;
Home, her home, was close at hand—
Utterly out of reach.
Her mother in the chimney-nook
Heard a startled sea-gull screech,
But never turned her head to look
Towards the darkening beach:
Neighbors here and neighbors there
Heard one scream, as if a bird
Shrilly screaming cleft the air:—
That was all they heard.

Jessie she comes home no more, Comes home never; Her lover's step sounds at his door No more forever. And boats may search upon the sea And search along the river, But none know where the bodies be: Sea-winds that shiver, Sea-birds that breast the blast, Sea-waves swelling, Keep the secret first and last Of their dwelling.

Whether the tide so hemmed them round
With its pitiless flow,
That when they would have gone they found
No way to go;
Whether she scorned him to the last
With words flung to and fro,
Or clung to him when hope was past,
None will ever know:
Whether he helped or hindered her,
Threw up his life or lost it well,
The troubled sea, for all its stir,
Finds no voice to tell.

Only watchers by the dying
Have thought they heard one pray,
Wordless, urgent; and replying,
One seem to say him nay:
And watchers by the dead have heard
A windy swell from miles away,
With sobs and screams, but not a word
Distinct for them to say:
And watchers out at sea have caught
Glimpse of a pale gleam here or there,
Come and gone as quick as thought,
Which might be hand or hair.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

A cross-eyed man in a long linen ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and when the woman of the house opened the door, she was satisfied he had an eye to the spoons (the straight eye), so she snapped:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Madam, be calm," said the cross-eyed man, in a smooth voice.

"What for?" she queried, suspiciously.

"Madam," said the cross-eyed man, "have you a child?"

"Yes, I have," replied the woman; "what of it?"

"A little girl?" queried the cross-eyed man.

"No, a boy," returned the woman.

"Of course—a boy," repeated the cross-eyed man; "a young boy,—not very old?"

"About that age," said the woman; "what about him?"

"Madam, do not get excited," pursued the cross-eyed man; be brave and calm."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the woman, in surprise; "what's the matter?"

"Gently, gently," said the cross-eyed man, in a soothing manner; "restrain yourself. Did not that little boy go out to play this morning?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman, excitedly; "what-why-is

there anything the matter?"

"Is there not a railroad track crosses the next street?" queried the cross-eyed man, in a solemn voice.

"Yes, oh yes," ejaculated the woman, in great fear; "oh,

tell me what has happened! what—"

"Be calm," interrupted the cross-eyed man, soothingly; be brave—keep cool—for your child's sake."

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" wailed the woman, wildly; "I knew it—I feared it. Tell me the worst, quick! Is my child—where is my darling boy?"

"Madam," replied the cross-eyed man, gently, "I but this moment saw a little boy playing upon the railroad track; as I looked upon him he seemed to be—"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed the woman, wringing her hands; "tell me the worst. Is he—"

"He seemed to be daubing himself with oil," continued the cross-eyed man, quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket, "and I've got here the best thing in the world— Lightning Grease Eradicator—only twenty-five cents a bottle, warranted—"

There was a broom standing behind the door, and with one blow she knocked his tall hat over his eyes, and with another waved him off the steps and through the gate. And as the cross-eyed man moved swiftly up the street she shook the broom at him, looking for all the world like an ancient god of mythology with a passion-distorted face and highly excited red arms.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GODS.—Adelaide Biddles.

"'Tis said that when the gods flew from the earth, Love stayed behind, self exiled for man's sake."

—From the German.

Upon their tree-crowned hill the gods reclined,
And gazed in sadness on the sunlit earth;
Their harps unstrung, their laurel wreaths untwined,
For Abel slumbered on the blood-stained turf;
Thus spake mild Virtue, "See fierce murder's form!
We soon shall from our simple shrines be driven;
Why should we stay to perish mid the storm
When we can soar to happiness in heaven?"

Then from her torch Religion quenched the flame,
And said, as o'er her cross she weeping stood,
"They will rear shrines and temples in my name,
Then consecrate them with a nation's blood;
Oh! not for me the martyr's rack and wheel,
The widow's agony, the orphan's tear,
The block, the scaffold, or the gleaming steel,—
Oh, let me leave them for my azure sphere."

Upon her withered branch, sad Peace then gazed,
And said, "Thou ne'er again wilt freshly bloom,
Scorched by the flame of kingly cities razed,
Shrouded from light by the dark cypress gloom.
For war, with trumpet's sound and cannon's roar,
Will stalk the earth to plunder and enslave,
And his proud banner stained with human gore,
Will float in triumph o'er my trampled grave."

Then said Humility with dovelike tones,

"Let me, too, wander from this new-born world,
I shall be scoffed at near its dazzling thrones,
And from its palaces be rudely hurled;
I seek not life where stately halls will rear
Their sculptured columns to the starry skies,
Or pride have power to desolate and sear,
And crush beneath its feet affection's ties."

Then Love arose, with soft, imploring look,
And said, "Oh, let us not leave man alone,
By Peace, Humility, and Hope forsook,
To brood in silence o'er the cold gravestone;
To meet, unfriended, misery and death;
The blood-stained scaffold and the blazing state I'll float no more upon the zephyr's breath,
But here remain self-exiled for man's sake."

Then sadness fell upon the spirit band;
With gentle tones they prayed him not remain, NNNNN

"Oh, float with us into yon cloud-built land,
And list the music of our seraph strain,
But stay not in this land of death and gloom,
Where hearts will wither up like autumn leaves,
Let's roam where heaven's bowers unfading bloom,
And crown our brows with amaranthine wreaths."

He softly said, "From hence I will not haste,
But stay to lull the pain of sin's fierce dart,
Yo guide the pilgrim o'er life's dreary waste,
And rear my temple in each human heart.
Should you e'er seek me in this lowly life,
And quit your starry homes amid the air,
You'll find me where is breathed the name of wife,
Or childhood's little hands are clasped in prayer."

"Oh, grieve not that I leave my star's bright ray,
To snatch the erring from an endless doom;
If e'er my power should seem to fade away,
'Twill rise again from the Redeemer's tomb;
And when an earth-tried mortal is at rest,
And silent sleeps beneath the daisied sod,
The wearied soul shall slumber on my breast,
And float upon the clouds to heaven and God."

THE AGED PRISONER.

"Nigh on to twenty years
Have I walked up and down this dingy cell!
I have not seen a bird in all that time,
Nor the sweet eyes of childhood, nor the flowers
That grow for innocent men,—not for the curst,
Dear God! for twenty years.

"With every gray-white rock
I am acquainted; every seam and crack,
Each chance and change of color; every stone
Of this cold floor, where I by walking much
Have worn unsightly smoothness, that its rough
Old granite walls resent.

"My little blue-eyed babe,
That I left singing by my cottage door,
Has grown a woman—is perchance a wife.
To her the name of 'father' is a dream,
Though in her arms a nestling babe may rest,
And on her heart lie soft.

"Oh, this bitter food That I must live on! this poisoned thought That judges all my kind, because by men I have been stripped of all that life holds dear—Wife, honor, reputation, tender child—For one brief moment's madness.

"If they had killed me then,
By rope, or rack, or any civil mode
Of desperate, cruel torture,—so the deed
Were consummated for the general good—
But to entomb me in these walls of stone
For twenty frightful years!

"Plucked at my hair—
Bleached of all color, pale and thin and dead—
My beard that to such sorry length has grown;
And could you see my heart, 'tis gray as these—
All like a stony archway, under which
Pass funerals of dead hopes.

"To-morrow I go out!
Where shall I go? what friend have I to meet?
Whose glance will kindle at my altered voice?
The very dog I rescued from his kind
Would have forgotten me, if he had lived.
I have no home—no hope!"

An old man, bent and gray,
Paused at the threshold of a cottage door.
A child gazed up at him with startled eyes.
He stretched his wasted hands—then drew them back
With bitter groan: "So like my little one
Twenty years ago!"

A comely, tender face
Looked from the casement; pitying all God's poor,
"Come in, old man!" she said, with gentle smile,
And then from out the fullness of her heart,
She called him "Father," thinking of his age;
But he, with one wild cry,

Fell prostrate at her feet.

"O child!" he sobbed, "now I can die. When last
You called me father—was it yesterday?
No! no! your mother lived,—now she is dead!
And mine was living death—for twenty years—
For twenty loathsome years!"

Her words came falteringly:
"Are you the man—who broke my mother's heart?
No! no! O father,—speak!
Look up—forget!" Then came a stony calm.
Some hearts are broken with joy—some break with grief.
The old gray man was dead.

LITTLE ALLIE.-FANNY FERN.

The day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly-opened grave stood a little, delicate girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood, with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart, as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovelful of earth over all the child had left to love. "Fretting won't bring dead folks to life. Pity you hadn't got no ship's cousins somewheres to take you. It's a tough world, this 'ere, I tell ye. I don't see how ye're going the weather it. Guess I'll take ye round to Miss Fetherbee's; she's got a power of children, and wants a hand to help her; so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark, 't won't do you no good."

Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in a gay-colored calico dress, with any quantity of tinsel jewelry, sat sewing some showy cotton lace on a cheap pocket-handker-chief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three about an apple; from big words they had come to hard blows, and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange apiece and a stick of candy—each combatant "putting in" for the biggest. Poor Allic, with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself by pulling out at intervals little handfuls of her hair.

"Quiet that child, can't ye?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no very gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge here. There, I declare, you've half put his eyes out with those long curls, dangling round. Come here, and have 'em cut

off; they don't look proper for a charity child," and she glanced at the short, stubby crops on the heads of the little Fetherbees.

Allie's lip quivered as she said, "Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning. She said they were like little dead sister's; please, don't!" said she, beseech-

ingly.

"But I tell you I do please to cut 'em off; so there's an end of that!" said she, as the severed ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor. "And do, for creation's sake, stop talking about 'dead folks;' and now eat your breakfast, if you want it. I forgot you hadn't had any. There's some the children's left; if you're hungry, it will go down; and if you ain't, you can go without."

Poor Allie! the daintiest morsel wouldn't have "gone down." Her eyes filled with tears that wouldn't be forced back, and she sobbed out, "I must cry, if you beat me for

it; my heart pains me so bad."

"H-i-t-y T-i-t-y! What's all this?" said a broad-faced, rosy milkman, as he set his shining can down on the kitchen table. "What's all this, Miss Fetherbee? I'd as lief eat pins and needles as hear a child cry. Who is she?" pointing at Allie, "and what's the matter of her?"

"Why, the long and the short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck,—that's all," said the lady, with a vexed toss of her head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded. Nothing on earth to do here, but tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and go of a few errands. Ungrateful little baggage!"

Jenny's heart was as big as his farm, and that covered considerable ground. Glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said, skillfully, "That child's going to be sick, Miss Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her? Besides, she's too young to be of much use to you. You'd better let me take her."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you was half right," said the frightened woman. "She's been trouble enough already. I'll give her a 'quit-claim.'"

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jemmy, with a bright, good-natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand con-

fidingly in his rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jemmy, as he put one arm around her to steady her fragile figure as they rattled over the stony pavements. "We shall soon be out of this smoky old city. Consarn it! I always feel as if I was poisoned every time I come into town. And then we'll see what sweet hay-fields, and new milk, and clover blossoms, and kind hearts will do for you, you poor little plucked chicken! Where did you come from when you came to live with that old Jezebel?"

"From my mother's grave!" said Allie.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jemmy, wiping away a tear with his coat-sleeve. "Well, never mind. I wish I hadn't asked you. I'm always running my head ag'in a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey? Did you ever milk a cow, or ride on top of a hay-cart, or go a-berrying? Do you love bouncing red apples, and peaches as big as your fist? It shall go hard if you don't have 'em all. What's come of your hair, child? Have you had your head shaved?"

"Mrs. Fetherbee cut it off," said Allie.

"The old vixen! I wish I'd come in a little quicker. Was it your curls them young 'uns was playing with? Well, never mind," said he, looking admiringly at the sweet face before him, "you don't need 'em; and they might get you to looking in the glass oftener than was good for you.

"Well, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the door-way, shading her eyes from the sun. I

guess she wonders where I raised you!

"Look here, Betsey; do you see this child? The earth is fresh on her mother's grave! She has neither kith nor kin. I have brought her from that old skinflint of a Fetherbee's, and here she is. If you like her, it's well and good; and if you don't, she'll stay here just the same. But I know you will!" said he, coaxingly, as he passed his brawny arm round her capacious waist. "And now get her something that will bring the color to her cheeks; for, mind you, I'll have no white slaves on my farm!"

How sweetly Allie's little, tired limbs rested in the fragrant lavendered sheets! A tear lingered on her cheek, but its birth was not of sorrow. Jemmy pointed it out to his wife, as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.

"Never forget it, Betsey!" said he. "Harsh words ain't for the motherless. May God forget me, if she ever hears one from my lips!"

ROMEO AND JULIET (ALTERED).

It was in ancient Italy a deadly hatred grew
Between old Caleb Capulet and Moses Montague;
Now Moses had an only son, a little dapper beau,
The pet of all the pretty girls, by name young Romeo.
And Caleb owned a female girl, just home from boarding-school;

Miss Juliet was her Christian name,—for short they called

her Jule.

To bring the lady out, he gave a ball at his plantation, And thither went young Romeo, without an invitation. One Tybalt, kinsman to the host, began to growl and pout, And watched an opportunity to put the fellow out; But Caleb saw the game, and said: "Now, cousin, don't be

cross;
Behave yourself, or leave the room; are you or I the boss?"

When Juliet saw Romeo, his beauty did enchant her; And Romeo he fell in love with Juliet instanter.

Now, lest their dads should spoil the fun, but little time they

tarried,

Away to 'Squire Lawrence sped, and secretly were married. Oh, cruel fate! that day the groom met Tybalt in the square, And Tybalt being very drunk, at Romeo did swear.

Then Romeo his weapon drew, a knife of seven blades, And made a gap in Tibby's ribs, that sent him to the shades. The watchman came; he took to flight, down alley, street, and square;

The Charlies ran, o'ertook their man, and took him 'fore

the Mayor.

Then spoke the worthy magistrate: (and savagely did frown,)
"Young man, you'll have to lose your head, or else vamose
the town;"

He chose the last, and left his bride in solitude to pine;
"Ah me!" said he, "our honeymoon is nothing but moonshine;"
And then, to make the matter worse, her father did em-

harrace

By saying she must give her hand to noble County Paris.

"This suitor is a goodly youth; to-day he comes to woo; If you refuse the gentleman, I'll soundly wollop you." She went to 'Squire Lawrence's cell, to know what must be done;

The 'Squire bade her go to bed and take some laudanum.
"'Twill make you sleep, and seem as dead; thus canst thou dodge this blow;

A humbugged man your pa will be,—a blest one Romeo."
She drank, she slept, grew wan and cold; they buried her next day:

That she'd piped out her lord got word, far off in Mantua; Quoth he, "Of life I've had enough; I'll hire Bluffkin's mule,

Lay in a pint of baldface rum, and go to-night to Jule!"
Then rode he to the sepulchre, 'mong dead folks, bats, and creepers;

And swallowed down the burning dose—when Juliet oped her peepers.

"Are you alive? Or is't your ghost? Speak quick, before I go."

"Alive!" she cried, "and kicking too; art thou my Romeo?"
"It is your Romeo, my faded little blossom;

O Juliet! is it possible that you were acting possum?"
"I was indeed; now let's go home; pa's spite will have abated;

What ails you, love, you stagger so; are you intoxicated?"
"No, no, my duck; I took some stuff that caused a little fit;"
He struggled hard to tell her all, but couldn't, so he quit.
In shorter time than't takes a lamb to wag his tail, or jump,
Poor Romeo was stiff and pale as any whitewashed pump.
Then Juliet seized that awful knife, and in her bosom
stuck it.

Let out a most terrific yell, fell down, and kicked the bucket.

THE REGIMENT'S RETURN.-E. J. CUTLER.

He is coming, he is coming, my true-love comes home to-day! All the city throngs to meet him as he lingers by the way. He is coming from the battle with his knapsack and his gun—

He, a hundred times my darling, for the dangers he hath run!

Twice they said that he was dead, but I would not believe the lie;

While my faithful heart kept loving him I knew he could not die.

All in white will I array me, with a rosebud in my hair, And his ring upon my finger—he shall see it shining there!

He will kiss me, he will kiss me with the kiss of long ago; He will fold his arms around me close, and I shall cry, I know.

Oh the years that I have waited—rather lives they seemed to be—

For the dawning of the happy day that brings him back to me!

But the worthy cause has triumphed. Oh, joy! the war is over!

He is coming, he is coming, my gallant soldier lover!

Men are shouting all around me, women weep and laugh for joy,

Wives behold again their husbands, and the mother clasps

her boy;

All the city throbs with passion; 'tis a day of jubilee; But the happiness of thousands brings not happiness to me; I remember, I remember, when the soldiers went away, There was one among the noblest who has not returned to-day.

Oh, I loved him, how I loved him! and I never can forget That he kissed me as we parted, for the kiss is burning yet! 'Tis his picture in my bosom, where his head will never lie; 'Tis his ring upon my finger—I will wear it till I die.
Oh, his comrades say that, dying, he looked up and breathed

my name;

They have come to those that loved them, but my darling

never came.

Oh, they say he died a hero—but I knew how that would be; And they say the cause has triumphed—will that bring him back to me?

THE SPIRIT'S BIRTH.

It was a calm, still Sabbath eve;
The balmy winds slept in their soft aerial
Couches, and the breast of nature lay so
Still and pulseless that the slumbering
Flowers moved not from the embrace of their
Bright foliage. Night's mists were gathering
Round the mountain's brow, and darkness slept in
Quiet on the lake's smooth bosom.
Great waves of purple clouds, fringed with the
Golden beams from heaven's vast luminary,
Were folded up as but one Hand could fold;
Then floated between the gazing eye and the
Blue sea of sky which hid from mortal view
The throne of God.

One by one the stars came out, and with their Angel eyes looked on the slumbering world— It seemed with pitying gaze—and the warm dews, From the pure azure, wept o'er the erring Souls of frail, immortal men. Within a bower enshadowed by the drooping Plumes of the green sighing elm, and sheltered By the myrtle's clinging tendrils, knelt a Maiden. She was young, in the first blush of Girlhood, and beautiful,—almost too fair For earth to look upon. Her golden hair fell in bright clouds of Radiance round her face, on which distress Had set his ashen seal with heaviness. But yesterday she was the gayest, wildest, Loveliest belle in her fair city; but Now her flush of joy had fled,—her cheeks were White and cold. Her ghastly eves were fixed with Intense interest on the book of God, Which lay with open page before her. Her Little hands were clasped as if in prayer, but Words fell not from her pale, quivering lips. No tears were in her eyes of "heaven's own blue;" Her fearful agony could not flow forth in tears! The morn of this fair eye was to have seen Her wedded to the chosen one of her Young heart, but Death arose from his pale, Shadowy couch and bore the tender lover To the silent halls where sleep the fair and Young with those who peacefully went down the "Vale of years" and laid them in the grave to Rest from labors here. With force as when the tornado uproots The forest oak and bends the stately pine Like osier-wood before its blast, this blow, So dreadful, crushed the buoyant spirit of The maiden to the dust! With weak and Tottering steps she sought the trysting bower To do what she had never done since a Bright, smiling infant on her angel mother's Knee,—uplift her heart and voice in prayer To God. Humbly and feebly she unclosed The flood-gates of her soul to Him, her long Neglected, merciful Creator. Hours sped on. The silver moon quenched her Dim glory in the western wave, and the pale, Silent stars grew weary of their watchings, And hid themselves away in their empyrean robes, And in the dim old forest faintly lisped

The feathered songsters' morning hymns of praise.

As day's red flush stole o'er the cold, gray sky,
She rose,—her pure face calm, her sins forgiven!
 'Twas morn in heaven! morn of a day
Which knows no weary night! Around the King
Stood angels crowned with crowns of burning light!
And in their hands were golden harps, whose sweet
Melodious tones enwrapped the listening soul
In seas of joy! Deep and thrilling melody
Arose on the ambrosial air of heaven,—the song
Of the angelic choir o'er a new repentant soul.
Soon a summons came to earth from heaven;—
The pale white angel bore the stricken flower
Beyond the shadows, into eternal light.

THE STATION-AGENT'S STORY.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

Take a seat in the shade, here, lady, It's tiresome, I know, to wait, But when the train reaches Verona It's always sure to be late; 'Specially when any one's waitin'. Been gatherin' flowers, I see? Ah, well! they're better company Than a rough old fellow, like me.

You noticed the graves 'neath the willows,
Down there where the blossoms grew?
Well, yes, there's a story about them,
Almost too strange to be true;
'Tis a stranger, sweeter story,
Than was ever written in books;
And God made the ending so perfect—
There, now I see by your looks

I will have to tell the story;
Let me see; 'twas eight years ago,
One blusterin' night in winter
When the air was just thick with snow,
As the freight came round the curve there,
They beheld a man on the track,
Bravin' the storm before him, but
Not heedin' the foe at his back;

And, ere a hand could grasp the bell-rope,
Or a finger reach the rod,
One sweep from the cruel snow-plow
Had sent the man's soul to its God!
They laid him out here in the freight-house,
And I stayed with him that night,—

He'd one of the pleasantest faces, So hopeful and young and bright.

There was only a worn-out letter;
I know it by heart—it said:
"Dear John: baby May grows finely,
I send you this curl from her head.
We will meet at Brackenboro';
The grandfather's sad and lone,
But I read him your kind words, saying,
When we've a home of our own,

He shall sing the songs of old England Beneath our own willow-tree." That was all there was of it, lady, And 'twas signed just "Alice Leigh." So we made a grave in the morning And buried the man out there Alone, unmourned, in a stranger's land, With only a stranger's prayer.

But when he'd slept in his lonely grave
Out there, nigh on to a year,
Ray's freight run into a washout
By the culvert, away down here;
There were only two passengers that night,—
Dead, when we found them there—
A sweet little English woman,
And a baby with golden hair.

On her breast lay the laughing baby,
With its rosy finger tips
Still warm, and the fair, young mother
With a frozen smile on her lips.
We laid them out here in the freight-house,
I stayed that night with the dead;
I shall never forget the letter
We found in her purse; it said:

"Dear Alice; praise God I've got here!
I'll soon have a home for you now;
But you must come with the baby,
As soon as you can anyhow.
Comfort the grandfather, and tell him
That by and by he shall come,
And sing the songs of old England,
'Neath the willows beside our home;
For, close by the door of our cottage
I'll set out a willow-tree,
For his sake and the sake of old England.
Lovingly yours. John Leigh."

The tears filled my eyes as I read it;
But I whispered—"God is just!"
For I knew the true heart yonder—
Then only a handful of dust—
Had drawn this sweet little woman
Right here, and God's merciful love
Had taken her from the sorrow,
To the glad reunion above!

So, close by the grave of the other,
We laid her away to rest;
The golden-haired, English mother,
With the baby upon her breast.
I planted those trees above them,
For I knew their story, you see;
And I thought their rest would be sweeter
'Neath their own loved willow tree.

Five years rolled along, and lady,
My story may now seem to you
Like a wonderful piece of fiction;
But I tell you it is true.
As true as—that God is above us!
One summer day, hot and clear,
As the train rolled into the station
And stopped to change engines here,

Among a company of Mormons
Came a tremblin', white-haired man.
He asked me, with voice very eager,
"Will you tell me, sir, if you can,
Of a place called Brackenboro'?
And how far have I got to go?"
"It's the next station north," I answered,
"Only thirteen miles below."

His old face lit up for a moment,
With a look of joy complete;
Then he threw up his hands toward heaven
And dropped down dead at my feet!
"Old Hugh Leigh is dead," said a Mormon,
And sights o' trouble he's be'n.
Nothin' would do when we started,
But that he must come with us then

To find Alice, John, and the baby;
And his heart was well nigh broke,
With waitin' and watchin' in England,
For letters they never wrote."
So we buried him there with the others,
Beneath the willow-tree.
"Twas God's way of ending the story—
More perfect than man's could be!

THE BABIES.—S. L. CLEMENS.

Speech of Mark Twain at the banquet given in honor of Gen. Grant, by the Army of the Tennessee, at the Palmer House, Chicago, Nov. 14, 1879.

TOAST:

"The Babies—As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities."

I like that. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground, for we have all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby—as if he didn't amount to anything! If you gentlemen will stop and think a minute,--if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life, and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family head-quarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop, you advanced in the other direction-and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No,-you got up and got it. If he ordered his bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you,-you went to work and warmed

it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself, to see if it was right,—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccups. I can taste that stuff yet. And how many things you learned as you went along; sentimental young folks still took stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles in his sleep, it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin,"—simply wind on the stomach, my friends! If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, 2:30 in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark-with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school book much—that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself! Oh, you were under good discipline! And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform" you not only prattled undignified babytalk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing "Rockaby baby in a tree-top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, -for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise,— ' Go on!",—what did you do? You simply went on, till you disappeared in the last ditch.

The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front-yard full by itself. One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to. He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby;—as long as you are in your mind don't you ever pray for twins.

Yes, it was high time for a toast-master to recognize the importance of the babies. Think what is in store for the present crop. Fifty years hence we shall all be dead, I trust, and then this flag, if it still survive,—and let us hope it may—will be floating over a republic numbering 200,000,000

souls, according to the settled laws of our increase; our present schooner of state will have grown into a political leviathan--a Great Eastern-and the cradled babies of today will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething—think of it!—and putting in a world of dead-earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it, too; in another the future great historian is lying—and doubtless he will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended; in another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early; and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time; and in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth,—an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening turned his whole attention to some fifty-six years ago. And if the child is but the prophecy of the man, there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

They lingered at the garden gate,
The moon was full above;
He took her darling hand in his,
The trembling little dove,
And pressed it to his fervent lips,
And softly told his love.

About her waist he placed his arm, He called her all his own; His heart, he said, it ever beat For her, and her alone; And he was happier than a king Upon a golden throne.

"Come weal, come woe," in ardent tones
This youth continued he,
"As is the needle to the pole,
So I will constant be;
No power on earth shall tear thee, love,
Away, I swear, from me!"

From out the chamber window popped A grizzly night-capped head; A hoarse voice yelled: "You, Susan Jane, Come in and go to bed!"

And that was all,—it was enough:
The young man wildly fled.

MACDONALD'S RAID.—A. D. 1780.—PAUL H. HAYNE.

(AS NARRATED MANY YEARS AFTER BY A VETERAN OF "MARION'S BRIGADE.")

I remember it well; 'twas a morn dull and gray,
And the Legion lay idle and listless that day,
A thin drizzle of rain piercing chill to the soul,
And with not a spare bumper to brighten the bowl,
When Macdonald arose, and unsheathing his blade,
Cried, "Who'll back me, brave comrades? I'm hot for a
raid.

Let the carbines be loaded, the war harness ring, Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

We leaped up at his summons, all eager and bright, To our finger-tips thrilling to join him in fight; Yet he chose from our numbers four men and no more. "Stalwart brothers," quoth he, "you'll be strong as four-

If you follow me fast wheresoever I lead, With keen sword and true pistol, stanch heart and bold steed.

Let the weapons be loaded, the bridle-bits ring, Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

In a trice we were mounted; Macdonald's tall form Seated firm in the saddle, his face like a storm When the clouds on Ben Lomond hang heavy and stark, And the red veins of lightning pulse hot through the dark; His left hand on his sword-belt, his right lifted free, With a prick from the spurred heel, a touch from the knee. His lithe Arab was off like an eagle on wing— Ha! death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!

'Twas three leagues to the town, where, in insolent pride Of their disciplined numbers, their works strong and wide, The big Britons, oblivious of warfare and arms, A soft dolce were wrapped in, not dreaming of harms, When fierce yells, as if borne on some fiend-ridden rout, With strange cheer after cheer, are heard echoing without, Over which, like the blasts of ten trumpeters, ring "Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Such a tumult we raised with steel, hoof-stroke, and shout That the foemen made straight for their inmost redoubt, And therein, with pale lips and cowed spirits, quoth they, "Lord, the whole rebel army assaults us to-day.

Are the works, think you, strong? God of heaven! what a din!

"Tis the front wall besieged—have the rebels rushed in? It must be; for hark! hark to that jubilant ring Of 'Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Meanwhile, through the town like a whirlwind we sped, And ere long be assured that our broadswords were red; And the ground here and there by an ominous stain Showed how the stark soldier beside it was slain: A fat sergeant-major, who yawed like a goose, With his waddling bow-legs, and his trappings all loose, By one back-handed blow the Macdonald cuts down, To the shoulder-blade cleaving him sheer through the crown, And the last words that greet his dim consciousness ring With "Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Having cleared all the streets, not an enemy left Whose heart was not pierced, or whose head-piece not cleft, What should we do next, but—as careless and calm As if we were scenting a summer morn's balm 'Mid a land of pure peace—just serenely drop down On the few constant friends who still stopped in the town. What a welcome they gave us! One dear little thing, As I kissed her sweet lips, did I dream of the King?—

Of the King, or his minions? No; war and its scars Seemed as distant just then as the fierce front of Mars From a love-girdled earth; but, alack! on our bliss, On the close clasp of arms and kiss showering on kiss, Broke the rude bruit of battle, the rush thick and fast Of the Britons made 'ware of our rash ruse at last; So we haste to our coursers, yet, flying, we fling The old watch-words abroad, "Down with Redcoats and King!"

As we scampered pell-mell o'er the hard-beaten track We had traversed that morn, we glanced momently back, And beheld their long earth-works all compassed in flame: With a vile plunge and hiss the huge musket-balls came, And the soil was plowed up, and the space 'twixt the trees Seemed to hum with the war-song of Brobdingnag bees; Yet above them, beyond them, victoriously ring The shouts, "Death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Ah! that was a feat, lads, to boast of! What men Like you weaklings to-day had durst cope with us then? Though I say it who should not, I am ready to vow I'd o'ermatch a half-score of your fops even now—The poor, puny prigs, mincing up, mincing down, 'I hrough the whole wasted day the thronged streets of the town:

Why, their dainty white necks 'twere but pastime to wring—Ay! my muscles are firm still; I fought 'gainst the King!

Eare you doubt it? well, give me the weightiest of all The sheathed sabers that hang there, uplooped on the wall; Eurl the scabbard aside; yield the blade to my clasp; To you see, with one hand how I poise it and grasp The rough iron-bound hilt? With this long hissing sweep I have smitten full many a foeman with sleep—That forlorn, final sleep! God! what memories cling To those gallant old times when we fought 'gainst the King.

AUNT KINDLY.—THEODORE PARKER.

Miss Kindly is aunt to everybody, and has been so long that none remember to the contrary. The little children love her; she helped their grandmothers to bridal ornaments three-score years ago. Nay, this boy's grandfather found his way to college through her pocket. Generations not her own, rise up and call her blessed. To this man's father her patient toil gave the first start in life. That great fortune—when it was a seed she carried it in her hand. That wide river of reputation ran out of the cup her bounty filled. Now she is old; very old. The little children

who cling about her, with open mouth and great round eyes wonder that anybody should ever be so old; or that Aunt Kindly ever had a mother to kiss her mouth. To them she is coeval with the sun, and, like that, an institution of the country. At Christmas they think she is the wife of Saint Nicholas himself, such an advent of blessings is there from her hand. She has helped to lay a blessing in many a poor man's crib.

Now these things are passed by. No, they are not passed by; they are remembered in the memory of the dear God, and every good deed she has done is treasured in her own heart. The bulb shuts up the summer in its breast which in winter will come out a fragrant hyacinth. Stratum after stratum her good works are laid up, imperishable in the geology of her character.

It is near noon. She is alone. She has been thoughtful all day, talking inwardly to herself. The family notice it, and say nothing. In a chamber, from a private drawer, she takes a little casket, and from thence a book, gilt-edged and clasped; but the clasp is worn, the gilding is old, the binding is faded by long use. Her hands tremble as she opens it. First she reads her own name on the fly-leaf; only her Christian name, "Agnes," and the date. Sixty-eight years ago this day it was written there, in a clear, youthful, clerkly hand—with a little tremble in it, as if the heart beat over it quick. It is a very well-worn, dear old Bible. It opens of its own accord at the fourteenth chapter of John. is a little folded piece of paper there; it touches the first verse and the twenty-seventh. She sees neither; she reads both out of her soul; "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me." "Peace I leave with you. My peace give I unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you." She opens the paper. There is a little brown dust in it; perhaps the remnant of a flower. She takes the precious relic in her hand, made cold by emotion. She drops a tear on it, and the dust is transfigured before her eyes; it is a red rose of the spring, not quite half-blown, dewy, fresh. She is old no longer. It is not Aunt Kindly now; it is sweet Agnes, as the maiden of eighteen was eightand-sixty years ago, one day in May, when all nature was

woosome and winning, and every flower-bell rung in the marriage of the year. Her lover had just put that red rose of the spring into her hand, and the good God another in her cheek, not quite half-blown, dewy, fresh. The young man's arm is round her; her brown curls fall on his shoulder; she feels his breath on her face, his cheek on hers; their lips join, and, like two morning dew-drops in that rose, their two loves rush into one. But the youth must wander to a far land. They will think of each other as they look at the North Star. She bids him take her Bible. He saw the North Star hang over the turrets of many a foreign town. His soul went to God-there is as straight a road from India as from any other spot—and his Bible came back to her;—the divine love in it, without the human lover; the leaf turned down at the blessed words of John, first and twenty-seventh of the fourteenth chapter. She put the rose there to note the spot; what marks the thought holds now the symbol of their youthful love. Now to-day her soul is with him, her maiden soul with his angel soul; and one day the two, like two dew-drops, will rush into one immortal wedlock, and the old age of earth shall become eternal youth in the kingdom of heaven.

A TALE OF A NOSE.—CHARLES F. ADAMS.

'Twas a hard case that which happened in Lynn! Haven't heard of it, eh? Well, then, to begin, There's a Jew down there whom they call "Old Mose," Who travels about and buys old clothes.

Now Mose—which the same is short for Moses—Had one of the biggest kind of noses; It had a sort of an instep in it, And he fed it with snuff about once a minute.

One day he got in a bit of a row With a German chap who had kissed his frau, And trying to punch him, a la Mace, Had his nose cut off close up to his face.

He picked it up from off the ground And quickly back in its place 'twas bound, Keeping the bandage upon his face Until it had fairly healed in place. Alas for Mose! 'Twas a sad mistake Which he in his haste that day did make; For, to add still more to his bitter cup, He found he had placed it wrong side up.

"There's no great loss without some gain," And Moses says, in a jocular vein, He arranged it so for taking snuff, As he never before could get enough.

One thing, by the way, he forgets to add, Which makes the arrangement rather bad,—Although he can take his snuff with ease, He has to stand on his head to sneeze.

A BILL OF ITEMS.

The following curious account for restoring a chapel was engraved in French on a watch-crystal in the Swiss department of the Vienna Exposition. The whole was placed on a scroll less than an inch square. A painter had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent, and presented his bill in gross to the curate, who refused payment, saying that the committee would require details. The painter produced it as follows:

Corrected and revised the Ten Commandments, 5 francs and 12 centimes; embellished and renewed Pontius Pilate, and put a new ribbon in his bonnet, 3 francs 6 centimes; put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter, and mended his comb, 3 francs 20 centimes; replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel, 4 francs 17 centimes; washed the servant of the High-Priest, and put carmine on his cheeks, 5 francs 12 centimes; renewed Heaven, adjusted two Stars, gilded the Sun, and renewed the Moon, 7 francs 14 centimes: re-animated the Flames of Purgatory, and restored some Souls, 6 francs 6 centimes; revived the Flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the Damned, 4 francs 10 centimes; put new spatterdashes on the Son of Tobias, and dressing on his back, 2 francs; cleaned the ears of Balaam's Ass, and shod him, 3 francs 7 centimes: put ear-rings in the ears of Sarah, 2 francs 4 centimes; rebordered the robe of Herod, and re-adjusted his wig, 4 francs 4 centimes; put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath, and extended his legs, 3 francs 2 centimes; decorated Noah's Ark, 3 francs; mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaned the Pigs, 4 francs 9 centimes. Total, 59 francs 11 centimes.

THE IRON GATE .- O. W. HOLMES.

At the breakfast given in Boston by the proprietors of the "Atlantic Monthly," in honor of the 70th hirthday of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. H. O. Houghton proposed the toast, "'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' O King! Live Forever." Dr. Holmes responded by reading the following poem:

Where is this patriarch you are kindly greeting?
Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,
Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting
In days long vanished,—is he still the same?

Or changed by years, forgotten and forgetting, Dull-eared, dim-sighted, slow of speech and thought; Still o'er the sad, degenerate present fretting, Where all goes wrong, and nothing as it ought?

Old age—the graybeard—well indeed I know him, Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the prey, In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem—Oft have I met him from my earliest day.

In my old Æsop, toiling with his bundle,
His load of sticks, politely asking Death—
Who comes when called for—would he lug or trundle
His fagot for him? He was scant of breath.

And sad "Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher,"
Has he not stamped the image on my soul
In that last chapter, where the worn-out teacher
Sighs o'er the loosened cord—the broken bowl?

Yes, long indeed I've known him, at a distance;
And now my lifted door-latch shows him here;
I take his shriveled hand without resistance,
And find him smiling as his step draws near.

What though of gilded baubles he bereaves us,
Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime,
Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves us,
The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time.

Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant,
Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream—how deep!

Still, as the silver cord gets worn and slender,
Its lightened task-work tugs with lessening strain;
Hands get more helpful, voices grow more tender—
Soothe with their softened tones the slumbering brain

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers— Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past; Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token
That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold;
Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken,
Its labors ended and its story told.

Ah! when around us rosy youth rejoices,
For us the sorrow-laden breezes sigh,
And through the chorus of its jocund voices
Throbs the sharp note of misery's hopeless cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy, flying
From some far orb I track our watery sphere—
Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting, dying—
The silvered globule seems a glistening tear.

But nature lends her mirror of illusion

To win from saddening scenes our age-dimmed eyes,
And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confusion

The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,
And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions that shunned the glaring noonday find us,
And glimmering starlight shows the gates of pearl.

I come not here your morning hour to sadden, A limping pilgrim leaning on his staff— I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came.
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

But O my gentle sisters! O my brothers!

These thick-sown snow-flakes hint of toil's release;
These feebler pulses bid me leave to others
The tasks once welcome,—evening asks for peace.

Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden; Let me not vex the too long-suffering lyre; Though to your love untiring still beholden, The curfew tells me—cover up the fire.

And now, with grateful smile and accents cheerful,
And warmer heart than look or word can tell,
In simplest phrase—these traitorous eyes are tearful—
Thanks—brothers, sisters, children—and farewell.

FOUR SCENES,-MILLIE C. POMEROY.

Far in a valley of peace and rest Riseth a mansion of wealth and ease; And beauty there the hand has wrought, And proud and stately ships have brought From beautiful lands beyond the seas.

Within a room, by a snowy couch, A mother kneeleth, and her low prayer Softly riseth to God above, On tremulous wings of hope and love, For her dear one kneeling there:

"Father in heaven, I pray thee keep My darling boy from paths of sin; Wherever in life his feet may stray, Guard him, Father, well, I pray, From foes without and foes within.

"And, Father,"—what agony settled here, What passionate pleading rose in her prayer! As her jeweled hand was tenderly laid Amid his clustering hair:

"In his father's steps may he never stray; Keep him, God, in the narrow way. May he shun the demon's maddening bowl That fires the brain and dooms the soul."

A youthful company round a board, Grown merry with beer, and wine, and song; And jests they would scorn in sober hours Were passed with laugh and shout along.

Faces where Deity once had shone Flushed and flamed with the demon's breath; For he was there with the merry throng, Joining, unheard, in the drunken song; And with him his warrior, Death.

Only one youth looks long at the glass, One hand trembles beneath the wine; Does his mind go back to a little room Where his mother's prayer rose through the gloom Linking his soul to things divine?

Does he feel his mother's kiss on his brow, And her soft hand mid his clustering hair, While her life went out through the twilight dim. With a passionate, fervent prayer for him Still lingering on the air?

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Only an instant his hand is stayed, Only a moment his eye grows dim, Then he hastily drains the brimming cup,— And a laugh from the demons goes shrilly up, Though all unheard by him.

Far in the valley of peace and rest, Where once was the mansion of wealth and ease, Crumble the stones in the sinking wall, And the boding night-birds shrilly call From the haunted, creaking trees.

The night-wind rises, and leaves are whirled, Brushed red and gold by Autumn's wand, Through the broken panes and the fallen door, Lying in heaps on the shaking floor, Or fluttering round like a fairy band.

The night is chill, and a small fire burns, Sluggish and low, in the rusty grate; And far in the corner an old man stands, Moaning and wringing his shrunken hands, Like a victim of vengeful fate.

His voice is weak, but it rises now, Piping and shrill, with the moaning breeze,— Then mutters away to a desolate groan, As the night-wind dies, in a shattered moan, In the rifts of the ragged trees.

A bottle is standing by his side, And he eagerly drinks, and drinks again, Till the last is gone; then he cries like a child, Wringing his hands in his anguish wild, And smiting his fevered brain!

"Go away!" he moans; "I will not hear! My mother is dead and cannot know How I have lived—nor how I die. Yes, even now the moments fly, And life's tide ebbeth low.

"Tis long, long years since I thought of her; Would God I could banish her image now! Once I could have followed where she has led, But virtue, and hope, and faith have fled,—Gone with my broken vow.

"Aye, laugh, ye demons, and do your worst,— I see your burning eye-balls glare; You've come for the life you doomed and cursed; I faint—give me wine!—I burn, I thirst! Who is praying my mother's prayer?" Softly the wings of coming day Tremble and wave in the balmy air, Fluttering down in the valley low, Struggling noiselessly to and fro, Making all things seem fair; Creeping on with a wavering tread, Peering at last through the open door, Gazing aghast on the form of the dead, With staring eyes and hands outspread, Lying prone on the broken floor. Only the bottle is left to tell How he has lived and how he died; His only dirge is the wild wind's wail, And his mourners are the spectres pale That hover about his side.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

"Hans, what keepit you oud so late to-night?" "Well, Katrina, I vas at dot teeyayder. I med Yon Biber, und we hat some beer mit each one anoder both togedder, unt Yon says: 'Hans, I vants you to come in my teeyayder und see Lew Raddler und dem fellers sing a liddle song. Very well, I goes in mid him, und it don't cost me something at all,—he yoost tole dot toorkeeper 'Das all righd,' und I bass in. I vas a hed-dead, like doze noozpaper fellers." "Well, Hans, how was you like it?" "Like it! It was schkeplendit, Katrina. Dere vas de pootiest song you nefer heard in all my life. It begins down at de boddom like dis way:

You nefer miss dot vasser dill dot well don't got some more in it.

It's a fine sendiment in dot song, Katrina. I got it all in my head, but I vas so pleased und oxcited about it I haf forgot it again once. It was like dis way [sings]:

Don'd you waste dot vasser:
Das de moddo I teach you.
Let your watchwords be dispatches,
Und practice like dem preachers.
Do not let a few moments
Like dot sunshine pass by,
For you nefer miss dot vasser
Until you get pooty dry sometimes
when dot well is all run oud!

Now, Katrina, don'd you like dot sendiment?" "Yes, I like dot sendiment, and I like it bedder if you don'd shtop oud till twelf o'clock at nighd like dis any more, und come home tryin' to play me off dot foolishness."

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THE BENEDICTION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

It was in eighteen hundred-yes—and nine, That we took Saragossa. What a day Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then. The city carried, we laid siege to houses, All shut up close, and with a treacherous look, Raining down shots upon us from the windows. "'Tis the priest's doing!" was the word passed round; So that, although since daybreak under arms,-Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends, -piff! paff! Rattled the musketry with ready aim, If shovel hat and long black coat were seen Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street My company worked on. I kept an eye On every house-top, right and left, and saw From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth, Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped, Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound, In such a dangerous defile, not to leave Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat, No ordered march. Our officers looked grave; The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows As do recruits when flinching.

Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted Under the huddled masses of the dead, Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;

While in the background solemnly the church Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in, It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense Gave out its perfume. At the upper end, Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest, White-haired and tall of stature, to a close Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped. Upon my memory is that thrilling scene, That, as I speak, it comes before me now,-The convent built in old time by the Moors; The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun Making the red blood on the pavement steam; And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest; And there the altar brilliant as a shrine; And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating, Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. "Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed,—so blanched
Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.

Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—

Deus Omnipotens! Vos benedicat

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.
Pater et Filius!

Came the words. What frenzy, What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done. The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge, Held himself up; and strenuous to complete His benediction, in the other raised The consecrated Host. For the third time Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness, With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low, But in the general hush distinctly heard, Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said; and ending His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood, Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded, And choking horror in our hearts, at sight Of such a shameless murder and at sight Of such a martyr,—with a chuckling laugh, Amen!

Drawled out a drummer-boy.

THE LESSON OF WATERLOO.

ON HEARING A LADY PLAY THE "WATERLOO WALTZ"

A moment pause, ye British fair,
While pleasure's phantom ye pursue,
And say if dance or sprightly air
Suit with the name of Waterloo!
Glorious was the victory,
Chastened should the triumph be,
Mid the laurels she has won,
Britain weeps for many a son!

Veiled in clouds the morning rose,
Nature seemed to mourn the day,
Which consigned before its close
Thousands to their kindred clay.
How unfit for courtly balls,
Or the giddy festival,
Was the grim and ghastly view
Ere evening closed on Waterloo!

Crashing o'er the cuirassier,
See the foaming charger flying;
Trampling in its wild career
All alike—the dead and dying;
See the bullet in his side
Answered by the spouting tide,—
Helmet, horse, and rider, too,
Roll on bloody Waterloo!

Can scenes like these the dance inspire,
Or wake the enlivening notes of mirth?
No, shivered be the recreant lyre
That gave the base idea birth!
Other sounds I ween were there,
Other music rent the air,
Other waltz the warrior knew
Ere evening closed on Waterloo.

Forbear till time with lenient hand Shall heal the pang of recent sorrow, And let the picture distant stand, The softened hue of years to borrow! When our race has passed away, Hands unborn shall wake the lay, And give to joy alone the view Of Britain's fame at Waterloo.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.—T. DE WITT TALMAGE. ADAPTED.

If you or I had been consulted as to which of all the stars we would choose to walk upon, we could not have done a wiser thing than to select this. I have always been glad that I got aboard this planet. The best color that I can think of for the sky is blue, for the foliage is green, for the water is crystalline flash. The mountains are just high enough, the flowers sufficiently aromatic, the earth right for solidity and growth. The human face is admirably adapted for its work -sunshine in its smile, tempest in its frown; two eyes, one more than absolutely necessary, so that if one is put out, we still can look upon the sunrise and the faces of our friends. One nose, which is quite sufficient for those who walk among so many city nuisances, being an organ of two stops, and adding dignity to the human face. whether it have the graceful arch of the Roman, or turn up towards the heavens with celestial aspirations in the shape of a pug, or wavering up and down, now as if it would aspire, now as if it would descend, until suddenly it shies off into an unexpected direction, illustrating the proverb that it is a long lane which has no turn. People are disposed, I see, to laugh about the nose, but I think it is nothing to be sneezed ac.

Standing before the grandest architectural achievements,

critics have differences of opinion; but where is the blasphemer of his God who would criticise the arch of the sky, or the crest of a wave, or the flock of snow-white, fleecy clouds driven by the Shepherd of the wind across the hilly pastures of the heavens, or the curve of a snow-bank, or the burning cities of the sunset, or the fern-leaf pencilings of the frost on a window-pane?

Where there is one discord, there are ten thousand harmonies. A skyful of robins to one owl croaking; whole acres of rolling meadow-land to one place cleft by the grave-digger's spade; to one mile of rapids, where the river writhes among the rocks, it has hundreds of miles of gentle flow; water-lilies anchored; hills coming down to bathe their feet; stars laying their reflections to sleep on its bosom; boatmen's oars dropping on it necklaces of diamonds; chariots of gold coming forth from the gleaming forge of the sun to bear it in triumphant march to the sea.

Why, it is a splendid world to live in. Not only is it a pleasant world, but we are living in such an enlightened age. I would rather live ten years now than five hundred in the time of Methuselah. But is it not strange that in such an agreeable world there should be so many disagreeable people? But I know that everybody in this audience is all right. Every wife meets her husband at night with a smile on her face; his slippers and supper ready; and the husband, when the wife asks him for money, just puts his hand in his pocket, throws her the purse, and says, "here you are, my darling, take all you want;" every brother likes his own sister better than any other fellow's sister, and the sister likes best the arm of a brother, when around her waist.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-contented man is the most unendurable because the most inexcusable. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His good and patient wife never yet prepared a dinner that he liked. One day she prepares a dish that she thinks will particularly please him. He comes in the front door, and says, "Whew! whew! what have you got in the house? Now, my dear, you know that I never did like codfish." Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious, he

starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and he does not believe the entertainment will be much, after all. The music begins. The audience are thrilled. The orchestra, with polished instruments, warble and weep, and thunder and pray—all the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of the bass viol, and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing from the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower-bells upon the tinkling tambourine.

He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home, saying, "Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever hear such a voice as that lady has? Why, it was a perfect squawk! The evening was wasted." And his companion says, "Why, my dear!" "There, you needn't tell me-you are pleased with every thing. But never ask me to go again!" He goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his pew, and pretends he is asleep and says, "I could not keep awake. Did you ever hear any thing so dead? Can these dry bones live?" Next Sabbath he enters a church where the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more displeased. He says, "How dare that man bring such everyday things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon and the fir-tree, instead of the hickory and sassafras. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the Jordan, and not of the Kennebec and Schuvlkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined. Why, it is ridiculous." Perhaps afterward he joins the church. Then the church will have its hands full. He growls, and groans, and whines all the way up toward the gate of heaven. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister would preach differently, that the elders would pray differently. In the morning, he said, "the church was as cold as Greenland;" in the evening, "it was hot as blazes." They painted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and frets

and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse that, prancing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedge-hog, he is all quills. Like a crab, that, you know, always goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go forward, and turns in four directions all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he has gone by the heel,—so that the first thing you know you don't know any thing,—and while you expected to catch the crab the crab catches you.

So some men are crabbed,—all hard-shell, and obstinacy. and opposition. I do not see how he is to get into heaven unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than for discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and coloquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than nightshade. And in a world where God hath put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.

THE SAD STORY OF BLOBBS AND HIS PULLET.

In a tiny country villa lived our Blobbs, but all alone; Never wife or chubby children this staid bachelor had known.

Yet—for hearts must cling to something—he had made himself a pet

Of a little snow-white pullet, with her wings just tipped with jet.

Daily feeding and caressing, these had won the puliet's heart; Following close her master's footsteps, seldom they were far

And his love grew deeper, stronger, with the passing of each

"Wiser far than any woman," wicked Blobbs was wont to

Mear by rose a wondrous structure—architects their brains

had racked-

Cross between a Chinese temple and a cruet-stand, in fact. This the pretty pullet's dwelling; here she hastened every night:

Perched on high, became a rooster till the dawning of the

One sad day a Yankee peddler, glib, persuading, passing by, Gazed at Blobbs and that poor pullet with a calculating eye. From his wagon's deep recesses drew out, smiling wickedly, "Johnson's Patent Hen-Persuader;" then to guileless Blobbs said he:

"Here's a marvelous invention! In this box you see a nest; Hens at once will lay an egg here, lured to do their very

Then behold! this sliding bottom lets the egg drop out of view,

And the hen, somewhat bewildered, lays at once egg number two!"

"Twould be useless to repeat all that this wily peddler said; This suffices. Blobbs, unwary, by his specious tongue misled,

Bought the "Patent Hen-Persuader," set his snow-white pullet on.

Locked them both within the hen-house ere he went to town that morn.

Business then engrossed him fully, till, with num'rous cares

Who can wonder that the pullet and her nest he should forget?

Nothing all day to remind him; but returning late at night, Flashed a sudden recollection, and his cheek grew pale with

Rushing madly from the station, straight he sought the hen-house door,

Called his pet in tones entreating. Ah! she'll never answer more!

Full of gloomiest forebodings, in he dashes; finds the nest Overflowing with its treasures—yes, she's done her level

Forty-seven eggs! and near them head and tail and wings still lay,

For the poor ambitious pullet thus had laid herself away!

WHAT BIDDY SAID IN THE POLICE COURT. E. T. Corbett.

Yis, luk at me now, if ye can, Tim,
Luk in me face if ye dare!

It's bruised an' it's ugly—I know it—
But sorra a bit do ye care,
Ye dhrunken—I'm ready, yer Honor,
I'll show ye's the mark of Tim's fist,
An' the block an' blue bruise on read

An' the black an' blue bruise on me shoulther Where he pushed me agin the ould chist.

Sure I will—don't be winkin' at me, Tim,
I'm done wid ye now, ye can say,
An' if ye're sint up for a twelvemonth
It's rejoicin' I'd be ivery day,
Whisht, officer—what's that ye're sayin'?
"Me complaint?" why, what's ailin' ye, man?
For sure an' I'm afther complainin',
Yer Worship, as fast as I can!

Whin ye kim home last night, now that's thrue, Tim,
The place was so purty an' nate,
Wid such ilegant corn bafe an' inyons
Set out on me blue chaney plate;
An' Molly a-waitin' to show ye
The beautiful medal she'd got;
An' me, wid my fut on the cradle,
A kapin' the tay good an' hot.

But, Tim, ye'd bin dhrinkin', ye blackguard, Yer wages was gone, ivery cint;
An' ye b-a-ate an' abused me a-an' M-ol-ly For sphakin' a word of the r-r-rint.
But whin ye turned over the table,
An' smash! wint me plate on the floor,
An angel cud never kape silence,
So thin—I'll confess it—I swore!

Jist wance, an' ye needn't have minded,
Well knowin' me timper is quick,
But wurra! ye knocked down the shtove, Tim,
And batthered the wall wid yer shtick,
Yis, an' broke the best chair, too, ye spalpeen!
No wonder the naybors tuk fright,
Wid Molly an' Patsy, both scramin'
Outside, in the cowld winter's night.

What! fine him tin dollars, yer Honor?
Och, sure now, that's hard on poor Tim.
'Twas just the laste bit of a scrimmage,
There's husbands far worser nor him!

But niver mind, darlint, here's money,—
I'd saved up a thrifle, ye see,
By washin' an' clanin'—I'll spind it,
Mavourneen, to let ye go free.

So come along home wid yer Biddy,
There's breakfast expectin' ye there,
Sure ye're needin' the bit an' the sup, Tim,
Ye're lukin' so white, yis an' quaire,
See! Molly's outside there, a smilin',
An' fifty cints left yit, asthore.
Come on, Tim-good mornin', yer Honor,
I won't be a throublin' ye's more!

SOMETIME.—Hosea Q. Blaisdell.

I am waiting for the shadows round me lying To drift away;

I am waiting for the sunlight, always flying, To come and stay;

I know there's light beyond the cloudy curtain, A light sublime!

That it will shine on me I now am certain, Sometime! sometime!

I am waiting for the summer's golden lustre,— Now far away,—

When golden fruits around my life shall cluster
Each sunny day!

We read of fadeless flowers in fabled story, In far-off clime,

And I shall pluck them in their pristine glory, Sometime! sometime!

Then I shall hear the voice of loved ones call me To their dear side;

And I shall then, whatever may befall me, Rest satisfied!

For on my ear sweet notes of love shall tremble In matchless rhyme,

From heart and lips that never can dissemble, Sometime! sometime!

I am waiting; but at times I grow so weary,— Far seems the day

When all the pain which makes our life so dreary Shall pass away.

I know the heart oft filled with tones of sadness, Like funeral chime,

Shall echo with songs of love and gladness, Sometime! sometime!

THE FIRE-FIEND.—JESSIE GLENN.

Hark! hark! o'er the city, alarm bells ring out, Cling, clang! "fire, fire!" each tone seems to shout. "Come on," cries a voice, "there is work to be done, So forth for our steamer and hose-cart we run! Here they are! Roll them out! now quick, let us fly! Clear the track! turn out! fire! fire! is our cry.

"Ha! ha! here we are! Yes, the Fire-Fiend is out! Just see the smoke roll, while the flames leap about; Unroll the hose, quick; pull to the tank, boys; Make fast the steamer now! listen to its noise! There go the water-jets high in the air! Dash them on! higher! higher! flames everywhere."

But stay! a wild cry rises loud o'er the din, A woman is shrieking, "my child sleeps within, Help! help! can ye stand, oh men, here, and see A little child die, yet do nothing for me? She burns! she is lost!" shrieks the mother, half wild, "Are ye men? have ye hearts? then help my poor child."

"Be calm," cried a fireman, young, sturdy, and brave, "I die in yon flames, or your child I will save! Ho! ladders, quick! quick! hoist them up to the wall,—Now, steady! God help me! Oh, what if I fall?" One glance up to heaven, one short prayer he spoke, Sprang up, and was hidden by darkness and smoke.

On her knees sank the mother, lips moving in prayer, While fear sent a thrill through the crowd gathered there. Breathless silence prevailed, none speaking a word, While puffs from the engine alone could be heard. All eyes remained fixed on the window above, Where last stood a hero whom angels might love.

"Will he ever come back?" No sound in reply Save the Fire-Fiend's laugh, as he leaps up so high, Catching windows and doors, woodwork, lintel, and all, While "burn with all speed," seems his conquering call, "Spare nothing, speed onward! In this I delight! Two victims are mine! I am king here to-night."

Not so! Oh, not so! for mid joy-speaking cheers, A fireman and child on the ladder appears; Blackened, yet safe, he descends to the ground, Gives the babe to its mother, then looks calmly round, "Thank God, that he gave me the strength this to do!" "We will," cried a voice, "but we also thank you!"

The Fire-Fiend rushed by on his merciless path, At losing his victims he seemed full of wrath; He sputtered and hissed his unceasing reproof, Until with a crash, inward tumbled the roof. Then, mid water and work, mid laughter and shout, The Fiend slunk away, and the fire was put out.

MRS. POTTS' DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

One night during the recent troubles in the Pennsylvania coal regions, Judge Potts' brother, Thomas Potts, was round at a meeting of mine-owners, and after the adjournment he stepped into a tavern.

While there he met some friends, and in the course of an hour or two he got very intoxicated.

On the way home he lost his hat, and a miner who knew him, feeling compassion for him, clapped on his head a miner's hat; and in order to make the dark street look brighter, he lighted the lamp in front of the hat.

When Potts reached the house his wife had gone to bed, and the lights were out; but Potts felt certain the lamp was burning in the hall, yet he couldn't for the life of him tell where it was.

He looked at the regular lamp, and it seemed to be out; then he hunted in every direction for the light, but was unable to find it, although it seemed to shine brightly wherever he went.

Presently he happened to stop in front of the mirror in the hat-rack, and then he saw precisely where the light was.

After a brief objuration upon Mrs. Potts for leaving a light in such a place, he went up to the mirror, and tried to blow it out. He blew and blew, but somehow the flame burned as steadily as before.

"That," said Potts, "is the most extraor'nary lamp's ever been my misfortune t'encounter."

Then he took off his coat, and holding it in front of him, crept cautiously up to the mirror, and tried to crush the coat over the lamp, which still burned brightly. He said:

"That's cer'ingly very extro'nary! Moz' 'stonishin' circumstanz ever come un'er my obzervation. Don't know how t'count for it?"

It occurred to him that perhaps he might smash the lamp with an umbrella. Seizing the weapon he went up to the hat-rack, and aiming a terrible blow at the light he brought the umbrella down. He missed, and smashed his Sunday hat into chaos. He took aim again, and caught the umbrella in the lamp overhead, bringing it down with a crash. Then he tried a third time, and plunged the ferrule of the umbrella through the mirror, smashing it to atoms; he felt exultant for a moment as the light disappeared from his vision, but he was perplexed to find that there was another light somewhere, he did not know exactly where. So he sat down on the stairs, and remarked:

"Moz' 'stonishin' circumstanz ever come un'er my obzervation. Whaten thunder doz it mean, anyhow? light's gone, and yet it's shinin'! Perfectly incomprehensible! Wish t'gracious Mrs. Potts 'd wake up an' 'splain it. Blamed 'f I know what I had better do."

Finally Potts took off his hat to scratch his head in the hope that he might scare up an idea, and then the truth flashed upon him. Gazing at the lamp for a moment, until he drank in a full conception of the trouble it had caused him, he suddenly smashed it down on the floor in a rage, and extinguished it after covering two yards of carpet with grease.

Then he went to bed, and in the morning Mrs. Potts informed him that some of those awful miners had broken into the house the night before, and left one of their hats with a lamp.

Potts turned over in bed so that she could not see his face, and said if the stern hand of the law wasn't laid upon those ruffians soon, nobody's life would be safe.

INDIRECTION.—RICHARD REALF.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it

is rarer;

Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;

And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmasteded the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing; Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing; Never a Shakspeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;

Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath fore-

told him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;

Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;

Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling; Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;

Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator; Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;

Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;

The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;

And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine.

Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

NUTTING .- LUCY MARION BLINN.

Out in the pleasant sunshine of a bright October day, Rollicking, frolicking through the woods, scaring the birds away,

Went a group of laughing girls and boys to play till the sun was set:

Martha and Robbie, and Tom and Will, and Dolly, the household pet!

They "made believe" they were foragers bold, scouring the country o'er,

To add to their scanty soldier fare from an enemy's fruitful store,

And they charged on the squirrels' leafy homes till they beat a quick retreat;

While their precious hoards came rattling down at the noisy victors' feet.

They played tag and follow my leader and scampered up and down,

Covering each other in their glee with the leaves so crisp and brown,

Till they huddled down to talk and rest and plan some pleasure new,

While Martha unpacked the "goodies" for the hungry, bright-faced crew.

"I'm too little to work," said Dolly, tossing her curls away, "You make the dinner, Mattie, dear,-then I'll be papa, and pray!

I know just how he does it, 'cause I've looked through my

fingers, so; And God will hear me better out-doors than he would in the house, I know!"

Then clasping her baby fingers, and bowing her leaf-crowned

With its tangled floss half over her face, shading its flush of

Sweetly the innocent little voice stole out on the waiting

And up to the children's Father floated this childish prayer:

"I thank you, God, 'way up in the sky, for these nice things to eat:

For this happy day in the pleasant woods, for the squirrels and birdies sweet;

For fathers and mothers to love us-only Robbie, his mother's dead;

But I guess you know all about that, God-you took her away, they said!

"If you please, don't make my mother die; I shouldn't know what to do!

I couldn't take care of myself at all; you'd have to get me,

Make all the days just as good as this, and don't let Robbie

That's all little Dolly knows to pray, our Father in heaven, good-by!"

Then the sweetchild voices rose anew like a beautiful refrain, And the birds in the brown leaves overhead caught up the merry strain,

And twittered it back till the yellow sun was lost in the hazy west,

When birds and children fluttered home, each to a sheltering nest.

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

I am here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too. and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth, sidewise like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and, when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind: when I'm a man I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush! don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at me and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to? Yes, there's another one—that's "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it was." I declare, I do not know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuffy with catnip tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to?

ASK MAMMA.-A. MELVILLE BELL.

A bachelor squire of no great possession, Long come to what should have been years of discretion, Determined to change his old habits of life, And comfort his days by taking a wife.

He had long been the sport of the girls of the place, They liked his good, simple, quiet, cheery, fat face; And whenever he went to a tea-drinking party, The flirts were in raptures,—our friend was so hearty! They'd fasten a cord near the foot of the door, And bring down the jolly old chap on the floor; They'd pull off his wig while he floundered about, And hide it, and laugh till he hunted it out.

They would tie his coat-tails to the back of his seat, And scream with delight when he rose to his feet; They would send him at Christmas a box full of *bricks*, And play on his temper all manner of tricks.

One evening they pressed him to play on the flute, And he blew in his eyes a rare scatter of soot! He took it so calmly, and laughed while he spoke, That they begged him to pardon their nasty "black joke."

One really appeared so sincere in her sorrow, That he vowed to himself he would ask her to-morrow, And not one of the girls but would envy her lot, If this jolly old bachelor's offer she got.

For they never had dreamed of his playing the beau, Or doubtless they would not have treated him so; However, next day, to fair Fanny's amazement, She saw him approach as she stood at the casement;

And he very soon gave her to know his desire, That she should become the dear wife of the squire. "La! now, Mr. Friendly, what would they all say?" But she thought that not one of them all would say nay

She was flustered with pleasure, and coyness, and pride, To be thus unexpectedly sued for a bride; She did not refuse him, but yet did not like To say "Yes," all at once—the hot iron to strike.

So, to give the proposal the greater éclat, She said, "Dear Mr. Friendly, you'd best ask mamma!" "Good morning then, Fanny, I'll do what you say; As she's out, I shall call in the course of the day."

Fanny blushed as she gave him her hand for good-by, And she did not know which to do first, laugh or cry; To wed such a dear, darling man, nothing loth, For variety's sake, in her joy she did both!

"Oh, what will mamma say, and all the young girls?" She thought as she played with her beautiful curls; "I wish I had said yes at once,—'twas too bad Not to ease his dear mind,—oh, I wish that I had!"

"I wish he had asked me to give him a kiss, But he can't be in doubt of my feelings—that's bliss! Oh, I wish that mamma would come home for the news; Such a good, dear, kind soul, she will never refuse. "There's the bell—here she is! O mamma!" "Child, preserve us!
What ails you, dear Fanny? What makes you so nervous?"
"I really can't tell you just now—by-and-by

Mr. Friendly will call and he'll tell you—not I."

"Mr. Friendly, my child! What about him, I pray?"
"Oh, mamma, he's to call in the course of the day;
He was here just this moment, and shortly you'll see
He'll make you as happy as he has made me.

"I declare he has seen you come home—that's his ring; I will leave you and him now to settle the thing." Fanny left in a flutter; her mother—the gipsy—She'd made her as giddy as though she'd been tipsy!

Mr. Friendly came in, and the widow and he Were soon as delighted as Fanny could be; He asked the dear *widow* to change her estate; She consented at once, and a kiss sealed her fate.

Fanny came trembling in, overloaded with pleasure, But soon she was puzzled in as great a measure. "Dear Fanny," said Friendly, "I've done what you said;" But what he had done never entered her head.

"I have asked your mamma, and she gives her consent." Fanny flew to his arms to express her content; He kissed her, and said—as he kissed her mamma—"I'm so glad, my dear Fan, that you like your papa!"

Poor Fanny now found out the state of the case, And she blubbered outright, with a pitiful face; It was all she could do, under heavy constraint, To preserve herself conscious and keep off a faint! She determined next time she'd a chance, you may guess, Not to say, "Ask mamma," but at once to say "Yes."

LITTLE MAG'S VICTORY.—GEORGE L. CATLIN.

'Twas a hovel all wretched, forlorn, and poor, With crumbling eaves and a hingeless door, And windows where pitiless midnight rains Beat fiercely in through the broken panes, And tottering chimneys, and moss-grown roof, From the heart of the city far aloof, Where Nanny, a hideous, wrinkled hag, Dwelt with her grandchild, "Little Mag."

The neighbors called old Nanny a witch. The story went that she'd once been rich—

Aye, rich as any lady in town—
But trouble had come and dragged her down
And down; then sickness, and want, and age
Had filled the rest of her life's sad page,
And driven her into the slums to hide
Her shame and misery till she died.
The boys, as she hobbled along the street,
Her coming with yells and hoots would greet;
E'en grown folks dreaded old Nan so much
That they'd shun, in passing, her very touch,
And a mocking word or glance would send.

Poer little Mag was her only friend: Faithful and true was the child, indeed. What did she ever care or heed For those cruel words, and those looks of scorn? In patient silence they all were borne; But she prayed that God would hasten the day That would take her sorrow and care away.

Alas! that day—that longed-for boon,
That ending of sorrow—came all too soon.
For there came a day when a ruffian crowd,
With stones, and bludgeons, and hootings loud,
Surrounded old Nanny's hovel door,
Led on by a drunken brute, who swore,
In blasphemous oaths, and in language wild,
She had stolen a necklace from off his child.

Crouched in a corner, dumb with fear,
The old hag sat, with her grandchild near,
As the furious mob of boys and men,
Yelling, entered her dingy den.
"Kill her!" shouted the brutal pack.
"Cowards!" screamed Little Mag. "Stand back!"
As she placed her fragile form before
Her poor old grandmother, on the floor,
And clasped her about the neck, and pressed
The thin gray hairs to her childish breast.
"Cowards!" she said. "Now, do your worst.
If either must die, let me die first!"

Cowed and abashed, the crowd stood still, Awed by that child's unaided will; One by one, in silence and shame, They all stole out by the way they came, Till the fair young child and the withered crone Were left once more in that room—alone.

But stop! What is it the child alarms? Old Nan lies dead in her grandchild's arms!

MY. NEIGHBOR.—LIZZIE CLARK HARDY.

Love your neighbor as yourself— Thus the Good Book readeth; And I glance across the way At my neighbor Edith, Who, with garden-hat and gloves, Through the golden hours Of the sunny summer-morn, Flits among her flowers.

Love your neighbor as yourself—Winsome, blue-eyed girlie, Golden gleams of sunny hair Dimpled, pink, and pearly. As I lean upon the stile
And watch her at her labor, How much better than myself
Do I love my neighbor!

Love your neighbor as yourself—How devout I'm growing!
All my heart with fervent love
Toward my neighbor glowing.
Ah! to keep that blest command
Were the sweetest labor,
For with all my heart and sou!
Do I love my neighbor!

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

The fettered spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the great archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the legend— When the archangel came, And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke:
So when Saint Michael questioned
Thus the poor spirit spoke:

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me Still lives and mourns me there, And the shadow of his anguish Is more than I can bear; All the torment that I suffer Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my life away;
Not all love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him,—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace,—then I know
He would endure with patience
And strive against his woe."

Thus the archangel answered:
"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then, through a special mercy,
I offer you this grace,—
You may seek him who mourns you
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

"But when that time is ended, Return here, and remain A thousand years in torment, A thousand years in pain: Thus dearly must you purchase The comfort he will gain."

The lime-tree's shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A bridegroom and his bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices:
What is that cold, bleak air
That passes through the lime-trees,
And stirs the bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale:
Why does the bridegroom shudder,
And turn so deathly pale?

Near purgatory's entrance
The radiant angels wait;
It was the great Saint Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the angel:

"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,
For heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

THE IRISH PHILOSOPHER.—MACCABE.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I see so many foine lookin' people sittin' before me, that if you'll excuse me I'll be after takin' a seat meself. You don't know me, I'm thinking, as some of yees 'ud be noddin' to me afore this. I'm a walkin' pedestrian, a traveling philosopher. Terry O'Mulligan's me name. I'm from Dublin, where many philosophers before me

was raised and bred. Oh, philosophy is a foine study! I don't know anything about it, but it's a foine study! Before I kim over I attended an important meetin' of philosophers in Dublin, and the discussin' and talkin' you'd hear there about the world 'ud warm the very heart of Socrates or Aristotle himself. Well, there was a great many imminent and learned min there at the meetin', and I was there too, and while we was in the very thickest of a heated argument, one comes to me and says he, "Do you know what we're talkin' about?" "I do," says I, "but I don't understand yees." "Could ye explain the sun's motion around the earth?" says he. "I could," says I, "but I'd not know could you understand or not." "Well," says he, "we'll see," says he. Sure'n I didn't know anything how to get out of it then, so I piled in, "for," says I to myself, "never let on to any one that you don't know anything, but make them bulieve that you do know all about it." So says I to hira, takin' up me shillalah this way (holding a very crooked stick perpendicular), "We'll take that for the straight line of the earth's equator"—how's that for gehography? (to the audience.) Ah, that was straight till the other day I bent it in an argument. "Wery good," says he. "Well," says l. "now the sun rises in the east" (placing the disengaged hand at the eastern end of the stick). Well, he couldn't deny that. "And when he gets up he

> Darts his rosy beams Through the mornin' gleams."

Do you moind the poetry there? (to the audience with a smile.) "And he keeps on risin' and risin' till he reaches his meriden." "What's that?" says he. "His dinner-toime," says I; "sure 'n that's my Latin for dinner-toime, and when he gets his dinner

He sinks to rest Behind the glorious hills of the west."

Oh, begorra, there's more poetry! I fail it creepin' out all over me. "There," says I, well satisfied with myself; "will that do for ye?" "You haven't got done with him yet," says he. "Done with him," says I, kinder mad like; "what more do you want me to do with him? Didn't I bring him from the east to the west? What more do you want?"

"Oh," says he, "you'll have to bring him back again to the east to rise next mornin'." By Saint Patrick! and wasn't I near betrayin' me ignorance. Sure 'n I thought there was a large family of suns, and they rise one after the other. But I gathered meself quick, and, says I to him, "well," says I, "I'm surprised you axed me that simple question. I thought any man 'ud know," says I, "when the sun sinks to rest in the west—when the sun—"says I. "You said that before," says he. "Well, I want to press it stronger upon you," says I. "When the sun sinks to rest in the east—no—west, why he—why he waits till it grows dark, and then he goes back in the noight toime!"

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAUX.

The church at Bottreaux, in Cornwall, has no bells, while the neighboring there of Tintagel contains a fine peal of six. It is said that a peal of bells for Bottreaux was once cast at a foundry on the Continent, and that the vessel which was bringing them went down within sight of the church-tower.

Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel's side,
He hears that sound, while dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.
"Come to thy God in time,"

Thus said their pealing chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

But why are Bottreaux's echoes still? Her tower stands proudly on the hill, Yet the strange chough that home hath found, The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.

The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.

"Come to thy God in time,"

Should be her answering chime;

"Come to thy God at last,"

Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free, The daughter of a distant sea, Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored, The merry Bottreaux bells on board. "Come to thy God in time,"

Rung out Tintagel chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

The pilot heard his native bells Hang on the breeze in fitful spells

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"Thank God," with reverent brow, he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide."
"Come to thy God in time,"
It was his marriage chime;

"Youth, manhood, old age past, Come to thy God at last."

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land, But thank at sea the steersman's hand;" The captain's voice rose o'er the gale, 'Thank the good ship and ready sail."

"Come to thy God in time," Sad grew the boding chime; "Come to thy God at last," Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea as if it heard The mighty Master's signal word. What thrills the captain's whitening lip? The death groans of his sinking ship.

"Come to thy God in time,"
Swung deep the funeral chime;
"Grace, mercy, kindness past,
Come to thy God at last."

Long did the rescued pilot tell, When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell, While those around would hear and weep, That fearful judgment of the deep.

"Come to thy God in time,"
He read his native chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves Is waking in his weedy caves, Those bells, that sullen surges hide, Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.

"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith the ocean chime;
"Storm, whirlwind, billows past,
Come to thy God at last."

RHYMERS.—SHAKSPEARE.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen caustick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edgs,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling mag.

THE DOOR OF HEAVEN.

It was a fearful time when the steamboat Tyro was lost. It was long ago, and almost every one has forgotten it, except the few who had friends on it, and they are almost all gone. The Tyro was a small boat, and the passengers were few and poor, so it has passed from the public mind. All the day the bright sun had shone down on the peaceful lake, and every thing seemed safe and secure. The passengers had no thought of danger as the night came on.

A little boy kneeled down to say his evening prayers, and as he looked out and saw the western sky all aglow with the glory of the going day, he asked, "Mamma, is that the door of heaven, with bright curtains all around it?"

"Yes, my boy," said the mother, "heaven's doors are all around us."

"Well, that's the one I want to go in at, because it's the prettiest;" and the child prayed his prayer and went to sleep.

It was never known how, whether the pilot went to sleep at his post, or the lights went out; but when midnight came there was a crash, a shiver, and cries of terror. The steamer had come in collision with a schooner and was fast sinking.

The little boy awoke. He cried, "Mamma, where are you?" and his mother's arms held him fast, even while they sank together in the dark waters.

They came to the surface, and the mother caught something floating, and held fast to it.

"Jamie, Jamie," she said, "hold me very tight."

"Mamma, are we going to heaven? I don't like this way—I'm afraid."

"Never fear, child; God will meet you." And with all her strength the mother lifted the child upon the floating bale, then dropped it, and went home through the floodgates below.

"Mamma, mamma! where are you?" cried Jamie; but there came no answer. No one noticed the child affoat, for every one sought to save his own life; and the day was born,

ran its race, and was dying again, when Jamie floated on shore.

The little fellow was hungry, very hungry, but there again was the glorious golden gate of heaven, and Jamie thought it was wider even than the night before; and as soon as he could crawl from the bale to the land he began to run as fast as he could straight toward the west.

Jamie's feet tottered. He was too weak to run, so he walked straight on a long, long way, until the west began to grow dim in his sight.

Jamie saw a man coming toward him, but he did not stop. The man noticed that the child's clothes were wet, that he had been in the water, and he tried to stay him.

"Little boy, where are you going?" he asked.

"I can't stop now," said Jamie, "and I'm afraid the doors will be shut."

"Whose house, boy?"

"Why, God's beautiful house, to be sure! Don't you know it? It is heaven. See! It grows dark!" and Jamie made one more effort, and fell to the ground fainting with hunger.

The man lifted him up in his arms, and Jamie lisped, "Mamma said God would come to meet me," and then he fell asleep. When he awoke he found himself in a strange place, with strangers about him.

"Come, my darling, you must eat some of this," said a soft voice, and the light of the candle was carefully shaded from Jamie's eyes.

Jamie's last thought was of heaven, and his first question was, "Did I get there?" Did He meet me?"

And a little girl, standing by the bed, answered: "Yes, little boy, father met you and brought you home."

"God's your father too, is he?" asked Jamie, not yet fully conscious of his present state; "then we'll both go home together."

Jamie recovered and grew to manhood; grew to a good and glorious manhood. He never looked upon the gorgeous purple, golden, and crimson glory of sunset without hearing again the words of his mother; "Yes, my boy, heaven's doors are all about us."

MEDLEY-MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

The following is the Chinese version of Mary and her lamb:

Was gal name Moll had lamb, Flea all samee white snow, Evly place Moll gal walkee, Ba ba hoppee long too.

We heard a son of Erin trying to surround Mary and her little lamb the other day, and this is the way he understood it:

Begorry, Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was white intoirly;
An' wherever Mary wud sthir her sthumps,
The young shape would follow her complately.

So celebrated a poem should have a French version:

La petite Marie had le jeune muttong, Zee wool was blanchee as ze snow; And everywhere La Belle Marie went, Le jeune muttong was zure to go.

Oui Monsieur; you avez un very large imagination; mais comment est this, pour Deutsche:

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf; Mit hair yust like some vool; Und all der place dot gal did vent, Das schaf go like em fool.

We inscribe the following version to the deargirls of Boston:

Tradition testifies, and history verifies the testimony, that one Mary was at one time possessed of a youthful member of the

member of the genus sheep,

Whose excellence of blood and neatness of manner rendered his, or her, exterior fringe as beautifully trans-

lucent as the driven, beautiful snow;

And it is stated in the most authentic manner (pp. 2 and 3 vol. 1, Nursery Rhymes, q. v.) that nowhere did the charming little lady (probably a Bos-

ton girl) perambulate,

But the aforementioned quadrupedal vertebrate did with alacrity approximate thither.

THE TRIPLE TIE.—HENRY G. PERRY.

'Twas on a street, two strangers met, in a city far away,
The sun long past meridian height, left but the ghost of day;
And one was strong and brisk of step; but the other stooped
and slow,

Made him a motion level and true, true and level, you know.

Then he, the strong and brisk of step, at eue of such language dumb,

Came to a half-halt, dead stop next, and still a living plumb, And stroked his face, and spied again and again, 'twas surely so—

Some sign of a thing, both fair and square, eertainly strange, you know.

"If you're weary and wanting, sojourner," quoth he, "why not rest?"

"Ah, brother! I'm worn and ailing enough, but leaving the West.

I'm bound, I fear, to that uttermost bourne, whither we all must go;

For, methinks, the Master's calling, and I must obey, you know."

They first took hands in a wordless way; then spake they each with eare,

In Old World words, with that for this, and a something here and there,

It was thus begun, but afterwards done—in the deathless glow

Mysterious of genuine Fellow-eraft spirit, you know.

And there sought him soon three faithful men under a triple tie,

Who all were sad, for well they saw that he was about to die. So eireling round, his *secret* apart, then to *them* moreo'er, He told of his distant home and wife, and little children four.

"Now, I've none to trust in all the world but you good brethren here,

In what I dying bespeak of you for wife and children dear; For the world is wicked—while I'm away—traveling hitherto; Death's gavel sounds, and all I have for them I confide to you."

And, tried and trusty, those men did, as just for themselves they would;

Until the last by his dying side, one or another stood, And wiped the death-damp off his brow, and eased his pillow of pain,

Bidding him fix his faith in God as never besought in vain.

He died at low twelve—hand upon heart—just as would you or I;

His left hand suppliant raised, as if in prayer, on high;

But the Master took them tenderly, and "palmed" them on his breast,

While the brethren said "So mote it be!" God give his soul good rest!

Thence from the lodge his coffined form passed under the architrave,

With the craftsmen mutely following, two by two, to the grave,

Where they gave their solemn service with his badge upon the lid,

And sprigs of acacia, one by one, over their brother's head.

Ah! little he thought such parting last, from home and babes and wife,

To roam and not return, and so in a strange land end his life; But the friends he found forgot neither orphans nor widow lone,

Since Masonry's care is ever—" dead or alive"—for its own.

THE HELPLESS GRAY HEAD.—Douglas JERROLD.

Come, raise we a Temple of purpose divine;
Let cedars be chosen, the granite be laid;
Though we carve not the chcrubim-face on the shrine
Be sure brightest spirits will lend us their aid.
We ask not to burnish our Temple with gold;

We ask not rich hangings, blue, purple, and red; We seek but to build us a house for the old,

A refuge, a home, for the helpless gray head.

'Tis little to clamber life's wearisome steep,
When youth holds the staff and our sandals are new;
Let hypriganes rayage, we transpilly sleep:

Let hurricanes ravage, we tranquilly sleep; Let rock be our couch, and our canopy yew;

We've hope when we climb, with the bright early day, The hill yet before us; we heed not our bed;

But when we creep down with the sun-setting ray, The earth coldly pillows the helpless gray head.

This mountain of life hath its vines and its streams,

The bountiful olive, milk, honey, and corn,

And some journey o'er it in happiest dreams,
And feed at all seasons from plenty's full horn:
And some totter downward, nor once on the way

Have tasted the banquet by competence spread; And bent on their staff, in mute eloquence pray A fireside, a home, for the helpless gray head.

PPPPP*

Then build we a Temple for age-stricken grief,
And think as we bid the bright edifice rise

We give to poor pilgrims a passing relief,
Who, summoned, shall tell the good deeds in the skies:
Then build we the Temple and pour we the wheat,
For, feeding the wretched, with manna we're fed.

For, feeding the wretched, with manna we're fed.
What oil is so fragrant, what honey so sweet,
As that we bestow on the helpless gray head?
—Masonic Review.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—I. EDGAR JONES.

A dream of beauty, dazzling bright—
We met at "Richfield Springs."
She seemed a sylph that summer night,
To which my memory clings;
Her person decked with diamonds rare,
Displayed with artist grace,
While flowers and waves of shining hair
Framed in her matchless face.

She seemed a spirit of the air,
Upheld on angel wings;
Above the wants of mortal care,
And common earthly things;
And I—though tied to wheels of trade
And business day by day—
Disdained my lowly doom, and soared
On airy wings away.

I made myself her shadow,
Her faithful satellite,
And summoned courage to propose,
One glorious moonlit night.
We sat within an arbor,
Secure from sight and sound,
While balmy odors floated like
A blessing all around.

Upon my knees, I begged she would
Her heart to me incline;
That she for once would stoop to earth,
And promise to be mine.
I vowed that I would live for her,
For her, if needs be, die;
And then, with fluttering heart I ceased,
Awaiting her reply,

She turned those glorious eyes on me, Their amber depths revealing— While o'er her face I saw desire And soft emotion stealing. She sighed, and then the shadows fled Before her gladsome smile— And glances arch on me bestowed, In her bewitching style.

I felt that I had gained the day,
That hours of doubt were past;
That now, in ports of perfect bliss
My hopes were anchored fast.
I listened, breathless for her words—
And thus at last she spake—
"I'm hungry, Mr. Brown, and I
Would like a piece of steak.
Such idiotic talk of love
Is but of little use,
Escort me to the dining-room,
And please don't be a goose."

THE HORSE—A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

AS READ BY THE BOY.

The hawse is a noble animal. He has four legs, one at each corner. The hawse has a head at one end, and a tail on the other, which is different from the eliphant, for he has a tail on both ends. There are a grate many kinds of hawses. There is the black hawse, the white hawse, the gray hawse, the brown hawse, the chesnut hawse and the hawsechesnut, the reddish hawse and the hawse-reddish. I don't like hawse-reddish, 'cause it gets in my eyes and makes them cry. There's the saw-hawse, the close-hawse, the hawse voice, the hawse-pital and the hawse-pistol. Besides, there is the Colt's revolver, the pony of brandy, the nightmare, the Lord-mare, mare-ely and Mary had a little lamb. The hawse is the only animal who wares shoes, but he does not take them off when he goes to bed like boys and girls. Hawses have to work, if I was a hawse I'd wish I was a kow, cause kows do not work, but only loaf round eating all day. I like the hawse, and if I had one I would not let Jim Bunker ride on him, 'cause he makes mouths at my sister. You always can find a hawse in the street, and you can tell him because he has big eyes and a hed. The hawse has a flowing coal-scuttle—(looks intently at the paper)—no—the hawse hashas a flowing coal-black mane some boys likes goats, but as for me give me a hawse or—give me deth.

SEEKING REST.

Thus saith my soul. "The path is long to tread.

Behind me far it stretches, far before;
Wearily, drearily, sight travels o'er
Leagues that have lengthened as the slow days sped.
And wearily o'er leagues untraversed
Which I must traverse ere I gain the door
That shuts not night nor day. What need I more
Than to find rest at last in that last bed?"

It is well said, O soul! The way is long.

Weary are heart and brain and aching feet.
But 'mid thy weariness thou still art strong,
And rest unearned is shameful; so entreat
This one thing—that at last the conqueror's song
May echo through a sleep divinely sweet.

THE CATHOLIC PSALM.—ELIZABETH INGRAM HUBBARD.

Bordered by bluff and meadow, reflecting a golden day, Placid and calmly deceitful, the lovely Lake Michigan lay. The sun had gone down in glory, and naught save one tiny band

Of cloud on the distant horizon, shaped like a ghostly hand With clutching bony fingers, that pictured the grim grip of Death,—

Gave the crew on the good sail-ship "Hester" a warning. But still not a breath

That seemed in the least like a storm-wind blew over the tranquil blue deep.

The two children in charge of the Captain were safe in the cabin, asleep.

Captain William T. Brown was the skipper; a braver tar never trod deck.

He was standing but now by the helmsman, and anxiously scanning the speck

Of cloud as large now as his jacket, and above it, what looked like a head;

While below stretched long timbs, ghostly shapes, that made the heart heavy with dread.

And e'en as he gazed and shuddered, the arms stretched out more and more wide;

The face grinned down at the skipper, the limbs seemed to make a long stride

Toward the ship. Quickly gave he the word to the helmsman to make all secure,

Then laid his own hand to the sail-ropes, and pulled, and tied all safe and sure-

The time could be counted by heart-beats, so quickly the storm-fiend drew near;

Where a minute ago was clear blue sky, now stretched heavy cloud, dark and drear.

Each man watched the work of the skipper, each one tied a rope round his waist,

Each fastened himself to some stout beam, each man to his neighbor was laced.

For a minute they waited the storm-burst; and as the wind lulled to a calm,

Came up from the maid in the cabin, the sound of a Catholic psalm.

"O God! we've forgotten the babies! I promised for them with my life.

They're the children of Reginald Ashton, my old chum. He has just lost his wife."

PSALM.

Ave sanctissima, maiden mild,
Place watchful guards to-night
All round thy child!
In storms of temptation,
In deluge of rain,
Ne'er asked I thy guidance,
Mother, in vain.

Watch over me On the sea! I trust in thee Ave! Ave!

All through the singing the storm-fiend waited, gathering strength

For a fatal blow;—up started the helmsman, as the words of the psalm died below—

"Oh, Mary will certainly save us! I have often and often heard say

That if, in the midst of the ocean, there be but a maid near to pray

To Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, and she pray with a babe on her knee,

The danger will sure be abated—run, Jemmy, you're nearest, and see;

Holds she the babe to her bosom? if so, we are saved from our grave;

For Mary will surely answer the prayer of the maiden, and save."

Quick Jemmy severed the rope-knot that held him fast to a plank;

Just then, the dread blow came; it threw Jemmy over the ship-side—he sank

While the last "Ave, Ave!" was sounding, sweetly and clear, Over the din of the tempest. It reached his drowning ear. "Sh!" cautioned Timuny McGinnis, the priest says there be two ways of savin',

One, for to suffer more down here, the other, for the kingdom of Heaven.

Jemmy's found the last one, sure. Did we mind the light that shone

Over his face, and out of his eyes as he signed the cross and wint down?"

Another blow--and harder. It wrenched away mast and

In came the deadly water that threatened to overwhelm. "Cut yourselves free from the ship!" the Captain shouted

And ran with all speed to the gang-way, waved back the following crowd-

"Sing that psalm again, girl! Pray, men, pray for your wives! It's the prayerful wives and mothers to whom sailors owe their lives.

Down on your knees, meu! Sing, girl, give us the Catholic psalm.

That, at least, if there's storm about us and we die, in our hearts shall be calm,"

Knelt every sun-browned sailor, the girl's voice rang out clear,

As she sang, "Watch over us, mother! we trust in thee, hear! oh, hear!"

The storm-fiend shrieked in his fury and rage, but the song rang on

Until the demon was vanquished, and the terrible peril gone. Then grouped the sailors together—there was nothing that they could do-

The last blow of the tempest had swept the deck, through and through.

Without a helm or rudder, without a spar or mast,

Drifting, and drifting ever, the dreary night was passed. The wind more and more abated; the fog wrapped them close in its fold.

Huddled closely together all through the night, in the cold, They shouted, whenever the song ceased, "Sing, girl, to save our lives;

We owe our safety and blessings to the prayers of our mothers and wives."

So all through the night the song rose clear on the listening air,

And from the lips of the sailors went up many an earnest

To the Holy Mother who watches over the babe and the maid, And as the hours wore on, they grew less and less afraid.

After hours and hours of drifting, the fog-bank dissolved away;

The rays of the sun just rising, disclosed a beautiful bay.

They were riding safe in the harbor, though never an anchor bound,

Nor yet a cable held them, they were riding safe and sound. Men came down to them, sore hearted, and wondered at the sight,

For on the shore, as on the sea, it had been a woeful night. Not a house was left in the village, the tempest had leveled

the town;

Many a wreck lay on the beach, telling of sailors gone down. "Ah! they had not a maid and a babe on board, to pray To the Holy Mother Mary who hears their cry alway."

"A maid, indeed! Where is she? Let us see her; bring her ashore."

They hastened down to the cabin, but paused ere they entered the door.

Sitting, facing the gang-way, one child clinging close to her side,

The other babe clasped to her bosom, the saintly singer had died.

Her lips were still partly open, her glance was upward cast, She had sung, until, like the sailors, she into harbor passed.

On the bluff, just up from the harbor, there stands a quaint old tower;

A great bell swings backward and forward at night to tell the hour.

And 'tis said that in a tempest, if sailors the shore are near And listen, the words come to them "Hear! oh, hear!" And then if they all kneel and whisper a prayer to the

Mother above,

They are saved from death by drowning, saved by the maiden's love,

Which so moves the Mother of Sorrows that she spares the sailors' lives

For the sake of the sailors' mothers and the sailors' waiting wives.

A MODEL SERMON.

Brethren, the words of my text are:

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard To get her poor dog a bone; But when she got there the cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none."

These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their

meaning, and to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our everyday life.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard To get her poor dog a bone."

Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! she went to the cupboard. And here observe that she went to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and enerely went to the cupboard.

We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are "the cupboard" Not "one of the cupboards," or the "right-hand cupboard," or the "left-hand cupboard," or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor; but just the cupboard—the one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering, precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation, may beto open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar, to open it for that poor dog.

> "But when she got there the cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there!" You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right, or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there.

And how was her noble effort rewarded?

"The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer-matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary

cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one—the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog—was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a filtet of yeal, even an 'ice' from Gatti's, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head.

Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, "The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dogbiscuit." Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas. these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she owned only one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw - at once the releutless logic of the situation, and vielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her, without deviation, to reach the barren eupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-neeked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-ealled men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She said nothing. "The poor dog had none!" And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not eognizant of enough?

Who would dare to pieree the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open eupboard-door; depict to ourselves the dog still dropping his disappointed tail upon the floor the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house; and to keep stores in them all. And, oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do, if Fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be—let us like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us in the beautiful words of our text—" And so the poor dog had none."

MARC ANTONY'S ORIGINAL ORATION.

Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears;— I will return them next Saturday. I come To bury Cæsar,—because the times are hard, And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker. The evil that men do lives after them,— In the shape of progeny, who reap the Benefit of their life insurance,— So let it be with the deceased. Brutus hath told you Cæsar was ambitious. What does Brutus know about it? It is none of his funeral. Would that it were! Here under leave of you I come to Make a speech at Cæsar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me,-He loaned me \$5 once when I was in a pinch, And signed my petition for a post-office,—But Brutus says he was ambitious. Brutus should wipe off his chin. Cæsar hath brought many captives home to Rome,— Who broke rock on the streets until their ransoms Did the general coffers fill. When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept--Because it didn't cost anything and Made him solid with the masses. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says lie was ambitious. Brutus is a liar, and I can prove it. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse, because it did not fit him quite Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious. Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country, But he is a horse thief of the deepest dye. If you have any tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this ulster. I remember the first time Cæsar put it on; It was on a summer's evening, in his tent, With the thermometer registering 90 in the shade. But it was an ulster to be proud of,

And cost him \$7 at Marcaius Swartzmeyer's Corner of Broad and Ferry streets, sign of the red flag. Old Swartz wanted \$40 for it, But finally came down to \$7, because it was Cæsar! Was this ambitious? If Brutus says it was He is a greater liar—than any one present. Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through, Through this the son of a gun of a Brutus stabbed, And when he plucked his cursed steel away, Marc Antony, how the blood of Cæsar followed it! I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts; I am no thief, as Brutus is. Brutus has a monopoly on all that business. And if he had his deserts he would be In the penitentiary, and don't you forget it. Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up To such a flood of mutiny. And as it looks like rain, The pall bearers will please place the coffin in the hearse, And we will proceed to bury Cæsar, Not to praise him.

BEN ISAAC'S VISION.—Annie M. Lawrence,

Ben Isaac walked in solitude one day, While on his heart a heavy burden lay. Vain were his sacrifices, and the prayers he said Seemed leaden-winged, and fell beside him dead. Fasting he oft had spent a lonely day, While wrapped around him folds of sackcloth lay. 'Twas nseless all; in vain he looked for rest; And uncheered anguish proved a constant guest.

The weight seemed heavier than his heart could bear, And once again he sought for peace in prayer; And vowed, unblessed by rest or any cheering good, To pass the days in loneliest solitude.

Thrice had the glorious sun, in golden rays, Smiled out o'er earth and called to loving praise. It shone as mockery on Ben Isaac's grief, While day and night he vainly sought relief.

At last, the angel sleep his weary frame
Touched with her wand, and suddenly there came
A vision to Ben Isaac's wondering eyes,
Which moved him with exceeding great surprise.
In awe unquestioning he marked the light,
Making the solitude with glory bright;
And in the midst two angels calmly stood,
Their very presence speaking peace and good.

Ben Isaac gazed, until, with voice that fell As sweetly clear as Sabbath-morning bell, One angel spoke, and then he bowed his head. "Your prayers are heard, your fastings seen," she said, "And He who sitteth on the throne of heaven, And by whose love your blessings all are given, Hath wisely ordered, in His gracious care, That you work out an answer to your prayer.

"Prayers are but useless, if through all one's life, No prayer is lived; but in vain, selfish strife, Talents and strength are spent that God has given That you may make this earth a type of heaven. Christ Jesus died to cleanse a world from sin, Faith and repentance will sure pardon win, And the pure teachings of His gracious Word Show care for others' service to the Lord.

"Faith to prove true must lead to loving deeds,
That soothe and cheer humanity's great needs;
That worship finds in act, and word, and thought,
Whose texture is with holy love inwrought.
Ben Isaac, if your heart would claim release
From grief, and find life's roughness round to peace,
Go view your Saviour in each suffering soul,
And mend your own crushed joys by making others whole"

Ben Isaac woke. In lingering music crept
The words his heart had garnered while he slept.
He almost thought in the rich morning light,
To see the angels' gleaming robes of white.
Back to the busy haunts of life his way he took,
A chastened earnestne's in mien and look.
Henceforth his life bore loving fruit for heaven,
And alms as well as prayers were freely given.

THE LITTLE CUP-BEARER.

The little cup-bearer entered the room,
After the banquet was done;
His eyes were like the skies of May,
Aglow with a cloudless sun;
Kneeling beside his master's feet,
The feet of the noble king,
He raised the gobiet, "Drink, my liege,
The offering that I bring."

"Nay, nay," the good king smiling said,
"But first a faithful sign
That thou bringest me no poison draught:
Taste thou, my page, the wine."

Then gently, firmly, spoke the lad,
"My dearest master, no,
Though at thy lightest wish my feet
Shall gladly come and go."

"Rise up, my little cup-bearer," The king astonished cried;

"Rise up and tell me straightway, why Is my request denied?"

The young page rose up slowly,
With sudden paling cheek,
While courtly lords and ladies
Waited to hear him speak.

"My father sat in princely halls,
And tasted wine with you;
He died a wretched drunkard, sire—"
The brave voice tearful grew,
"I vowed to my dear mother
Beside her dying bed,
That for her sake I would not taste
The tempting poison red."

"Away with this young upstart!"
The lords impatient cry.
But spilling slow the purple wine,
The good king made reply;
"Thou shalt be my cup-bearer,
And honored well," he said,
"But see thou bring not wine to me,
But water pure instead."

HAY-FEVER.

A song of the man who sneezes, The martyr of this, our day, The victim of rag-weeds and roses, Of pollen, bacteria and hay.

His habits are peripatetic,
And nothing his ardor can damp;
His motto is, "Onward—keep moving!"
In fact, he's a sort of a tramp.

For from early hay-cutting in harvest, Till the season of icebergs and snows, The sneezer migrates to the mountains, The fact is—he runs from his nose.

His eyelids are heavy and drooping,
He can't raise them up—so he peeps;
One ear is quite deaf and keeps buzzing,
And his nose from pure sympathy weeps.

Now a man so afflicted as he is Would be modest, at least, you'd suppose; Not he—for he blows his own trumpet Before him wherever he goes.

And he seems to be charmed with its music,
For all the day long he's intent
On its one single note "and repeat,"
With a running accompaniment.

You meet him on hotel piazza,
Promenading with slow-measured pace;
He always appears to be weeping,
With his handkerchief up to his face.

He meets a young friend. Bending over Almost to the tips of his toes, He looks 'neath his eyelids and greets her: "Ah--this is-Miss Jodes-I subbose."

"Oh, yes, sir—but isn't it horrid,
For I see you're afflicted like be.
But mother and I leave to-morrow,
For we're far worse than when we—a-h—chee!

"Far worse than when we first cub here; But pray, Bister Sbith how are you? Are you worse in the ebenig or bordig? I'm worse in the bordig—a-h—choo!

"But—excuse be, I go to fide mother."
Mr. Smith gives a sneeze of relief,
When turning, he plumps upon Tomkins,
Looking out from a damp handkerchief.

"Bless by soul!" says old Smith, "you dode tell be Pray why in the world came you here? You habn't the hay-fever, hab you?" "If I habn't," says Tomkins, "it's queer.

"I crossed the Atlantic to break it— Broke my nose falling out of my bunk; But I give you my word it don't matter, For I can't tell a rose from a skunk."

"Oh, dear!" cries a boy with his mother,
"My froat feels as if it won't draw,
And my nothe ith thop'd up like a bottle—
A nathty nothe ever I thaw."

Thus we find no age nor condition
Is exempt from this horrible curse,
And with all the "specifics" and doctors,—
The more they are used—it gets worse.

STORY OF A NEW HAT.

A business man had purchased a new stiff hat, and he went into a saloon with half a dozen friends to fit the hat on his head. They all took beer and passed the hat around so all could see it. One of the meanest men that ever held a county office went to the bartender and had a thin slice of Limburger cheese cut off, and when the party were looking at the frescoed ceiling through their beer glasses, the wicked person slipped the cheese under the sweat-leather of the hat, and the man put it on and walked out. The man who owned the hat is one of your nervous people who is always complaining of being sick, and who feels as though some dreadful disease was going to take possession of him and carry him off. He went back to his place of business, took off his hat and laid it on the table, and proceeded to answer some letters. He thought he detected a smell, and when his partner asked him if he didn't feel sick, he believed he did. He then turned pale, and said he guessed he would go home. He met a man on the sidewalk who said the air was full of miasma, and in the street car a man who sat next to him moved away to the end of the car, and asked him if he had just come from Chicago. The man with the hat said he had not, when the stranger said they were having a great deal of small-pox there and he guessed he would get out and walk, and he pulled the bell and jumped off. The cold perspiration broke out on the forehead of the man with the new hat, and he took it off to wipe his forehead, when the whole piece of cheese seemed to roll over and breatlie, and the man got the full benefit of it, and he came near fainting away. He got home, and his wife met and asked him what was the matter. He said he believed mortification had set in, and she took one whiff as he took off his hat, and said that she should think it had. "Where did you get into it?" said she. "Get into it?" said the man. "I have not got into anything, but some deadly disease has got hold of me and I shall not live." She got his clothes off, soaked his feet in mustard water, and he slept. The hat was lying on the centre-table, and the children would come in and get a smell of it and look at each other with reproachful glances,

and go out and play. The man slept and dreamed that a small-pox flag was hung in front of his house, and that he was riding in a butcher's wagon to the pest-house. The woman sent for a doctor, and when the man of pills arrived she told him all about the case. The doctor picked up the patient's new hat, tried it on, and got a sniff. He said the hat was picked before it was ripe. The doctor and the wife held a post morten examination of the hat and found the slice of Limburger. "Few and short were the prayers they said." They woke the patient, and to prepare his mind for the revelation that was about to be made, the doctor asked him if his worldly affairs were arranged in a satisfactory condition. He gasped and said they were. The doctor asked him if he had made his will. He said that he had not, but he wanted a lawyer sent for at once. The doctor then asked him if he felt as though he was prepared to shuffle off. The man said he had always tried to lead a different life, and tried to be done by the same as he would do it himself, but that he might have made a mistake some way, and that he would like to have a minister sent for to take an account of the stock.

The doctor brought to the bedside the hat, opened up the sweat-leather, and showed the dying man what it was that smelled so, and fold him he was as well as any man in the city. The man pinched himself to see if he was alive, and jumped out of bed and called for his revolver, and the doctor couldn't keep up with him on the way down town. The last we saw of the odoriferous citizen he was trying to bribe the bartender to tell him which one of those pelicans it was that put that slice of cheese in his hat lining.

THE OLD MAN GOES TO SCHOOL.—JOHN H. YATES.

I know I'm too old to learn, wife; my lessons and tasks are done;

The dews of life's evenin' glisten in the light of life's settin' sun.

To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away;

away;
But I wanted to see how the world had grown, so I hobbled to school to-day.

I couldn't a told 'twas a school-house; it towered up to the skies;

I gazed on the noble structure till dimmer grew these old eyes. My thoughts went back to the log-house—the school-house of long ago,
Where I studied and romped with the merry boys who sleep

where the daisies grow.

I was startled out of my dreamin' by the tones of its monstrous bell;

On these ears that are growin' deaf the sweet notes rose and

I entered the massive door, and sat in the proffered chair— An old man, wrinkled and gray, in the midst of the young and the fair.

Like a garden of bloomin' roses, the school-room appeared to me-

The children were all so tidy, their faces so full of glee; They stared at me when I entered, then broke o'er the whisperin' rule,

And said, with a smile, to each other, "The old man's a-comin' to school."

When the country here was new, wife—when I was a scholar-

Our readin' and writin' and spellin' were 'bout all the studies we had.

We cleared up the farm through the summer, then traveled through woods and snow

To the log-house in the openin', the school-house of years ago.

Now boys go to school in a palace, and study hard Latin and Greek;

They are taught to write scholarly essays; they are drilled on the stage to speak;

They go into the district hopper, but come out of the college spout;

And this is the way the schools of our land are grindin' our great men out.

Let 'em grind! let 'em grind, dear wife! the world needs the good and the true;

Let the children out of the old house and trot 'em into the new.

I'll cheerfully pay my taxes, and say to this age of mine,

All aboard! all aboard! go ahead! if you leave the old man behind!

Our system of common schools is the nation's glory and crown:

May the arm be palsied, ever, that is lifted to tear it down, Q0Q0Q

If bigots cannot endure the light of our glowin' skies, Let them go to Oppression's shore, where Liberty bleeds and dies.

I'm glad I've been to-day to the new house, large and grand; With pride I think of my toils in this liberty-lovin' land; I've seen a palace arise where the old log school-house stood, And gardens of beauty bloom where the shadow fell in the wood.

To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away,

Then I'll go to a higher school than the one I've seen today;

Where the Master of masters teacheth—where the scholars never grow old—

From glory to glory I'll climb to the beautiful college of gold.

THE TALE OF A TRAMP.

Let me sit down a minute; A stone's got into my shoe. Don't you commence your cussin'— I ain't done nuthin' to you. Yes, I'm a tramp—what of it? Folks say we ain't no good— Tramps have got to live, I reckon, Though people don't think we should. Once I was young and handsome; Had plenty of cash and clothes-That was before I got to tipplin', And gin got in my nose. Way down in the Lehigh Valley Me and my people grew; I was a blacksmith, Captain, Yes, and a good one, too. Me and my wife, and Nellie— Nellie was just sixteen, And she was the pootiest cretur The valley had ever seen. Beaux! Why, she had a dozen, Had 'em from near and fur; But they was mostly farmers— None of them suited her. But there was a city chap, Handsome, young and tall— Ah! curse him! I wish I had him To strangle against yonder wall!

He was the man for Nellie-She didn't know no iil; Mother, she tried to stop it, But you know young girls' will. Well, it's the same old story— Common enough, you say; But he was a soft-tongued devil, And got her to run away. More than a month, or later, We heard from the poor young thing-He had run away and left her Without any weddin' ring! Back to her home we brought her, Back to her mother's side; Filled with a ragin' fever, She fell at my feet and died! Frantic with shame and sorrow, Her mother began to sink, And died in less than a fortnight; That's when I took to drink. Come, give me a glass now, Colonel, And I'll be on my way, And I'll tramp till I catch that scoundrel. If it takes fill the Judgment Day.

BAFTISM DEFENDED.

A minister who does not believe immersion is baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said, "Some believe it necessary to go down into the water, and come up out of it, to be baptized." But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the preposition "into" does not mean into, at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain, and the Saviour was taken up into a high mountain, &c. Now we do not suppose that either went into a mountain, but unto it. So with going down into the water; it means simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring."

He carried this idea out fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to arise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of the brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, and that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard. Finally a corpulent gentlemen of Teutonie extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke a silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mister Breacher, I ish so glad I vas here to-night, for I has had explained to my mint some dings dat I never could pelief pefore. Oh, I ish so glad dat into does not mean into at all, but shust close by or near to, for now I can pelief manish dings vot I could not pelief pefore. We reat, Mister Breacher, dat Taniel vas cast into de ten of lions and came out alife! Now I neffer could pelief dat, for de wilt peasts would shust eat him right off; put now it is fery clear to my mint. He vas shust close by or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glad I vas here to-night,

"Again we reat dat de Heprew children vas east into de firish furnace, and dat air alwish look like a peeg story, too, for dey would have peen purnt up; put it ish all plain to my mint now for dey were shust cast near by or close to de firish furnace. Oh, I vas so glad I vas here to-night.

"And den, Mister Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah was east into de sea and taken into de whalesh pelly. Now I neffer could pelief dat. It alwaysh seemed to me to pe a peeg feesh story, put it ish all plain to my mint now. He vas not taken into de whalesh pelly at all, put shust shumpt onto his pack and rode ashore. Oh, I vas so glad I vas here to-night!

"And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust explain two more passages of Scriptures I shall pe, oh, so happy dat I vas here to-night! One of dem ish vere it saish de vicked shall pe east into a lake dat purns mit fire and primsthone alwaysh. Oh, Mister Breacher, shall I pe east into dat lake if I am vicked! or shust py or near to, shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh, I hopes you tell me I shall pe east only shust py a good vay off, and I vill pe so glad I vas here to-night! De odder passage ish dat vich saish, plessed are dey who do dese commandments, dat dey may haf right to de dree of life and enter in drough de gates of de city, and not shust close py, or near to, shust near enough to see vat I haf lost—and I shall pe so glad I vas here to-night!"

MONEY MUSK.—BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

ABRIDGED FROM "THE OLD BARN."

Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys— The nobler Helens of humbler Troys— As they stripped the husks with rustling fold From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,

By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls, And the gleams that showed fantastic holes In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin, From the hermit glim set up within;

By the rarer light in girlish eyes As dark as wells, or as blue as skies. I hear the laugh when the ear is red, I see the blush with the forfeit paid,

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist, The cider cup that the girls have kissed. And I see the fiddler through the dusk As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"

The boys and girls in a double row Wait face to face till the magic bow Shall whip the tune from the violin, And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

MONEY MUSK

In shirt of check, and tallowed hair,
The fiddler sits in the bulrush chair
Like Moses' basket stranded there
On the brink of Father Nile.
He feels the fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the notes with thrum and check,
And times the tune with nod and beck,
And thinks it a weary while.
All ready! Now he gives the call,
Cries, "Honor to the ladies!" All
The jolly tides of aughter fall
And ebb in a happy smile.

D-o-w-n comes the bow on every string,
"First couple join right hands and swing!"
As light as any blue-bird's wing
"Swing once and a half times round."
Whirls Mary Martin all in blue—
Calico gown and stockings new,
And tinted eyes that tell you true,
Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown, Who holds her hands to keep her down And thinks her hair a golden crown

And his heart turns over once!

His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,

It gives a second somerset!

He means to win the maiden yet,

Alas, for the awkward dunce!

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe!"
"I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe!"
"You clumsy fellow!" "Pass below!"

And the first pair dance apart. Then "Forward six!" advance, retreat, Like midges gay in sunbeam street "Tis Money Musk by merry feet

And the Money Musk by heart!

"Three quarters round your partner swing!"
"Across the set!" The rafters ring,
The girls and boys have taken wing

And have brought their roses out!
"Tis "Forward six!" with rustic grace,
Ah, rarer far than—" Swing to place!"
Than golden clouds of old point-lace
They bring the dance about.

Then clasping hands all—" Right and left!" All swiftly weave the measure deft Across the woof in loving weft

And the Money Musk is dore!
Oh, dancers of the rustling husk,
Good-night, sweethearts, 'tis growing dusk,
Good-night for aye to Money Musk,
For the heavy march begun!

Part Hineteenth.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION on first page of Contents.

The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.

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CHOICE SELECTIONS.

No. 19.

WELCOME TO THE NATIONS.—O. W. HOLMES. SUNG AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

Bright on the banners of lily and rose,
Lo, the last sun of our century sets!

Wreathe the black cannon that scowled on our foes,
All but her friendships the Nation forgets—
All but her friends and their welcome forgets!

These are around her: But where are her foes?
Lo, while the sun of her century sets,
Peace with her garlands of lily and rose!

Welcome! a shout like the war trumpet's swell Wakes the wild echoes that slumber around; Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell; Welcome! the walls of her temple resound. Hark! the gray walls of her temple resound; Fade the far voices o'er hill-side and dell; Welcome, still whisper the echoes around; Welcome, still trembles on Liberty's bell.

Thrones of the Continents! Isles of the Sea!
Yours are the garlands of peace we entwine;
Welcome, once more, to the land of the free,
Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine;
Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine,
"Hushed is our strife, in the land of the free;"
Over your children their branches entwine,
Thrones of the Continents! Isles of the Sea!
QQQQQ*

ORMOLU'S TENEMENT HOUSE.—FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

A nice little dinner at Ormolu's;
A chosen few, and no ladies there:
Every man is a millionaire,
With ample waistcoat and creaking shoes.
The dinner, of course, is a great success—
Dinners at Ormolu's always are—
From the delicate bisque to the caviare,
And the wild boar's head in its gaudy dress.
But better than all is the rich dessert,
The season of large, well-fed repose,
When calm delight through the system flows,
And the brain deliciously lies inert.

Then the rich man sits in his easy chair, And dreamily sees his houses and gold In long processions of wealth unrolled, Like caravans crossing the fields of air. Wine and walnuts, walnuts and wine;

Big grapes frosted with purple bloom,
Odors floating all over the room
From ruby claret and leathery Rhine;
Crystal goblets of flint-like grain
Flashing the light through a thousand prisms,
And full of the tawny, unctuous chrisms
That ooze from the oily vines of Spain.
Fleshy clusters of rich bananas,
Citrons drowning in sirops of amber;
And, curling cloudily through the chamber,
Faint blue smoke from the fresh Havanas.

Over the wine the chat goes round—
English consols and Erie stock;
The newest invention, a patent lock,
And how the Paragon Bank's unsound.
Money, money on every tongue;
How to make it and how to lose it,
How to keep it and how to use it—
All the changes are duly rung.
Every guest round that shining board
Only dreams of dollars and cents,
Only dreams of the rise in rents,
Only thinks of his gathering hoard.

And Ormolu at the table sits,
Sipping with gusto that rich Latour;
While a vague thanksgiving that he's not poor
Over his gratified senses flits.

And somehow he sees, in a dreamy way,
His tenement houses—he owns a few,
And capital profits they bring him too;
For he knows how to make the tenants pay—

He sees them squalid and black and tall,
With rotten rafters and touch-wood stair,
The scant rooms fetid with stagnant air,
And the plaster membrane that's called a wall.

And he sees the swarms of life that huddle
In and out and over and through,
Till the buildings look like a human burrow
Moated about with a loathsome puddle.

Crazy, filthy, and insecure,
Hastily builded, and cheap and nasty,
About as strong as fresh-baked pastry,
But almost too good for vagrant poor.

The neighbors say that they must come down; From top to bottom each chamber rocks, As the roaring wind of the Equinox Blusters fiercely over the town.

And sometimes it seems that the neighbors think That if a fire should come that way, What splendid field it would have to play Through tottering chamber and gaping chink;

And how its serpentine tongue would curl With fierce, insatiate appetite, Down the staircase's rotten flight, And over the roofs in a crimson whirl;

And how the fiery fiend would rifle

Each crackling room of its human treasure—

Drinking blood with a savage pleasure,

And vomiting vapor to blind and stifle!

But what if it did? the tenement houses
Are all insured to their fullest figure—
Appraised and valued at utmost rigor—
And so our friend Ormolu carouses.

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Come, just one glass of this Clos Vougeot! An olive, though, first to give it a savor; That's a wine of the true grape flavor, Bottled exactly ten years ago!

See how it shines in amethyst splendor,
Just where the lamp-light strikes it and shivers:
This is the food for our sanguine rivers—
Strong as Milo, as Venus tender!

The wine is praised and the bottle passes, And Ormolu looks all ripe and glowing; No black remorse to his heart is flowing As he gayly drinks from his aërial glasses.

ONE, Two, THREE, FOUR!

The fire alarm comes loudly tolling,
Over the roofs of the city rolling,
And dying away on the island-shore.

One, two, three, four!
Engines over the pavements reaping;
While lusty tides of the firemen sweeping
Down through the channeled avenues pour.

One, two, three, four!

The panting fereman's trumpet bellows,
"Pull her along and jump her, fellows!
All your muscle and something more!"

One, two, three, four!

The shricking crowds of boys that follow,
The cries of the firemen hoarse and hollow,
Startle the night with a fitful roar.

One, two, three, four!
The red shirts down to their labor settle;
Every fellow is full of mettle,
Muscle, and courage, and something more.

One, two, three, four!
Ormolu hears the fire-bell toll;
It is his district—but, bless your soul!
All is insured, and fires are a bore!

One, two, three, four!

These Burgundy wines make one feel misty.
So here's a bottle of Lagrima Christi,

Fresh from the indolent Naples shore.

The wine is praised, and the bottle passes— Smoking Vesuvius is its sire— But Ormolu thinks never of fire, As he gayly drinks from his aërial glasses.

The tenement buildings are red and flaring,
The narrow street with the crowd is choking,
The opposite houses are hot and smoking,
The windows like blood-shot eyes are glaring.

Golden jets, like fiery fountains,
Over the tall roofs leap and spatter;
Till, struck by the wind, they break and scatter,
While ever the smoke piles up like mountains.

Fire, fire, fire!

Hark to the roar of its hollow laughter,
As it swirls all over each rotten rafter,
Drunk with the heat of its own desire.

See how the jets from the hose-pipes battle
All in vain with the floods so furious;
Hark to those sounds so hollow and curious,
Like mournful lowing of distant cattle.

See how the blinded firemen clamber,
Step by step, up the smoking ladder;
And how the fire grows madder, madder,
As it thrusts them off from that stifling chamber!

See how the crowds that are watching shiver,
As they see in the midst of that tide abhorrent
A black shape flash through the golden torrent,
Like one that drowns in a fiery river!

See that woman at the window flicker,
Holding a child in her hands and shrieking,
Ah! she's gone, even while we're speaking,
And every heart in the crowd grows sicker.

List to that sound that so hollowly rumbles!

The firemen pause, for they know what's brewing;
Then down with a roar, in a crimson ruin,
Ormolu's tenement building tumbles.

Crushed and mangled with beam and girder,
Five corpses lie in those tenement houses;
And Ormolu with his guests carouses—
Guilty, by Heaven, of all that murder!

THE STUDY OF ELOCUTION.

BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.

Should there be schools of elocution? is a question which sometimes presses on the mind, and I answer, the necessity for schools of elocution is founded on the general law of culture. God has given us organs which need development; there is a law of growth and culture everywhere. The human form is developed, the muscles of the arm are strengthened; this hand, so wonderful in its mechanism, is taught by practice to perform amazing feats. We all remember how diligently we toiled, and how difficult was the task to form those letters in our boyhood's days. But now we write as though it were an act of but a moment's thought. This is the law of culture, as applicable to the human voice as to the hand, and if the hand should be trained why not much more the voice? The voice is one of Heaven's most wonderful gifts to man.

Animals have speech in a certain sense; they have calls of hunger, they have longings for association, they have throes of agony, and they utter the feelings of pain. But to man God has given the power of articulate speech. How wide is its range! He can express every desire that burns in the human bosom, every aspiration that arises in the human heart. He can ascend from earth to heaven, away to where the human eye never pierced, and can bring before waiting audiences thoughts of God, and of eternity.

There are many reasons why elocution should be to us a matter of great concern. The first, I notice very briefly, is the age in which we live. The ancients were thought excellent elocutionists, but the names were few in number. The world had fewer calls upon them. The history of events has accumulated; the treasures of science and art have beeu enriched; we have a quantity of matter to make us teachers, and the world calls on us to aid the ignorant and to elevate the lowly. A missionary spirit has gone abroad. Those who have light must give to those who have none. Christian nations are sending out teachers to the ends of the earth, but as they are to teach they should be prepared to teach not only matter, but manner.

The world is calling to-day as it never called before. In ancient times languages were many. Pass a few miles, and a different dialect required a different address; and men studying dialect were unable thoroughly to pursue the study of elocution. But mark how times are changed! The ends of the earth are brought together, and audiences can come from the remotest parts in a few hours; and wherever there is a man who has thoughts to give, and can give them in an attractive manner, multiplied thousands are ready to dwell upon his lips.

Our English language, I am free to say, is that in which man must speak to man, in a way and to an extent that men never spake to men before. Our language is girdling the globe. From nation to nation it is beginning to pass, and an American finds himself at home almost everywhere on

this round earth. We are a nation of speakers.

ETIQUETTE.

The Ballyshannon foundered off the coast of Cariboo, And down in fathoms many, went the captain and his crew;

Down with the owners—greedy men—whom hope of gain allured.

Oh, dry the starting tear—for they were heavily insured!

Beside the captain, and the mate, the owners, and the crew, The passengers were also drowned, excepting only two—Young Peter Grey, who tasted teas for Baker, Croop & Co., And Somers, who from Eastern shores, imported indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a mast, Upon a desert island were eventually cast.

They hunted for their meals, as Alexander Selkirk used, But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.

For Peter Grey, and Somers, too, though certainly in trade, Were properly particular about the friends they made; And somehow, thus they settled it, without a word of mouth, That Grey should take the northern half, while Somers took the south.

On Peter's portion, oysters grew, a delicacy rare, But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't bear.

On Somers' side was turtle, on the shingle lying thick, Which Somers couldn't eat, because it always made him sick.

Grey gnashed his teeth with envy, as he saw a mighty store Of turtle, unmolested, on his fellow-creature's shore. The oysters at his feet, aside, impatiently he shoved, For turtle, and his mother, were the only things he loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow, as he settled in the south, For the thought of Peter's oysters brought the water to his mouth.

He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed, and stuff, For he'd often eaten oysters, but he'd never had enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other they had had, When on board the Ballyshannon, and it almost drove them mad

To think how very friendly with each other they might get, If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette.

One day when out a-hunting for the mus-ridiculous, Grey overheard his fellow-man soliloquizing thus: "I wonder how the playmates of my youth are getting on, McConnell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Byles, and Robinson?"

These simple words made Peter as delighted as could be, Old chummies at the Charter House, were Robinson and he. He walked straight up to Somers, then he turned extremely red.

Hesitated, hemmed and hawed, then cleared his throat, and said:—

"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too bold—But you have breathed a name I knew, familiarly, of old. You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened to be by—You know him?" "Yes, extremely well." "Allow me—so do I."

It was enough—they felt they could more pleasantly get on, For (oh! the magic of the fact) they each knew Robinson; And Mr. Somers' turtle was at Peter's service quite, And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster bed all right.

They soon became like brothers, from community of wrongs, They wrote each other little odes, and sang each other songs; They told each other anecdotes—disparaging their wives—On several occasions, too, they saved each others' lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted for the night, And got up in the morning as soon as it was light. Each other's pleasant company they reckoned so upon, And all because it happened they each knew Robinson.

They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore, And day by day they learned to love each other more and more. At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one day, They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.

To Peter an idea occurred—"Suppose we cross the main? So good an opportunity may not occur again."
And Somers thought a moment, then ejaculated, "Done! I wonder how my business in the city's getting on?"

"But stay!" said Mr. Peter. "When in England, as you know I earned a living tasting teas, for Baker, Croop & Co. I may have been suspended—my employers think me dead." "Then come with me," said Somers, "and taste indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a moment, when they found

The vessel was a convict ship from Portland, outward bound. When a boat came out to fetch them, though they felt it very kind,

To go on board they firmly, and respectfully declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at the joke, They recognized a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke; 'Twas *Robinson*, a convict, in an unbecoming frock, Condemned to seven years for misappropriating stock.

They laughed no more, for Somers thought he had been very rash,

In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash; And Peter thought, a foolish tack he must have gone upon, In making the acquaintance of a friend of Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard;
They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged a word;

The word grew rare and rarer, still the nodding of the head, But when they meet each other now, they cut each other—dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of mouth, And Peter takes the north again, and Somers takes the south. And Peter has the oysters, which he hates, in layers thick, And Somers has the turtle, and it always makes him sick.

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.-JOAQUIN MILLEB

Two gray hawks ride the rising blast; Dark cloven clouds drive to and fro By peaks pre-eminent in snow; A sounding river rushes past, So wild, so vortex-like, and vast. A lone lodge tops the windy hill; A tawny maiden, mute and still, Stands waiting at the river's brink, As weird and wild as you can think. A mighty chief is at her feet; She does not heed him wooing so—She hears the dark, wild waters flow; She waits her lover, tall and fleet, From far gold fields of Idaho, Beyond the beaming hills of snow.

He comes! The grim chief springs in air—His brawny arm, his blade is bare. She turns; she lifts her round, brown hand; She looks him fairly in the face; She moves her foot a little pace And says, with coldness and command, "There's blood enough in this lorn land.

"But see! a test of strength and skill, Of courage and fierce fortitude; To breast and wrestle with the rude And storm-born waters, now I will Bestow you both. . . . Stand either side! Take you my left, tall Idaho; And you, my burly chief, I know Would choose my right. Now peer you low Across the waters wild and wide. See! leaning so this morn I spied Red berries dip you farther side. See, dipping, dripping in the stream, Twin boughs of autumn berries gleam! Now this, brave men, shall be the test: Plunge in the stream, bear knife in teeth To cut you bough for bridal wreath. Plunge in! and he who bears him best, And brings you ruddy fruit to land The first, shall have both heart and hand."

Two tawny men, tall, brown, and thewed Like antique bronzes rarely seen, Shot up like flame. She stood between Like fixed, impassive fortitude. Then one threw robes with sullen air, And wound red fox-tails in his hair; But one with face of proud delight Entwined a crest of snowy white.

She stood between. She sudden gave
The sign, and each impatient brave
Shot sudden in the sounding wave;
The startled waters gurgled round;
Their stubborn strokes kept sullen sound.

Oh then awoke the love that slept! Oh then her heart beat loud and strong! Oh then the proud love pent up long Broke forth in wail upon the air! And leaning there she sobbed and wept. With dark face mantled in her hair. Now side by side the rivals plied, Yet no man wasted word or breath: All was as still as stream of death. Now side by side their strength was tried, And now they breathless paused and lay Like brawny wrestlers well at bay. And now they dived, dived long, and now The black heads lifted from the foam, And shook aback the dripping brow. Then shouldered sudden glances home. And then with burly front the brow And bull-like neck shot sharp and blind. And left a track of foam behind.

They near the shore at last; and now The foam flies spouting from a face That laughing lifts from out the race.

The race is won, the work is done! She sees the climbing crest of snow; She knows her tall, brown Idaho. She cries aloud, she laughing cries, And tears are streaming from her eyes: "O splendid, kingly Idaho! I kiss his lifted crest of snow;

I see him clutch the bended bough! "Tis cleft—he turns! is coming now!

"My tall and tawny king, come back!
Come swift, O sweet! why falter so?
Come! Come! What thing has crossed your track?
I kneel to all the gods I know.
Oh come, my manly Idaho!
Great Spirit, what is this I dread?
Why there is blood! the wave is red!
That wrinkled chief, outstripped in race,
Dives down, and, hiding from my face,
Strikes underneath! . . . He rises now!
Now plucks my hero's berry bough,
And lifts aloft his red fox head,
And signals he has won for me. . . .
Hist, softly! Let him come and see.

"Oh come! my white-crowned hero, come! Oh come! and I will be your bride, Despite you chieftain's craft and might. Come back to me! my lips are dumb, My hands are helpless with despair; The hair you kissed, my long, strong hair, Is reaching to the ruddy tide, That you may clutch it when you come.

"How slow he buffets back the wave!
O God, he sinks! O Heaven! save
My brave, brave boy! He rises! See!
Hold fast, my boy! Strike! strike for me.
Strike straight this way! Strike firm and strong!
Hold fast your strength. It is not long—
O God, he sinks! He sinks! Is gone!
His face has perished from my sight.

"And did I dream, and do I wake?
Or did I wake and now but dream?
And what is this crawls from the stream?
Oh, here is some mad, mad mistake!
What, you! The red fox at my feet?
You first, and failing from a race?
What! You have brought me berries red?
What! You have brought your bride a wreath?
You sly red fox with wrinkled face—
That blade has blood between your teeth!

"Lie still! lie still! till I lean o'er
And clutch your red blade to the shore. . . .
Ha! ha! Take that! and that! and that!
Ha, ha! So, through your coward throat
The full day shines! . . . Two fox-tails float
And drift and drive adown the stream.

"But what is this? What snowy crest Climbs out the willows of the west, All weary, wounded, bent, and slow, And dripping from his streaming hair? It is! it is my Idaho! His feet are on the land, and fair His face is lifting to my face, For who shall now dispute the race?

"The gray hawks pass, O love! and doves O'er yonder lodge shall coo their loves. My love shall heal your wounded breast, And in yon tall lodge two shall rest."

Abridged.

THE DOOR TO MEMORY'S HALL.

MRS. J. M. WINTON.

How I love the hour of twilight—
Twilight dusky, dim and gray—
When the night, with moon and starlight,
Gently clasps the hand of day.
Just enough of sunlight lingers,
Just enough of night-gloom falls;
Fairy forms, with noiseless fingers,
Loose the door to memory's halls.

And, with reverential feeling,
Pass I through the entrance wide,
While a soft light, after stealing,
Lights the faces either side.
Priestless in this temple holy—
Veil that ghostly, solemn place!
Hush! the train of mourners slowly
Moving towards that burial case.

Raise the curtain slightly—slightly On this one, full-length and fair; Let a single sunbeam lightly
Rest upon the waving hair.
O my sainted! grand and comely,
Rank grass grows our lips between,
And in these still cloisters only
Can thy countenance be seen.

Earthly hands whose clasp was loved best,
Pressed my own a long, last time,
Earthly eyes, with such a sad quest,
Nevermore will answer mine.
Cruel fate that hushed thy breathing,
When life's dawn was free from cloud,
Unseen hands for thee were weaving
Cypress wreath and funeral shroud.

Oh! in those long days of fever,

Through those dreary nights of pain,
Did you long for my face ever,

Long to hear my voice again?

When they told me how you languished
'Neath that sultry southern sky,
Then my heart was torn and anguished,

And I prayed you would not die.

Little recked we when we parted,

Carelessly and undisturbed,
You seemed joyous, I light hearted,

And our soul's speech died unheard.

True you left a lovely woman
Wearing your betrothal ring,
And I thought—such thoughts are common—
Our love but a by-gone thing.
Bid the phœnix rest in ashes,
Bid the sun forget his sky,
Bind the stream in mountain passes,
Then dream early love can die!

When I cross death's darkling river,
When my Father's voice shall call,
May the golden life-chords sever
When the twilight shadows fall.
Meet me at the pearly portals
With some olden, welcome song,
We'll forget our lives with mortals,
While eternity rolls on.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the cold hearthstone;
With witching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn,
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.
More lovely still, on the window-sill,
The dew-eyed flowers rest,

While 'midst the leaves on the moss-grown eaves,
The marten builds her nest.
And all day long the summer breeze
Is whispering love to the bended trees.

Over the door, all covered o'er
With a sack of dark-green baize,
Lies a musket old, whose worth is told
In the events of other days;
And the powder-flask, and the hunter's horn,
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled with a noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams, away,
And in their flight, all shorn of his might,
A father—old and gray;—
And the soft winds play with the snow-white hair,
And the old man sleeps in his easy chair.

Inside the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, airy footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair,
Kneels by the old man's side—
An old oak wrecked by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.—R. J. BURDETTE.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares."

To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says: "I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church," I hazarded.

"No," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and \$2 extra for seat, fast time and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, but I know some good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car is full no extra coaches; cars built at the shop

to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road bed and no ballast; no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to: kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir. I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent. and if they had he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from he said he'd like to see any body give him orders; he'd run the train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time. makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational Church?"

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too—one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well-managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on—always has such a pleasant class of passengers."

RRRRR

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting!" he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred, and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him at the next station. Every train-light shines like a head-light. Stop-over checks are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good whole-souled companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesley-anhouse air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; those river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir; I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip; sure connections and a good time, and no prairie dust-blowing in at the windows. And vesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man -twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want-"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! The train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

—Burlington Hawkeye.

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

WILL CARLETON.

I, who was always counted, they say,
Rather a bad stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six;"
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn;
But givin' was somethin' he ne'er would learn;
Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week;
Never forgot, an' never slipped;
But "Honor thy father and mother" he skipped;
So over the hill to the poor-house!

As for Susan, her heart was kind An' good—what there was of it, mind; Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice, Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice For one she loved; an' that 'ere one was herself, when all was said an' done: An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt, But any one could pull 'em about; An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see, Save one poor fellow, and that was me; An' when, one dark an' rainy night, A neighbor's horse went out o' sight, They hitched on me, as the guilty chap That carried one end o' the halter-strap. An' I think, myself, that view of the case Wasn't altogether out o' place; My mother denied it, as mothers do. But I am inclined to believe 'twas true. Though for me one thing might be said— That I, as well as the horse, was led; And the worst of whisky spurred me on, Or else the deed would have never been done. But the keenest grief I ever felt Was when my mother beside me knelt,

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An' cried, an' prayed, till I melted down, As I wouldn't for half the horses in town. I kissed her fondly, then an' there, An' swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will;
And then I decided to go "out West,"
Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best;
Where, how I prospered, I never could tell,
But Fortune seemed to like me well;
An' somehow every vein I struck
Was always bubbling over with luck.
An', better than that, I was steady an' true,
An' put my good resolutions through.
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor, an' said,
"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em more,
Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbor he wrote to me, "Your mother's in the poor-house," says he, I had a resurrection straightway, An' started for her that very day. And when I arrived where I was grown. I took good care that I shouldn't be known; But I bought the old cottage, through and through, Of some one Charley had sold it to; And held back neither work nor gold To fix it up as it was of old. The same big fire-place, wide and high, Flung up its cinders toward the sky; The old clock ticked on the corner-shelf— I wound it an' set it agoin' myself; An' if everything wasn't just the same, Neither I nor money was to blame; Then—over the hill to the poor-house!

One blowin', blusterin' winter's day,
With a team an' cutter I started away;
My fiery nags was as black as coal;
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole;)
I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes;

I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face;
"Mother!" I shouted, "your sorrows is done!
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
Come over the hill from the poor-house!"

She didn't faint; she knelt by my side, An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried. An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant an' gay, An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day; An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright, An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight, To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea, An' frequently stoppin' an' kissin' me; An' maybe we didn't live happy for years, In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers. Who often said, as I have heard, That they wouldn't own a prison-bird; (Though they're gettin' over that, I guess, For all of 'em owe me more or less;) But I've learned one thing; an' it cheers a man In always a-doin' the best he can; That whether on the big book, a blot Gets over a fellow's name or not. Whenever he does a deed that's white, It's credited to him fair and right. An' when you hear the great bugle's notes, An' the Lord divides his sheep and goats; However they may settle my case, Wherever they may fix my place, My good old Christian mother, you'll see, Will be sure to stand right up for me, With over the hill from the poor-house!

A PICTURE.

Girt round by sunburnt meadows newly mowed, The trees its rain-worn shingles half concealing, A shabby cottage stands beside the road, The paint in patches perling.

Before the house, 'mid weeds and grasses dense,
Stand hollyhocks and stunted lilac bushes;
And through the broken palings of the fence
A ragged rose-tree pushes.

And all is silent, save the hum of bees,

The patient, plodding beetle's dreary droning.
Or, in the swaying branches of the trees,

The west wind's restless moaning.

But, hark! through window and through door there flow Sounds of a feeble voice's plaintive singing; With a forgotten song of long ago

The lonely room is ringing.

A childless widow chants hymns learned of yore, In country churches sung by rustic voices, And as the sacred notes through silence som, Her placid soul rejoices.

Her eyes are on the hillside, where green graves,
Deep-buried in the unshorn grass, lie sleeping;
Over the simple tombs a willow waves,
And tangled vines are creeping.

She marks them not; her inward eyesight sees,
Beyond the glory of the sun descending,
Her blessed dead, with solemn psalmodies,
Before the white throne bending.

For though her voice be harsh, and worn, and old, As on her lips the trembling music lingers, Within her heart she hears the harps of gold Swept by celestial fingers.

Day dies, stars gleam, night's dusky shadows loom, The swallow home his wayward flight is winging; Yet, in the quiet of the growing gloom, She still is gently singing.

HEROES OF THE LAND OF PENN.-GEORGE LIPPARD.

Beautiful in her solitary grandeur—fair as a green island in a desert waste, proud as a lonely column, reared in the wilderness—rises the land of Penn in the history of America.

Here, beneath the Elm of Shackamaxon, was first reared the holy altar of toleration. Here, from the halls of the old State House, was first proclaimed that bible of the rights of man—the Declaration of Independence.

Here William Penn asserted the mild teachings of the gospel, whose every word was love. Here Franklin drew

down lightnings from the sky, and bent the science of ages to the good of toiling man. Here Jefferson stood forth, the consecrated prophet of freedom, proclaiming from Independence Hall the destiny of a continent, the freedom of a people.

She has no orator to eelebrate her glories, to point to her past; she has no Pierpont to hymn her illustrious dead; no Jared Sparks to chronicle her Revolutionary grandeur.

And yet the green fields of Germantown, the twilight vale of the Brandywine, the blood-nurtured soil of Paoli, all have their memories of the past, all are stored with their sacred treasure of whitened bones. From the far North, old Wyoming sends forth her voice—from her hills of grandeur and her valleys of beauty, she sends her voice, and at the sound the mighty dead of the land of Penn sweep by, a solemn pageant of the past.

Pennsylvanians, remember that though the land of Penn has no history, yet is her story written on her battle-fields.

Let us go to the battle of Germantown, in the dread hour of the retreat, and see how the children of Penn died. Let us go there, in the moment when Washington and his generals came back from the fight.

A pause in the din of battle! The denizens of Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill come crowding to their doors and windows; the hilly streets are occupied by anxious groups of people, who converse in low and whispered tones, with hurried gestures, and looks of surprise and fear. See yonder group clustered by the roadside: the gray-haired man, with his ear inclined intently toward Germantown, his hands outspread, and his trembling form bent with age; the maiden, fair-cheeked, red-lipped, and blooming, clad in the peasant costume; the matron, calm, self-possessed and placid; the boy, with the light flaxen hair, the ruddy cheeks, the merry blue eyes;—all standing silent and motionless, and listening, as with a common impulse, for the first news of the battle.

There is a strange silence upon the air. A moment ago, and far-off shouts broke on the ear, mingling with the thunder of cannon, and the shrieks of the terrible musketry; the earth seems to tremble, and far around, the wide horizon is

agitated by a thousand eehoes. Now the scene is still as midnight. Not a sound, not a shout, not a distant hurrah. The anxiety of the group upon the hill becomes absorbing and painful. Looks of wonder, at the sudden pause of the battle, flit from face to face, and then low whispers are heard, and then comes another moment of fearful suspense. It is followed by a wild, rushing sound to the south, like the shrieks of the ocean waves, as they fill the hold of the foundering ship, while it sinks far into the loneliness of the seas.

Then a pause, and again that unknown sound, and then the tramp of ten thousand footsteps mingled with a wild and indistinct murmur. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the air is filled with the sound, and then distinct voices break upon the air, and the clatter is borne upon the breeze.

The boy turns to his mother, and asks her who has gained the day. Every heart feels vividly that the battle is now over, that the account of blood is near its close, that the appeal to the God of battles has been made. The mother turns her tearful eyes to the south; she cannot answer the question. The old man, awakened from a reverie, turns suddenly to the maiden, and clasps her arm with his trembling hands. His lips move, but his tongue is unable to syllable a sound. He flings a trembling hand southward, and speaks his question with the gesture of age. The battlethe battle—how goes the battle? As he makes the gesture, the figure of a soldier is seen rushing from the mist in the valley below; he comes speeding round the bend of the road, he ascends the hill, but his steps totter and he staggers to and fro like a drunken man. He bears a burden on his shoulders—is it the plunder of the fight? is it the spoil gathered from the ranks of the dead? No!-no! He bears an aged man on his shoulders.

Both are clad in the blue hunting-shirt, torn and tattered and stained with blood, it is true, but still you ean recognize the uniform of the Revolution. The tottering soldier nears the group, he lays the aged veteran down by the roadside, and then looks around with a ghastly face and a rolling eye. There is blood dripping from his attire, his face is begrimed with powder and spotted with erimson drops. He glanees wildly around, and then, kneeling on the sod, he takes the

hand of the aged man in his own, and raises his head upon his knee

The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? The group cluster around as they ask the question. The young Continental makes no reply, but, gazing upon the face of the dying veteran, wipes the beaded drops of blood from his forehead.

"Comrade!" shrieks the veteran, "raise me on my feet, and wipe the blood from my eyes. I would see him once again." He is raised upon his feet, and the blood is wiped from his eyes. "I see—it is he—it is Washington! Yonder—yonder I see his sword—and Anthony Wayne—raise me higher, comrade—all is getting dark—I would see—Mad Anthony! Lift me, comrade—higher, higher—I see him—I see Mad Anthony! Wipe the blood from my eyes, comrade, for it darkens my sight; it is dark—it is dark!"

And the young soldier held in his arms a lifeless corpse. The old veteran was dead. He had fought his last fight, fired his last shot, shouted the name of Mad Anthony for the last time; and yet his withered hand clenched, with the tightness of death, the broken bayonet.

The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? As the thrilling question again rang in his ears, the young Continental turned to the group, smiled ghastly, and then flung his wounded arm to the south.

"Lost!" he shrieked, and rushed on his way like one bereft of his senses. He had not gone ten steps, when he bit the dust of the roadside, and lay extended in the face of day, a lifeless corpse.

So they died; the young hero and the aged veteran, children of the land of Penn! So died thousands of their brethren throughout the continent—Quebec and Saratoga, Camden and Bunker Hill, to this hour, retain their bones!

Nameless and unhonored, the "Poor Men Heroes" of Pennsylvania sleep the last slumber on every battle-field of the Revolution. The incident which we have pictured is but a solitary page among ten thousand. In every spear of grass that grows on our battle-fields, in every wild flower that blooms above the dead of the Revolution, you read the quiet heroism of the children of the land of Penn.

RRRRR*

MISS MINERVA'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

Yes, Debby, 'twas a disapp'intment; and though, of eourse, I try

To look as ef I didn't mind it, I won't tell you a lie.

Ye see, he'd been a-comin' stiddy, and our folks sez, sez they, "It's you, Minervy, that he's arter; he's sure to pop some day."

He'd walk in with the evenin' shadders, set in that easy-chair,

And praise my doughnuts, kinder sighin' about a bachelor's fare.

And then his talk was so improvin', he made the doetrines plain,

And when he'd pint a moral, allers looked straight at Mary Jane.

She'd laugh, and give sech silly answers that no one could approve;

But, law! the men ean't fool me, Debby—it isn't sense they love.

It's rosy cheeks, and eyes a-sparklin'. Yes, yes, you may depend

That when a woman's smart and handy, knows how to bake and mend,

And keep her house and husband tidy, why, the fools will pass her by,
Bekase she's spent her youth a-learnin' their wants to satisfy.

Now Mr. Reed was allers talkin' of what a wife should be,

So, Debby, was it any wonder I thought his hints meant me? And then when Mary Jane would giggle, and he would turn so red,

Could you have guessed that they was courtin', when not a word was said?

It all came out at last so sudden. 'Twas Wednesday of last week,

When Mr. Reed came in quite flustered. Thinks I, "He means to speak."

I'll own my heart beat quicker, Debby; for though, of course, it's bold

To like a man before he offers, I thought him good as gold.

Well, there we sot. I talked and waited; he hemmed and coughed awhile:

He seemed so most oncommon bashful I couldn't help but smile.

I thought about my pine-tar balsam that drives a cough away,

And how when we was fairly married I'd dose him every day.

Just then he spoke: "Dear Miss Minervy, you must hev seen quite plain

That I'm in love—" "I hev," I answers. Sez he, "with Mary Jane."

"What did I do?" I nearly fainted, 'twas such a cruel shock, Yet there I had to set, as quiet as ef I was a rock,

And hear about her "girlish sweetness," and "buddin' beauty" too.

Don't talk to me of martyrs, Debby, I know what I've gone through.

Well, that's the end. The weddin's settled for June, he's in such haste.

I've given her the spreads I quilted, so they won't go to waste.

I'd planned new curtains for his study, all trimmed with bands of blue.

I'm sure her cookin' never'll suit him—he's fond of eatin' too. Well, no, I wa'n't at meetin' Sunday. I don't find Mr. Reed Is quite as edifyin' lately; he can't move me, indeed.

And, Dobby, when you see how foolish a man in love can act,

You can't hev sech a high opinion of him, and that's a fact. "I don't look well?" Spring weather, mebbe; it's gittin' warm you know.

Good-by; I'm goin' to Uncle Jotham's, to stay a week or so.

TRUE TEACHING.

Thou must be true thyself,

If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul wouldst reach,—
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.—W. C. BRYANT.

Where olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew. There sat, beneath the pleasant shade, a damsel of Peru. Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air, Came glimpses of her ivory neck, and of her glossy hair; And sweetly rang her silvery voice, within that shady nook, As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'Tis a song of love and valor, in the noble Spanish tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of old Castile was sung,
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away the
foe.

Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth anew A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side, And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride.

And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right, And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight. Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months are fled, And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth, And bright, dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the north;—

Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden; the sharpest sight would fail

To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale; For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat, And the silent hills and forest-tops seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair, sad face is gone; But the music of that silvery voice is flowing sweetly on,—Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low,—A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago, Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave, And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see, along that mountain slope, a fiery horseman ride; Mark his torn plume, his tarnished belt, the sabre at his side! His spurs are buried rowel-deep, he rides with loosened rein, There's blood upon his charger's flank, and foam upon him mane:

He speeds toward that olive-grove, along that shaded hill: God shield the helpless maiden there, if he should mean her ill!

And suddenly that song has ceased, and suddenly I hear A shriek sent up amid the shade, a shriek—but not of fear: For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak: "I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free, And I am come to dwell beside the olive-grove with thee."

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

Not many leagues from here, and e'en not many monthago, When all was bound in Winter's chains, and covered thick with snow, As night came down upon the plain dark clouds hung o'er

the earth,

And chilling winds swept o'er the scene in wild and cruel mirth,

A fair young child with weary feet from wandering to and fro, At last o'ercome with weariness sank down upon the snow. His tender form was thinly clad, though rough, bleak winds swept by,

And froze upon his cheek the tears that flowed so mournfully;

They tossed the curls from off his brow, back from the eyes of blue.

That glanced such looks of suffering from out their azure hue. Though none but God was near to mark the tears that from them rolled,

While from his lips oft came the moan, "I am so very cold!"

A drowsiness came o'er his frame and soon he ceased to weep. And on the chilling snow, he thought to lay him down to sleep;

But, true to holy teaching, first his evening hymn he said, And kneeling gently down, he clasped his stiffened hands and prayed—

"My Heavenly Father," were the words that from his pale lips came,

And many dark and dismal nights his prayer had been the

"Please let me die, and take me to the gentle Shepherd's

I want to go so very much, I am so very cold!

"When mother died and went to heaven to be an angel bright,

She said I might come pretty soon; please let me go to-night. I want to feel her dear warm arms again around me fold; O Father! let me go to her, I am so very cold."

There was a time whene'er these same small hands were clasped in prayer,

At dusky hour of eventide, a mother's form was there; And ere these curls were laid to rest upon their downy bed, A father's hand in blessing lay upon that eurly head.

There was a time when round this self-same ehildish form were thrown

The thousand comforts, dear delights, and guardian eares of home;

The budding happiness of life shone on his care-free brow, And love, and warmth, and light were there—where are those blessings now?

'Twas not the oeean's storm that sank the father 'neath its wave,

Twas not a foul disease that laid the mother in her grave,
Twas not the raging flame that swept the pleasant home
away,

And turned the patient toil of years to ashes in a day.

'Twas the demon of the wine cup set the father's brain on fire, And plunged him, soul and body, into ruin dark and dire! While drop by drop the life-blood oozed from out the broken heart

Of her who vowed to cling to him till life itself should part.

And when the weary life was o'er, she laid her in the ground, And left her child in this cold world to wander up and down; And now alone, with freezing form beneath the wintry sky, He kneeled upon the cold white snow, and wildly prayed to die.

When morning with her streaming light came o'er the eastern hill,

And flashed her beams athwart the plain, she saw him kneeling still,

But from those cold and parted lips came not one trembling word:

The blue eyes raised to heaven were glazed; the orphan's prayer was heard.

MR. CAUDLE'S HAT.

A CAUDLE LECTURE REVERSED.

Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know what has become of my hat? Here I've been hunting all over the house, and lost ten minutes that should have been given to the Mutual Life Insurance Co. Now, I say, what have you done with that hat? You haven't seen it? Of course not; never do see it. Frank, go and get my hat; and Jane, fetch me my cane. What's that! You can't find my hat? Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know why you will persist in training your children in such a heedless manner? He can't find my hat! To be sure not; how can he, if you don't teach him how to look? Didn't I leave it in the kitchen when I went there last night after something to eat? How should you know? I say it's your business to know, and to have my things ready for me in the morning, and not have me losing so much time. Eh! you have too much else to do? Of course you have! with three servants and two children? Be calm? Oh, ves. I will be calm! You see I am calm, and if you would only be so, I should have been able to find my hat long ago, instead of staving here to listen to your excuses, when I ought to be down town attending to business. I wonder how you expect I'm to keep this house going, if I'm to be kept waiting here for my hat. What! how can you help it? How can you help it! Why, madam, it's the easiest thing in the world! It's simply this modern management. Now, do you suppose things would go on in this way if you would only see that articles are in the right place? but, I suppose, you haven't got time to do that even! Of course not. Well, there is no use talking, I must go to the office bareheaded. Your bonnet, madam? Your bonnet! But why should I bc surprised-why should I be surprised if you should offer me your skirts also, since I seem to have lost all authority in this house! It's not your fault? And pray, then, whose fault is it? I will repeat it over twenty times, if you wish itwhose fault is it? What! the servants'? No, ma'am, I tell you you are mistaken; it is not the servants'-it is your fault. I wonder who oversees the servants-who, madam, but you? Then, clearly, it's your fault that I can't find my

hat. [Sits down.] Well, it's no use talking, I sha'n't go to the office to-day, and you, ma'am, sha'n't go to Newport—d'ye hear? It's no use asking; you sha'n't go. You needn't suppose I'm going to be deprived of my hat like this, and then allow you to spend my money at Newport. No, ma'am; I'm no such fool as all that comes to. No—no, ma'am; here I am, and here I'll stay all day, ma'am, and—eh! What! You wish I wouldn't talk so much? I tell you I will talk—I'll talk all day, if I please, and smoke, too—d'ye hear that? I'll smoke in the dining-room, and—yes—I'll smoke in the parlor; I'll scent the curtains, and smoke all over the house!

Here (says Mrs. Caudle) the horrid wretch was about putting his odious precept into practice, when Jane came in with his hat, having found it in a corner of the large oaktree chair on the back stoop.

SHIPWRECKED.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Before the wine-shop which o'erlooks the beach Sits Jean Goëllo, rough of mien and speech; Our coast-guard now, whose arm was shot away In the great fight in Navarino Bay; Puffing his pipe, he slowly sips his grog, And spins sea-yarus to many an old sea-dog Sitting around him.

Yes, lads—hear him say—
'Tis sixty years ago this very day
Since I first went to sea; on board, you know,
Of La Belle Honorine,—lost long ago,—
An old three-masted tub, rotten almost,
Just fit to burn, bound for the Guinea coast.
We set all sail. The breeze was fair and stiff.
My boyhood had been passed 'neath yonder cliff,
Where an old man—my uncle, so he said—
Kept me at prawning for my daily bread.
At night he came home drunk. Such kicks and blows
Ah me! what children suffer no man knows!
But once at sea 'twas ten times worse, I found.
I learned to take, to bear, and make no sound.

First place, our ship was in the negro trade, And once off land, no vain attempts were made At secrecy. Our captain after that (Round as an egg) was liberal of the cat. The rope's-end, cuffs, kicks, blows, all fell on me; 1 was ship's boy-'twas natural, you see-And as I went about the decks my arm Was always raised to fend my face from harm. No man had pity. Blows and stripes always. For saifors knew no better in those days Than to thrash boys, till those who lived at last As able seamen shipped before the mast. I ceased to cry. Tears brought me no relief. I think I might have perished of mute grief, Had not God sent a friend—a friend—to me. Sailors believe in God—one must at sea. On board that ship a God of mercy then Had placed a dog among those cruel men. Like me, he shunned their brutal kicks and blows. We soon grew friends, fast friends, true friends, God knows: He was Newfoundland. Black, they called him there. His eyes were golden brown, and black his hair. He was my shadow from that blessed night When we made friends; and by the star's half light, When all the forecastle was fast asleep, And our men "caulked their watch," I used to creep With Black among some boxes stowed on deck. And with my arms clasped tightly round his neck, I used to cry and cry, and press my head Close to the heart grieved by the tears I shed. Night after night I mourned our piteous case. While Black's large tongue licked my poor tear-stained face.

Poor Black! I think of him so often still!
At first we had fair winds our sails to fill,
But one hot night, when all was calm and mute,
Our skipper—a good sailor, though a brute—
Gave a long look over the vessel's side,
Then to the steersman whispered, half aside,
"See that ox-eye out yonder? It looks queer."
The man replied, "The storm will soon be here."
"Hullo! All hands on deck! We'll be prepared.
Stow royals! Reef the courses! Pass the word!"
Vain! The squall broke ere we could shorten sail;
We lowered the topsails, but the raging gale

Spun our old ship about. The captain roared His orders—lost in the great noise on board. The devil was in that squall! But all men could To save their ship we did. Do what we would, The gale grew worse and worse. She sprang a leak; Her hold filled fast. We found we had to seek Some way to save our lives. "Lower a boat!" The captain shouted. Before one would float Our ship broached to. The strain had broke her back Like a whole broadside boomed the awful crack. She settled fast.

Landsmen can have no notion Of how it feels to sink beneath the ocean. As the blue billows closed above our deck, And with slow motion swallowed down the wreck, I saw my past life, by some flash outspread, Saw the old port, its ships, its old pier-head, My own bare feet, the rocks, the sandy shore—Salt-water filled my mouth—I saw no more.

I did not struggle much—I could not swim. I sank down deep, it seemed—drowned but for him-For Black, I mean, who seized my jacket tight, And dragged me out of darkness back to light. The ship was gone—the captain's gig ahoat; By one brave tug he brought me near the boat. I seized the gunwale, sprang on board, and drew My friend in after me. Of all our crew. The dog and I alone survived the gale: Affoat with neither rudder, oars, nor sail! Boy though I was, my heart was brave and stout, Yet when the storm had blown its fury out, I saw—with who can tell what wild emotion!— That if we met no vessel in mid-ocean, There was no help for us—all hope was gone: We were afloat—boy, dog—afloat alone! We had been saved from drowning but to die Of thirst and hunger—my poor Black and I. No biscuit in the well-swept locker lay; No keg of water had been stowed away, Like those on the Medusa's raft. I thought . . . Bah! that's enough. A story is best short.

For five long nights, and longer dreadful days, We floated onward in a tropic haze.

Fierce hunger gnawed us with its eruel fangs,
And mental anguish with its keener pangs.
Each morn I hoped; each night, when bope was gone.
My poor dog licked me with his tender tongue.
Under the blazing sun and star-lit night
I watched in vain. No sail appeared in sight.
Round us the blue spread wider, bluer, higher.
The fifth day my parched throat was all on fire,
When something suddenly my notice eaught—
Black, crouching, shivering, underneath a thwart.
He looked—his dreadful look no tongue ean tell—
And his kind eyes glared at me like eoals of hell!

"Here, Black! old fellow! here!" I cried in vain.

He looked me in the face and crouched again. I rose; he snarled, drew back. How piteously His eyes entreated help. He snapped at me! "What ean this mean?" I eried, yet shook with fear, With that great shudder felt when death is near. Black seized the gunwale with his teeth. I saw Thick slimy foam drip from his awful jaw; Then I knew all! Five days of tropic heat, Without one drop of drink, one serap of meat, Had made him rabid. He whose courage had Preserved my life—my messmate, friend—was mad! You understand? Can you see him and me, The open boat tossed on a brassy sea, A child and a wild beast on board alone. While overhead streams down the tropic sun And the boy crouching, trembling for his life?

I searched my pockets and I drew my knife—
For every one instinctively, you know,
Defends his life. 'Twas time that I did so,
For at that moment, with a furious bound,
The dog flew at me. I sprang half around.
He missed me in blind haste. With all my might
I seized his neek, and grasped, and held him tight.
I felt him writhe and try to bite, as he
Struggled beneath the pressure of my knee.
His red eyes rolled; sighs heaved his shining coat.
I plunged my knife three times in his poor throat.

And so I killed my friend. I had but one! What matters how, after that deed was done,

They picked me up half dead, drenched in his gore. And took me back to France?

Need I say more?

I have killed men—ay, many—in my day,
Without remorse—for sailors must obey.
Onc of a squad, once in Barbadoes, I
Shot my own comrade when condemned to die.
I never dream of him, for that was war.
Under old Magon, too, at Trafalgar,
I hacked the hands of English boarders. Ten
My axe lopped off. I dream not of those men.
At Plymouth, in a prison-hulk, I slew
Two English jailers, stabbed them through and through—I did—confound them! But yet even now
The death of Black, although so long ago,

Here, boy! Another glass! We'll talk of other things!

Upsets me. I'll not sleep to-night. It brings . . .

TRUTH—FREEDOM—VIRTUE. AN ADDRESS TO A CHILD.

Things of high import sound I in thine ears

Dear child, though now thou mayst not feel their power.

But hoard them up, and in thy coming years

Forget them not; and when earth's tempests lower, A talisman unto thee shall they be, To give thy weak arm strength, to make thy dim eye see.

Seek TRUTH—that pure, celestial Truth, whose birth
Was in the heaven of heavens, clear, sacred, shrined
In reason's light. Not oft she visits earth;
But her majestic port the willing mind,

Through faith, may sometimes see. Give her thy soul, Nor faint, though error's surges loudly 'gainst thee roll.

Be free—not chiefly from the iron chain, But from the one which passion forges; be The master of thyself! If lost, regain

The rule o'cr chance, sense, circumstance. Be free. Trample thy proud lusts proudly 'neath thy feet, And stand ercet, as for a heaven-born one is meet.

Seek virtue. Wear her armor to the fight; Then, as a wrestler gathers strength from strife, Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigorous might

By each contending, turbulent ill of life.

Seek Virtue; she alone is all divine;

And, having found, be strong in God's own strength and thine.

TRUTH-FREEDOM-VIRTUE-these dear child, have power,

If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain, And bless thy spirit, in its darkest hour;

Neglect them—thy celestial gifts are vain— In dust shall thy weak wing be dragged and soiled;

Thy soul be crushed 'neath gauds for which it basely toiled.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

A CLOCK'S STORY.

"There, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1.05 A. M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. "Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"She-"

"She! You fool! What else could you expect of her! Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I I don't make mince meat of you!" and our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming

forward to a queer looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to

me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that any one takes the night express, and almost always after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his great coat, and bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously.

Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor pinched face.

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you, mamma,' and now, O God! they've turned against me. Where am I going? To the poor-house! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!"

And sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer: "O God! spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it mouned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!" A look of joy came over her face.

"I'm ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, which he took and from it read aloud:

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"
The light died away, and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistles sounded down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white set face, and, dropping his lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poor-house.

AN INVITATION TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A SLIGHT IMPEDIMENT IN HIS SPEECH.

I have found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf—fair,

I have found where the rattle-snakes bub-bub—breed. Won't you c-c-c-come, and I'll show you the bub-bub—bear. And the lions and tit-tit—tigers at fuf-fuf-fued.

I know where the c-c-co—cockatoo's song

Makes mum-mum—melody through the sweet
vale;

Where the m—monkeys gig-gig—grin all the day long, Or gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tit-tit-tail.

You shall pip-pip—play, dear, some did-did—delicate joke,

With the bub-bub—bear on the tit-tit—top of his pip-pip—pole;

But observe, 'tis for-for-for-bidden to pip-pip-poke
At the bub-bub-bear with your pip-pip-pink pip
pip-pip-pip-parasol.

You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-pip—play; You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-tit—ately raccoon, And then, did-did—dear, together we'll stray,

To the cage of the bub-bub—blue fuf-fuf-faced bab-bab bab—boon.

You wished (I r-r-r—remember it well,
And I l-l-l-loved you m-m-more for the wish)

So witness the bub-bub-bub—beautiful pip-pip—pelican swallow the l-l-live l-l-l-little fuf-fuf—fish.

Then c-c-come, did-did-dearest, n-n-n-never say "nun-nun-nun-nay;"

I'll tit-tit-treat you, my love, to a bub-bub-bub—'bus, Tis but thrup-pip-pip-pip-pence a pip-pip—piece all the way,

To see the hip-pip-pip-(I beg your pardon!)-

To see the hip-pip-pip-(ahem!)

The hip-pip-pip-pip-pop-pop-pop-pop-(I mean)

The hip-po-po-po-(dear me, love, you know)

The hippo-pot-pot-pot-— ('pon my word I'm quite ashamed of myself.)

The hip-pip-pop—the hip-po-pot,
To see the Hippop—potamus.

THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN AND THE LION.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

Give the Christians to the lions!" was the savage Roman's cry.

And the vestal virgins added their voices shrill and high;
And the Cæsar gave the order, "Loose the lions from their den!

For Rome must have a spectacle worthy of gods and men."

Forth to the broad arena a little band was led, But words forbear to utter how the sinless blood was shed. No sigh the victims proffered, but now and then a prayer From lips of age and lips of youth rose upward on the air; And the savage Cæsar muttered, "By Hercules! I swear, Braver than gladiators these dogs of Christians are."

Then a lictor bending slavishly, saluting with his axe, Said, "Mighty Imperator! the sport one feature lacks: We have an Afric lion, savage, and great of limb, Fasting since yester-eve; is the Grecian maid for him?"

The Emperor assented. With a frantic roar and bound, The monster, bursting from his den, gazed terribly around. And toward him moved a maiden, slowly, but yet serene; "By Venus!" cried the Emperor, "she walketh like a queen."

Unconscious of the myriad eyes she crossed the blood-soaked sand,

Till face to face the maid and beast in opposition stand;
The daughter of Athene, in white arrayed, and fair,
Gazed on the monster's lowered brow, and breathed a silent
prayer.

Then forth she drew a crucifix and held it high in air.

Lo, and cehold! a miracle! the lion's fury fled,
And a rea Christian maiden's feet he laid his lordly head;
While - re fearlessly caressed, he slowly rose, and then,
With one soft, backward look at her, retreated to his den.
One shout rose from the multitude, tossed like a stormy sea:
"The Gods have so decreed it; let the Grecian maid go free!"

Within the catacombs that night a saint with snowy hair Folded upon his aged breast his daughter young and fair; And the gathered brethren lift a chant of praise and prayer; From the monster or the desert, from the heathen fierce and wild,

God has restored to love and life his sinless, trusting child.

ON THE CHANNEL BOA'I.

"What! Fred, you here? I didn't see You come aboard at Dover. I met the Browns last week; they said That you were coming over, But didn't say how soon."

"Oh, yes;
I came by the Britannic;
And what a rush there was for berths!
"Twas almost like a panic.
I'm mighty glad to meet you, Will.
Where are you going?"

"Paris."

"Good! so am I. I've got to meet
My cousin, Charley Harris,
To-morrow. He and I have planned
A little trip together
Through Switzerland on foot; I hope
We'll have some decent weather."

"Take care there! hold your hat; it blows."

"Yes; how this steamer tosses! I'm never sea-sick; Charley is, Though, every time he crosses. Who's with you, Will?"

"I'm traveling with

My sister and my mother;
They're both below. I came on deck;
It's close enough to smother
Down there. These chaps don't care a snow
For ventilation, hang 'em!
Where did you stop in London? We
Were stopping at the Langham."

"You were? why, so was I. But then I only got there Sunday,
At breakfast time, and went away
The afternoon of Monday.
And yet, within the short sojourn
I lost my heart completely;

Such style! such eyes! such rosy cheeks Such lips that smiled so sweetly! only saw her twice, and then-Oon't laugh—'twas at a distance. But Will, my boy, I tell you what, In all my blest existence I ne'er before set eyes upon A girl so really splendid. But, pshaw! I couldn't stay, and so My short-lived visions ended. I don't suppose she'll ever know How I, a stranger, love her."

"Who was she, Fred?"

"Ah! that's just it; I couldn't e'en discover Her name, or anything at all About her. Broken-hearted, I saw it wasn't any use To try; so off I started, And here I am. disconsolate."

"All for an unknown charmer! You're soft, my boy. Let's stroll abaft. The sea is growing calmer,— Or forward, if you like. The view May make your feelings rally. We're drawing near to France; in half An hour shall be at Calais. See! there's the town, and just this side The port with shipping in it; And there, beyond, you see the spires. And-"

"Here, Will, stop a minute. By Jove! look there! that girl in gray, With red flowers in her bonnet! I do declare—l—yes—it's she! I'd take my oath upon it. What luck! If I had only known! How can it be I've missed her? Look! here she comes!"

"Why, Fred, you fool! That girl in gray's my sister." 4

THE REVELLERS.

There were sounds of mirth and joyousness
Broke forth in the lighted hall,
And there was many a merry laugh,
And many a merry call;
And the glass was freely passed around,
And the nectar freely quaffed;
And many a heart felt light with glee
And the joy of the thrilling draught.

A voice arose in that place of mirth,
And a glass was flourished high;
"I drink to Life," said a son of earth,
"And I do not fear to die;
I have no fear—I have no fear—
Talk not of the vagrant Death;
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.

"Cheer, comrades, cheer! We drink to Life.
And we do not fear to die!"
Just then a rushing sound was heard,
As of spirits sweeping by;
And presently the latch flew up,
And the door flew open wide;
And a stranger strode within the hall,
With an air of martial pride.

He spoke: "I join in your revelry,
Bold sons of the Bacchan rite;
And I drink the toast you have drank before,
The plcdge of yon dauntless knight.
Fill high—fill high—we drink to Life,
And we scorn the reaper Death;
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.

"He's a noble soul, that champion knight,
And he bears a martial brow;
Oh, he'll pass the gates of Paradise,
To the regions of bliss below!"
This was too much for the Bacchan;
Fire flashed from his angry eye;
A muttered curse, and a vengeful oath—
"Intruder, thou shalt die!"

He struck—and the stranger's guise fell off,
And a phantom form stood there—
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,
With rotten and mildewed hair!
And they struggled awhile, till the stranger blew
A blast of his withering breath;
And the Bacchanal fell at the phantom's feet,
And his conqueror was—Death.

MRS. McWILLIAMS AND THE LIGHTNING. MARK TWAIN.

Well, sir,—continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk,—the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be reasoned with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person.

Well, as I was telling you, I woke up with that smothered and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" wailing in my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said:

"Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?"

"Shut up in the boot-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

"Why, how can one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man can't be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

"You never try, Mortimer—you know very well you

never try."

I caught the sound of muffled sobs.

That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to—

"I'm sorry, dear—I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and"—

"MORTIMER!"

[&]quot;Heavens! what is the matter, my love?"

"Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?"

"Why, of course."

"Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some little care of your life, for my sake and the children's if you will not for your own."

"But my love "-

"Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You know there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunder-storm as this,—all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life,—for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing, and"—

"But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm not in the bed now.

I'm "--

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

"There! you see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how can you

be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?"

"I didn't swear. And that wasn't a result of it, any way. It would have come, just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline,—at least you ought to know,—that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity "—

"Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it!—I don't see how you can act so, when you know there is not a lightning-rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What are you doing?—lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

"Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and"—

"Put it out! put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You know there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. [Fzt!—crash! boom—boloom-boom-boom!] Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you've done!"

"No, I don't see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it don't cause lightning,—I'll go odds on that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was leveled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship,—about an average of none out of a possible

million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount, such marks-

manship as that"-

"For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to—Mortimer!"

"Well?"

"Did you say your prayers to-night?"

"I—I—meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and "—

[Fzt!—boom-berroom-boom! bumble-umble bang—smash!]

"Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How could you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

"But it wasn't 'such a time as this.' There wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it, any way, seeing it happens so seldom; I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago."

"MORTIMER! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever?"

"My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll stand the earthquake, because it was in the neighborhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every blamed "—

[Fzt!—Boom beroom-boom! boom!—BANG!]

"Oh, dear, dear! I know it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language—Mortimer!"

"WEIL! What now?"

"Your voice sounds as if—Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fire-place?"

"That is the very crime I am committing."

"Get away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you know that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have you got to?"

"I'm here by the window."

"Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there, this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm. Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day! Mortimer?"

"Yes?"

"What is that rustling?"

"It's me."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

"Quick! throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that all authorities agree that woolen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, don't sing! What can you be thinking of?"

"Now where's the harm in it?"

"Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and— What on earth are you opening that door for?"

"Goodness gracious, woman, is there any harm in that?"
"Harm? There's death in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't half shut it; shut it tight,—and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what are you doing?"

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that—Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a-it was a picture. Knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you know that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?"

" No. Forgot it."

"Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here,—come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped awhile, then forced my way out. My wife called out:

"Mortimer, something must be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantle-piece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it."

I got the book,—at cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out:

"Mortimer, what was that?"

"Nothing but the cat."

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick, love; cats are *full* of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that, I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went at my task,—over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges,—and at last I got kitty cooped up, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet:

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [Ftz!—boom—bang! smash!] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four—broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Während eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlüssel, etc., von sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Körpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern u. dgl.' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals about you, or keep them away from you?"

"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals about you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

I got it and put it on,—a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

"Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?"

I complied.

"Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs."

I did it,—in sileuce,—and kept my temper as well as I could.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter läuten ist sehr gefährlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Läuten veranlasste Luftzug und die Höhe des Thurmes den Blitz anziehen könnten.' Mortimer, does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder-storm?"

"Yes, it seems to mean that,—if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church

tower and the absence of *Luftzug* it would be very dangerous (sehr geführlich) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and moreover, don't you see, the very wording"—

"Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner-bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!"

Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm-houses are in our neighborhood,—the nearest some three or four

hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry:

"What in the nation is the matter here?"

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my war-like accountrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said:

"There is nothing the matter, friends,—only a little discomfort on account of the thunder-storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning."

"Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm."

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for awhile. Then I said:

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

One after another those people lay down on the ground to laugh,—and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked:

"Pity you didn't think to open your blinds and look over to the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight; our man's nominated.—and that's what's the matter!"

THE HOUSEHOLD JEWELS.

A traveler, from journeying
In countries far away,
Repassed his threshold at the close
Of one calm Sabbath day;
A voice of love, a comely face,
A kiss of chaste delight,
Were the first things to welcome him
On that blessed Sabbath night.

He stretched his limbs upon the hearth,
Before its friendly blaze,
And conjured up mixed memories
Of gay and gloomy days;
And felt that none of gentle soul,
However far he roam,
Can e'er forego, can e'er forget,
The quiet joys of home.

"Bring me my children!" cried the sire,
With eager, earnest tone;
"I long to press them, and to mark
How lovely they have grown;
Twelve weary months have passed away
Since I went o'er the sea,
To feel how sad and lone I was
Without my babes and thee."

"Refresh thee, as 'tis needful," said
The fair and faithful wife,
The while her pensive features paled,
And stirred with inward strife;
"Refresh thee, husband of my heart,
I ask it as a boon;
Our children are reposing, love;
Thou shalt behold them soon."

She spread the meal, she filled the cup,
She pressed him to partake;
He sat down blithely at the board,
And all for her sweet sake;
But when the frugal feast was done,
The thankful prayer preferred,
Again affection's fountain flowed;
Again its voice was heard.

"Bring me my children, darling wife,
I'm in an ardent mood;
My soul lacks purer aliment,
I long for other food;
Bring forth my children to my gaze,
Or ere I rage or weep,
I yearn to kiss their happy eyes
Before the hour of sleep."

"I have a question yet to ask,
Be patient, husband dear.
A stranger, one auspicious morn,
Did send some jewels here;
Until to take them from my care,
But yesterday he came,
And I restored them with a sigh—
Dost thou approve or blame?"

"I marvel much, sweet wife, that thou Shouldst breathe such words to me; Restore to man, resign to God, Whate'er is lent to thee; Restore it with a willing heart, Be grateful for the trust; Whate'er may tempt or try us, wife, Let us be ever just."

She took him by the passive hand,
And up the moonlit stair,
She led him to their bridal bed,
With mute and mournful air;
She turned the cover down, and there,
In grave-like garments dressed,
Lay the twin children of their love,
In death's serenest rest.

"These were the jewels lent to me,
Which God has deigned to own;
The precious caskets still remain,
But, ah, the gems are flown!
But thou didst teach me to resign
What God alone can claim;
He giveth and he takes away,
Blest be His holy name!"

The father gazed upon his babes, The mother drooped apart, While all the woman's sorrow gushed From her o'erburdened heart; And with the striving of her grief, Which wrung the tears she shed, Were mingled low and loving words To the unconscious dead.

When the sad sire had looked his fill,
He veiled each breathless face,
And down in self-abasement bowed,
For comfort and for grace;
With the deep eloquence of woe,
Poured forth his secret soul;
Rose up, and stood erect and calm,
In spirit healed and whole.

"Restrain thy tears, poor wife," he said,
"I learn this lesson still,
God gives, and God can take away,
Blest be His holy will!
Blest are my children, for they live
From sin and sorrow free,
And I am not all joyless, wife,
With faith, hope, love—and thee."

I LIVE FOR THEE.—ALFRED TENNYSON

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low, Called him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe; Yet she neither syoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place, Lightly to the warrior stept, Took the face-cloth from the face; Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S CONQUEST.

Bronson Alcott, of Boston, told Joseph Cook, and Joseph Cook told everybody he met, that he made a regulation in his school that if a pupil violated a rule, the master should substitute his own voluntary sacrificial chastisement for that pupil's punishment; and this regulation almost Christianized his school. "One day," Mr. Alcott said, "I called up before me a pupil who had violated an important rule. I put the ruler into the offender's hand; I extended my own hand; I told him to strike. Instantly I saw a struggle begin in his face. A new light sprang up in his countenance. A new set of shuttles seemed to be weaving a new nature within him. I kept my hand extended, and the school was in tears. The boy struck once and burst into tears. He seemed transformed by the idea that I should suffer chastisement in the place of his punishment, and ever after was the most docile fellow in the school, though he had at first been the rudest."

Now, this is very affecting and reasonable and striking. The incident came to the knowledge of Willis K. Stoddard. who for years past has been teaching a district-school in Flint River township, in Iowa. He read this extract from one of Joseph Cook's lectures, and never forgot the great moral it conveyed. Young Stoddard had some pretty hard boys in his school. They were big and noisy and rough and turbulent. He had reasoned with them; he had expostulated; he had begged and wept. He had whipped them until his arms ached, and the directors had threatened to dismiss him for unnecessary severity and absolute cruelty; and the boys grew worse and worse every day. But when he was at his wits' end, and was seriously thinking of running away and losing all his back salary, rather than stay at the school another day, he read this incident and it gave his troubled mind new light. He had treasured it up probably half a day when, one bright June afternoon, Samuel Johnson, the biggest and strongest and worst of all the big boys, tore seven leaves out of his geography. These he crammed into his mouth, and when he had chewed them into a pulp he took the "wad" into his hand, and propelled

the whole mass with great violence into the ear of Ellis Haskell, who signified his very natural dismay and astonishment by a tremendous howl. Mr. Stoddard called Samuel Johnson up to his desk, and more calmly than was his custom under such circumstances, told him to go out and bring in a switch. The boy presently returned with a very peaceful looking switch indeed,—a switch apparently far gone in the last stages of consumption,—the sickest switch!

"Now," said Mr. Stoddard, with a gentle, compassionate intonation, "strike me."

Samuel Johnson stared in speechless amazement. Mr. Stoddard calmly repeated his order. He thought he could see the "new set of shuttles beginning to work." "Some one," he said tenderly—"some one must suffer the infraction of the rules. I will suffer chastisement in your stead." The teacher saw a "new light springing up" in Samuel Johnson's countenance. The boy looked at his teacher and then at his switch. The teacher could "see a struggle begin in the face." Presently the tears sprang to Samuel Johnson's eyes, and he said, in a voice confused with anxiety, "Hadn't I better go out and get a bigger switch?"

The teacher softly told him he might do so if he wished, and Samuel Johnson went out and was gone ten minutes. When he returned, the school smiled. He carried in his hand a switch which looked like a Russian peace commissioner. The boy's face shone with a bright glow of conscientious satisfaction as he balanced this switch and drew it through his hard, muscular hands.

Mr. Stoddard stood up and folded his arms. Then he said, with a sad, sweet look at the culprit, "Now, strike me."

Samuel Johnson did not act in greedy and unseemly haste. He pulled off his jacket; he rolled up his sleeves; he spat in his hands, and took a two-handed grasp on the switch. Twice he changed the position of his feet to get a better brace. Then he drew a long, deep breath, raised his arms, and the switch just shrieked through the air like a wild, mad, living thing.

* * * * * * *

In accepting Mr. Stoddard's resignation, the directors considerately allowed his pay for the full term, and in a series

of complimentary resolutions spoke of his efficiency in the highest terms, although it transpired that the board was privately agreed, after all the facts had been laid before it, that he was too much of a "nat'ral born fool" to suit a practical locality.

THE DUTCHMAN'S SERENADE.

Vake up, my schveet! Vake up, my lofe! Der moon dot can't been seen abofe. Vake oud your eyes, und dough it's late, I'll make you oud a serenate.

Der shtreet dot's kinder dampy vet, Und dhere vas no goot blace to set; My fiddle's getting oud of dune, So blease get vakey wery soon.

O my lofe! my lofely lofe! Am you avake ub dhere abofe, Feeling sad und nice to hear Schneider's fiddle schrabin near?

Vell, anyvay, obe loose your ear, Und try to saw of you kin hear From dem bedclose vat you'm among, Der little song I'm going to sung:

Oh, lady vake! Get vake!
Und hear der tale I'll tell;
Oh, you vot's schleebin' sound ub dhere,
I like you pooty vell!

Your plack eyes dhem don't shine Ven you'm ashleep—so vake! (Yes, hurry ub und voke ub quick, For gootness cracious sake!)

My schweet imbatience, lofe,
I hobe you vill oxcuse;
I'm singing schweetly (dhere, py Jinks!
Dhere goes a shtring proke loose!)

Oh, putiful, schveet maid!
Oh, vill she efer voke?
Der moon is mooning—(Jimminy! dhere
Anoder shtring vent proke!)

Oh, say, old schleeby head!
(Now I vas gitting mad—
I'll holler now und I don't care
Uf I vake up her dad!)
I say, you schleeby, vake!
Vake oud! Vake loose! Vake ub!
Fire! Murder! Police! Vatch!
Oh cracious! do vake ub!

Dot girl she schleebed—dot rain it rained Und I looked shtoopid like a fool, Vhen mit my fiddle I shneaked off So vet und shlobby like a mool!

THE DEATH OF THE REVELLER.—W. A. EATON

The lights were gleaming and the feast was spread, And at the table sat the boisterous guests, Shouting and singing snatches of coarse songs. The giver of the feast was an old man, Grown old in sin, and hardened more and more, Till age found him, 'mid the boisterous crew, A guide and prompter into any path That led away from virtue or from truth. His snow-white hair upon his shoulders fell In twining ringlets; and his silver beard, Grizzled with age, clung to his hollow cheeks; And on his brow the plough of time had made Deep furrows; and his eyes were growing dim. But still his hollow voice rang on the night, And his eye glistened at the obscene jests Of his companions, and his skinny hands Beat on each other with a hollow sound At the rude singing of the rabble crew. It was an awful sight to see him there, So old and withered, yet so wildly gay; So like a patriarch, yet so like a fiend. The ruddy wine was poured incessantly; And as the brimming goblets passed along, The old man chuckled, and his eyes grew bright. He seized a flagon in his trembling hands, And held it to his lips, and shricked aloud, The while it ran like blood upon his beard, And trickled to the floor. At each fresh draught

New vigor seemed to nerve his aged limbs. And he sat more erect, and lifted up His trembling voice and sang an ancient song. The vaulted roof re-echoed with the shouts Of the mad revellers when the song was o'er, And eagerly they called out, "Sing again!" The old man took another draught of wine. And, smiling, once again essayed to sing. It was a love-song,—a sweet, simple thing,— A song he oft had sung in his fresh youth, When his young heart was gay as any bird's, And life was like a glorious dream of flowers. His trembling voice grew stronger as he sang, And his hard features softened, and a smile Played o'er his face, and in his glistening eye A tear-drop stood. His inmost soul was stirred With thoughts of other days, and his harsh voice Grew soft as woman's, and his radiant face Beamed with the light of tender memories. But suddenly his cheek turned deadly pale, And he fell backward, with his long lean hand Pressed to his side, as if with sudden pain. The guests, alarmed, ran quickly to his aid, And raised him up, and pressed a brimming cup Against his lips. But with a gesture he Put it away, and lifting up his head, Spake in a solemn voice, unlike his own, While the dazed revellers stood silent by:

"Nay, tempt me not again!
I will not touch the wine-cup in this hour—
Too often have I felt its deadly power;
And I would clear my brain

In these last trembling moments, for I feel Death's icy hand across my temples steal.

"Nay, do not smile at me, And mock me with false hope of many days; My time has come: this is death's filmy haze

That will not let me see Your faces round me, though the lamps are bright And the wine glitters in the sparkling light.

"To die in such a place!
I who once knelt beside my mother's knee
To say my evening prayer. And must it be
That I may ne'er retrace

The pathway of my life, lest haply I Might do one deed of good before I die?

"And must I die to-night,
With the still echoing songs to mar my peace;
To bid all thoughts of heavenly subjects cease?

Ere the sun's golden light Streams through the windows of this awful place, Death will have stamped his impress on my face.

"Oh, listen to my voice, Ye, who have often shouted with delight At my rude jesting, listen now to-night.

Ye, who in youth rejoice, Be warned by me, and stay while yet 'tis time, Ere your young souls get hardened unto crime.

"Oh, shun the wine-cup now!—
Now, while the light of youth is in your eye;
While hope weaves golden colors in your sky;

Ere yet upon your brow The frosts of winter fall, and Time's rough share Plow, deep and lasting, bitter furrows there.

"I have been wont to sneer At holy themes, and laugh at those who trod The path of virtue and looked up to God

With holy, reverent fear.
But now I would give worlds if I could pray
The prayer I would repeat at close of day.

"Raise my head higher now— Open the windows, let me have more air, I cannot breathe!—why do you wildly stare?

This cold sweat on my brow
Is death, I know. I faint—I reel—I fall!
Mind my last words. Ha! may God save you all !

His head fell back; and they who watched him die Stood gazing at each other for awhile, And then with soft, slow steps they one by one Crept silently away. The banquet-hall Is silent and deserted, and the walls No longer echo to the revellers' mirth. There is a solemn stillness in the place As if the ghosts of the departed hours Had found a refuge there. The owlet screams About the windows; and the moonlight falis Upon the empty board: and all is still.

THE VICTORY OF PERRY .-- ALICE CARY.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1813.

Lift up the years! lift up the years
Whose shadows around as spread;
Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day
Who are half a century dead.

Oh, not with tears—no, not with tears,
The grateful nation comes,
But with flags out-thrown, and bugles blown,
And the martial roll of drums!

Beat up, beat up! till memory glows
And sets our hearts aflame!
Ah! they did well in the fight who fell,
And we leave them to their fame;

Their fame, that larger, grander grows
As time runs into the past,
For the Erie-waves chant over their graves,
And shall, while the world shall last.

O beautiful cities of the Lake,
As ye sit by your peaceful shore,
Make glad and sing till the echoes ring,
For our brave young Commodore!

He knew your stormy oaks to take
And their ribs into ships contrive,
And to set them so fine in battle line,
With their timbers yet alive.*

We see our squadron lie in the Bay Where it lay so long ago, And hear the cry from the mast-head high, Three times and three, "Sail ho!"

Through half a century to-day
We hear the signal of fight—
"Get under way! Get under way!
The enemy is in sight!"

Our hearts leap up—our pulses thrill,
As the boatswains' pipes of joy
So loudly play o'er the dash o' the spray,
"All hands up anchor ahou!"

^{*}Perry, it will be remembered, cut down the trees, built and launched the ships of his fleet, all within three months.

Now all is still, aye, deathly still;
The enemy's guns are in view!
"To the royal fore!" cries the Commodore,
And up run the lilies and blue.*

And hark to the cry, the great glad cry,—
All a-tremble the squadron stands,—
From lip to lip, "Don't give up the ship!"
And then "To quarters, all hands!"

An hour, an awful hour drags by—
There's a shot from the enemy's gun!
"More sail! More sail! Let the canister hail!"
Cries Perry, and forward, as one,

Caledonia, Lawrence, and Scorpion, all
Bear down and stand fast, till the flood
Away from their track sends the scared billows back
With their faces bedabbled in blood.

The Queen† and her allies their broadsides let fall—Oh, the Lawrence is riddled with storm!
Where is Perry? affoat! he is safe in his boat,
And his battle-flag up in his arms!

The bullets they hiss and the Englishmen shout— Oh, the *Lawrence* is sinking, a wreck! But with flag yet a-swing like a great bloody wing Perry treads the *Niagara's* deck!

With a wave of his hand he has wheeled her about— Oh, the nation is holding its breath! Headforemost he goes in the midst of his foes And breaks them and rakes them to death!

And lo, the enemy, after the fray,
On the deck that his dead have lined,
With his sword-hilt before to our Commodore,
And his war-dogs in leash behind!

And well the nation does well to-day,
Setting her bugles to blow,
And her drums to beat for the glorious fleet
That humbled her haughty foe.

^{*}The famous fighting flag was inscribed with the immortal words of the dying Lawrence, in large white letters on a blue ground, legible throughout the equatron.

[†] QUEEN CHARLOTTE of the British line.

Ah, well to come with her autumn flowers,
A tribute for the brave
Who died to make our Erie Lake
Echo through every wave—

"We've met the enemy and they're ours!"
And who died, that we might stand
A country free, and mistress at sea
As well as on the land.

MY GARDEN PLOT.

The Master came to his garden
At set of day.
"I come for your fairest flowers,"

We heard him say.

And I turned to my little plot With drooping face;

I knew there was no fair flower In all the place.

With trembling footsteps I wandered My borders round;

I searched with most eager eyes, but No blossoms found.

Weary, and troubled, and heart-sick, I bent my head,

Over a poor with ered rosebud, Faded—nay, dead.

To and fro, through the garden paths, Pressed eager feet,

Joyfully bearing bright treasures Of blossoms sweet.

Cheerily echoed the voices,

Happy and gay;
Bright were the beautiful faces,
That passed my way.

And all but myself were laden With burdens fair;

All but my empty hands carried
Their shining share—

Roses, and lilies, and violets, Fragrant and sweetTo lay them with joy at The Master's feet.

And I—I had nothing to bring; yet I loved him so;

Not a single flower had I My love to show.

Though to make my garden bloom I toiled and tried,

Every plant that my hands had touched Had drooped and died.

Still nearer the Master came, up
The garden path.

Oh! would he turn sadly away
In grief or wrath?

Should I see on his lovely face
A frown for me?

Even hear the reproachful words, "Nothing from thee?"

I stooped and gathered the rosebud,
The faded thing,

So colorless, withered, and pale—And he my King!

He stood at my side and waited; With choking sigh,

Holding my dull, hapless flower, I ventured nigh.

"Master," I whispered, then quickly
The hot tears came.

"Master, dear Master!" I could but Falter his name.

Never one word of my many Failures and fears;

Even the whisper died on my lips, 'Twas lost in tears.

He took from my hand my rosebud, And softly smiled.

Lifting my head I gazed at him, Gentle and mild.

Tender and strong was my Master's Beautiful face,

As he drew me close to his heart— My resting place. "Come unto me," he said. "My child
Sore needeth rest."

Then laid my poor wilted flower
Upon his breast.

And lo, at his touch it brightened,
Grew sweet and fair!

And lay on his heart the loveliest
Blossom there.

SPOOPENDYKE'S BURGLARS.

"Say, my dear," ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke, sitting boli upright in bed with a sudden jerk; "say, my dear, wake up! I hear burglars in the house."

"Who? what burglar?" demanded Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she popped up beside her husband. "Who's in the house?"

"Hush! Quiet, will ye? I don't know which burglar, but I hear some one moving around."

"Oh, my! What shall we do?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke. Let's cover up our heads."

"Why don't you get up and light the gas?" propounded Mr. Spoopendyke in a hoarse whisper. "S'pose you can see who it is in the dark? Strike a light, can't ye? If you had your way we'd both be murdered in bed. Going to light up before we're killed?"

"I'm afraid," whispered Mrs. Spoopendyke, sticking one foot out of bed and hauling it in as if she had caught a fish with it.

"Going to sit there like a shot-tower and have our throats cut?" interrogated Mr. Spoopendyke. "How'm I going to find a burglar without a light. Find a match and light that gas now, quick!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled out of bed and hunted around for a skirt.

"What's the matter with you? Can't you find a match? Why don't you move?" hissed Mr. Spoopendyke.

"I am, as fast as I can," replied his wife, her teeth chattering. "I'm looking for a pin."

"Oh! you're moving like a railroad, ain't ye? I never saw anything fly like you do. All you want is to be done up in

white and blue papers to be a sedlitz powder. What d'ye want of a pin? Going to stick a pin in the burglar? Why don't you light that gas?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke broke half a dozen matches, and finally

got a light.

"That's something like it," continued Mr. Spoopendyke.
"Now hand me my pantaloons."

"You won't go down where they are, will you?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, handing over the garment.

Mr. Spoopendyke vouchsafed no reply, but donned the

habiliments.

"Now, you open the door," said he, "and go to the head of the stairs and ask who's there, while I find my stick. Hurry up, or they'll get away."

"Suppose they are there. What'll I do then?"

"Tell 'em I'm eoming. Go ask 'em, will ye? What's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke opened the door about an inch, squealed "Who's there?" slammed the door again, and popped into bed.

"What ails ye?" demanded her husband. "What d'ye think you are, anyway—a conical shot? Get up, can't ye, and look out. Where's my big stick? What have you done with it? Sent it to sehool, haven't ye? Go out and ask who's there, will ye, before they come up and slaughter us."

Once more Mrs. Spoopendyke approached the door and tremulously demanded what was going on. There was no response, to her incalculable relief, and she went to the head of the stairs.

"See anybody," whispered Mr. Spoopendyke, looking over her shoulder.

"Who's there?" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Go right away, because my husband is here."

"Oh, you've done it!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hauled her back into the room. "Now, how d'ye s'pose I'm going to cateh 'em? What do you want to scare 'em away for? What'd you say anything about me for? Think this is a nominating convention? What made you leave the house open? Come on down with me, and I'll show you how to lock up."

Down they went, and a careful scrutiny demonstrated that everything was fast.

"I don't believe there was anybody there," said Mrs.

Spoopendyke, as they returned to their chamber.

"It wasn't your fault," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you'd got up when I told you and kept your mouth shut, we'd have got 'em."

"But you said for me—"

"Didn't say anything of the sort!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke; "never mentioned your name. We might have been killed, the way you went to work."

"I think we'd caught them if they'd been there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, taking down her hair and proceeding to put

it up again.

"You'd caught 'em," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Another time a burglar gets into the house you stay abed, and don't you wake me up again. I won't have any cowardly, fussy woman routing me out this time of night, ye hear!"

"Yes, dear," and Mrs. Spoopendyke wound her hand in the collar of her liege lord's shirt and went to sleep, secure in his protection.

FATHER JOHN .- PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

He warn't no long-faced man o' prayer, A-peddlin' scriptures here and there, A-sbootin' off his texts and tracts Without regard to dates and facts Or time or place, like all possessed, Till weary sinners couldn't rest; Fatiguin' unregenerate gents And causin' molls to swear immense.

He didn't snivel worth a cent,
Nor gush to any great extent,
But labored on a level plan—
A priest, but none the less a man—
Among the slums and boozing-kens,
And in the vilest holes and dens,
Amongst the drabs and owls and worse—
For saints in these here parts are skerce;
This ward ain't nowadays flush o' them,
It ain't no new Jerusalem.

He preached but little, argued less; But if a moll was in distress, Or if a kitchen came to grief, Or trouble tackled rogue or thief, There Father John was sure to be To blunt the edge o' misery; And somehow managed every time To ease despair or lessen crime.

That corner house was allus known Around these parts as Podger's Own, Till two pams in a drunken fight Set the whole thing afire one night; And where it stood they hypered round And blasted rocks and shoveled ground To build the factory over there,— The one you see; and that is where Poor Father John—God give him rest!— Preached his last sermon and his best.

One summer's day the thing was done; The workmen set a blast and run. They ain't so keerful here, I guess, Where lives ain't worth a cent apiece, As in the wards where things is dear, And nothink ain't so cheap as here; Leastwise, the first they seed or knowed A little chick had crossed the road.

He seemed to be just out o' bed,
Bare-legged, with nothink on his head;
Chubby and cunnin', with his hair
Blown criss-cross by the mornin' air;
Draggin' a tin horse by a string,
Without much care for anything,
A-talkin' to hisself for joy—
A toddlin', keerless, baby boy.

Right for the crawlin' fuse he went,
As though to find out what it meant;
Trudgin' towards the fatal spot,
Till less'n three feet off he got
From where the murderin' thing lay stift
Just waitin' for to spring and kill;
Marching along toward his grave,
And not a soul dared go to save.

They hollered—all they durst to do; He turned and laughed, and then bent low To set the horsey on his feet, And went right on a crowin' sweet. And then a death-like silence grew On all the tremblin', coward crew, As each swift second seemed the last Before the roaring of the blast.

Just then some chance or purpose brought The priest; he saw, and quick as thought He ran and caught the child and turned Just as the slumberin' powder burned, And shot the shattered rocks around, And with its thunder shook the ground.

The child was sheltered; Father John Was hurt to death; without a groan He set the baby down, then went A step or two, but life was spent; He tottered, looked up to the skies With ashen face, but strange, glad eyes. "My love, I come!" was all he said, Sank slowly down, and so was dead.

Stranger, he left a memory here That will be felt for many a year, And since that day this ward has been More human in its dens of sin.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the king Sought some new sport to banish care, And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool, Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before:
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the patient grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee Upon the monarch's silken stool; His pleading voice arose: "O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool! "No pity, Lord, could change the heart From red with wrong to white as wool; The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool!

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay; "Tis by our follies that so long We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire, Go crushing blossoms without end; These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say,—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripe must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders,—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes; Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool That did his will; but Thou, O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low:
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

-Atlantic Monthly.

THE CYNIC.—H. W. BEECHER.

The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue, and generosity, and disinterestedness, are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation

upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose.

His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A. is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: certainly; the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: it is his trade. Such a man is generous: of other men's money. This man is obliging: to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds may find weeds.

Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

THE STRAIGHT ROAD.

Beauty may be the path to nighest good, And some successfully have it pursued. Thou, who wouldst follow, be well warned to see That way prove not a curved road to thee. The straightest way, perhaps, which may be sought, Lies through the great highway men call *I ought*.

CAPTAIN REECE OF THE MANTLEPIECE.

W. S. GILBERT.

Of all the ships upon the blue, No ship contained a better crew Than that of worthy Captain Reece, Commanding of the Mantlepiece.

He was adored by all his men, For worthy Captain Reece, R. N.,* Did all that lay within him to Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad, The captain danced to them like mad, Or told, to make the time pass by, Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man, Warm slippers and hot-water can, Brown Windsor from the captain's store, A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn, Lo! seltzogenes at every turn; And on all very sultry days Cream-ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger-pops Stood handily on all the tops; And, also, with amusement rife, A "Zoetrope, or wheel of life."

New volumes came across the sea From Mister Mudie's libraree; The *Times* and *Saturday Review* Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R. N., Was quite devoted to his men; In point of fact, good Captain Reece Beatified the Mantlepiece.

One summer eve, at half-past ten, He said (addressing all his men): "Come, tell me, please, what I can do To please and gratify my crew.

^{*} Royal Navy.

"By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can;
My own convenience counts as nil;
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee (The kindly captain's coxswain he, A nervous, shy, low-spoken man); He cleared his throat and thus began:

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece, Ten female cousins and a niece. A ma, if what I'm told is true, Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me More friendly-like we all should be, If you united of 'em to Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life, Let each select from them a wife; And as for nervous me, old pal, Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man, Debated on his coxswain's plan. "I quite agree," he said, "O Bill! It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting girl, Has just been promised to an earl, And all my other familee To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to The happiness of all my crew? The word I gave you I'll fulfill; It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire, it shall befall; I'll settle thousands on you all; And I shall be, despite my hoard, The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of the Mantlepiece, He blushed, and spoke to Captain Reece, "I beg your honor's leave," he said, "If you would wish to go and wed,

TTTTT*

"I have a widowed mother, who Would be the very thing for you; She long has loved you from afar—She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day, Addressed her in his playful way: "And did it want a wedding ring? It was a tempting ickle sing!

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek; We'll all be married this day week At yonder church upon the hill; It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece, And widowed ma of Captain Reece Attended there, as they were bid; It was *their* duty, and they did.

I AM NOT OLD.

J am not old—I can not be old,
Though three-score years and ten
Have wasted away like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men.

I am not old—though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves;
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves.

I am not old—I can not be old,

Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray;

Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold
Call me not old to-day!

For early memories round me throng, Of times, and manners, and men; As I look behind on my journey so long, Of three-score miles and ten.

I look behind and am once more young, Buoyant, and brave, and bold; And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung, Before they called me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—Shriveled, and haggard, and gray:

But I look on her blooming, soft, and fair, As she was on her wedding-day.

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men;
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little chi'dren then.

And as my own grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he,
The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long since—it can not be long,
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
But now I am feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream—it is all a dream!

A strange, sad dream, good sooth;

For old as I am, and old as I seem,

My heart is full of youth.

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old.
Is the heart forever young!

Forever young—though life's old age Hath every nerve unstrung; The heart, the heart is a heritage, That keeps the old man young!

COMING ROUND.--PHŒBE CARY.

Tis all right, as I knew it would be by and by; We have kissed and made up again, Archie and I; And that quarrel, or nonsense, whatever you will, I think makes us love more devotedly still.

The trouble was all upon my side, you know; I'm exacting sometimes, rather foolishly so; And let any one tell me the veriest lie About Archie, I'm sure to get angry and cry.

Things will go on between us again just the same, For as he explains matters he wasn't to blame; But 'tis useless to tell you; I can't make you see How it was, quite as plainly as he has made me.

6

You thought "I would make him come round when we met!" You thought "there were slights I could never forget!" Oh, you did! let me tell you, my dear, to your face, That your thinking these things doesn't alter the case!

You "can tell what I said?" I don't wish you to tell! You know what a temper I have, very well; That I'm sometimes unjust to my friends who are best; But you've turned against Archie the same as the rest!

"Why hasn't he written? what kept him so still?"— His silence was sorely against his own will; He has faults, that I own; but he wouldn't deceive; He was ill or was busy,—was both, I believe!

"Did he flirt with that lady?" I s'pose I should say, Why, yes,—when she threw herself right in the way; He was led off, was foolish, but that is the worst,—And she was to blame for it all, from the first.

And he's so glad to come back again, and to find A woman once more with a heart and a mind; For though others may please and amuse for an hour, I hold all his future—his life—in my power!

And now, if things don't go persistently wrong, Our destinies cannot be parted for long; For he said he would give me his fortune and name,— Not those words, but he told me what meant just the same.

So what could I do, after all, at the last, But just ask him to pardon my doubts in the past; For though he had been wrong, I should still, all the same, Rather take it myself than let him bear the blame.

And, poor fellow! he felt so bad, I could not bear To drive him by cruelty quite to despair; And so, to confess the whole truth, when I found He was willing to do so himself, I came round!

THE MULE AND THE BEES .- LOCK MELONE.

I was visiting a gentleman who lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles. The morning was beautiful. The plash of little cascades about the grounds, the buzz of bees, and the gentle moving of the foliage of the pepper-trees in the scarce-

ly-perceptible ocean-breeze, made up a picture which I thought was complete. It was not. A mule wandered on the scene. The scene, I thought, could have got along without him. He took a different view.

Of course mules were not allowed on the grounds. That is what he knew. That was his reason for being there.

I recognized him. Had met him. His lower lip hung down. He looked disgusted. It seemed he didn't like being a mule.

A day or two before, while I was trying to pick up a little child who had got too near this mule's heels, he kicked me two or three times before I could tell from which way I was hit. I might have avoided some of the kicking, but in my confusion I began to kick at the mule. I didn't kick with him long. He outnumbered me.

He browsed along on the choice shrubbery. I forgot the beauty of the morning. Remembered a black-and-blue spot on my leg. It looked like the print of a mule's hoof. There was another on my right hip. Where my suspenders crossed were two more, as I have been informed. They were side by side—twin blue spots—and seemed to be about the same age.

I thought of revenge. I didn't want to kick with him any more. No. But thought, if I had him tied down good and fast, so he could not move his heels, how like sweet incense it would be to first saw his ears and tail smooth off, then put out his eyes with a red-hot poker, then skin him alive, then run him through a threshing-machine.

While I was thus thinking and getting madder and madder the mule, which had wandered up close to a large beehive, got stung. His eyes lighted up, as if that was just what he was looking for. He turned on the bee-hive and took aim. He fired. In ten seconds the only piece of bee-hive I could see was about the size a man feels when he has told a joke that falls on the company like a piece of sad news. This piece was in the air. It was being kicked at.

The bees swarmed. They swarmed a good deal. They lit on that mule earnestly. After he had kicked the last bit of bee-hive so high that he could not reach it any more he stopped for an instant. He seemed trying to ascertain

whether the ten thousand bees which were stinging him

meant it. They did.

The mule turned loose. I never saw anything to equal it. He was enveloped in a dense fog of earnestness and bees, and filled with enthusiasm and stings. The more he kicked the higher he arose from the ground. I may have been mistaken, for I was somewhat excited and very much delighted, but that mule seemed to rise as high as the tops of the pepper-trees. The pepper-trees were twenty feet high. He would open and shut himself like a frog swimming. Sometimes, when he was in mid-air, he would look like he was flying and I would think for a moment he was about to become an angel. Only for a moment. There are probably no mule angels.

When he had got up to the tops of the pepper-trees I was called to breakfast. I told them I didn't want any breakfast.

The mule continued to be busy.

When a mule kicks himself clear of the earth, his heels seldom reach higher than his back; that is, a mule's forelegs can reach forward and his hind-legs backward until the mule becomes straightened out into a line of mule parallel with the earth and fifteen or twenty feet therefrom. This mule's hind-legs, however, were not only raised into a line with his back, but they would come over until the bottom of the hoofs almost touched his ears.

The mule proceeded as if he desired to hurry through.

I had no idea how many bees a hive would hold until I saw that bee-hive emptied on that mule. They covered him so completely that I could not see any of him but the glare of his eyes. I could see from the expression of his eyes that he didn't like the way things were going.

The mule still went on in an absorbed kind of a way.

Not only was every bee of the disturbed hive on duty, but I think the news had been conveyed to neighboring hives that war had been declared. I could see bees flitting to and fro. The mule was covered so deep with bees that he looked like an exaggerated mule. The hum of the bees and their moving on each other combined in a seething hiss.

A sweet calm and gentle peacefulness pervaded me.

When he had kicked for an hour he began to fall short of the tops of the pepper-trees. He was settling down closer to the earth. Numbers were telling on him. He looked distressed. He had always been used to kicking against something, but found now he was striking the air. It was very exhausting.

He finally got so he did not rise clear of the ground, but continued to kick with both feet for half an hour; next with first one foot and then the other for another half an hour; then with his right foot only every few minutes, the intervals growing longer and longer, until he finally was still. His head drooped, his lip hung lower and lower. The bees stung on. He looked as if he thought that a mean, sneaking advantage had been taken of him.

I retired from the scene. Early next morning I returned. The sun came slowly up from behind the eastern hills. The light foliage of the pepper-trees trembled with his morning caress. His golden kiss fell upon the opening roses. A bee could be seen flying hither, another thither. The mule lay near the scene of yesterday's struggle. Peace had come to him. He was dead. Too much kicking against nothing.

-Californian.

FUNERAL CUSTOM IN EGYPT.

It is said that in Egypt funeral processions bearing the corpse to the cemetery pause before the doors of the friends of the deceased, to bid them a last farewell, and before those of his enemies, to effect a reconciliation before they are parted forever.

Rest ye—set down the bier, One he loved dwelleth here. Let the dead lie A moment that door beside, Wont to fly open wide Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken!—he speaketh yet:
"Oh, friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend more than brother!)
How hand in hand we've gone,
Heart with heart linked in one—
All to each other?

"Oh, friend! I go from thee, Where the worm feasteth free, Darkly to dwell. Giv'st thou no parting kiss? Friend! is it come to this? Oh, friend, farewell!"

Uplift your load again,
Take up the mourning strain!
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
Grave! bid him hail.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate.—
Will the dead speak again?
Uttering proud boasts and vain
Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips unclose.
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
"O thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me
Ere hence I go.

"Curse not thy foeman now.

Mark, on this pallid brow
Whose seal is set!
Pard'ning I pass away.
Then—wage not war with clay—
Pardon—forget."

A TRAMP AND A VAGABOND.

What house do you say?—the Ship at Stock & Why, there, I must ha' bin blind

Not to know it agin; but 'tis years ago
Since I left these parts behind.

Here, master, bring us a pint out here,
If these good gents don't mind.

Look warmish, do I? And so would you,
If you'd only ha' come my track,
A-tramping it here from Grays to-day,
With this horgan on yer back;
And I'm not so young as I used to be
When these gray hairs was black.

How long 'ave I bin on the road? Let's see:
'Tis a twelvemonth werry near
Since I fust took up with the horgan line
Along with this younker here;
But afore that I'd bin tramping about
Close upon forty year!

My beer, is it? Thankee. Well, here's luck! Yes, master, as you say, 'Tis rather a longish time, no doubt, Though it seems but the other day That I was a little boy at home, Out yonder by Rayleigh way.

Heigino! if I'd minded mother's words,
That was meant for my good alone,
I'd bin a decent, well-to-do chap,
With boys and gals of my own,
Iustead of a poor old homeless man,
A tramp and a vagabone!

Here, drink, lad!—Well, it wasn't to be:
I shouldn't ha' done for homely wear,
Treading your quiet mill-hoss round
To good gray hairs in an easy-chair:
I've a touch of gipsy blood i' my veins,
That pants for the sun and air.

Tramping it merrily east or west,
Town or country, or down or dale,
Beggar and gipsy, peddler and thief,
Out of the workus into the jail:
That was the life I lived and liked
When life was cheery and hale.

And yet there were moments, too,
When my heart was touched with ruth
At thought of the poor old mother at home,
And my wasted, shameful youth.
Ah, masters! there's nothing pays so well
As honest labor and truth.

I'd share my crust with a pal,
And my heart would often sigh
O'er a battered drab in a lodging-ken
That had laid her down to die,
Babbling of mother and youth and home—
"O mother!" was allus their cry.

Is the boy my own? Well, yes and no;
He is, and he isn't, mine.
Here, Will, lad, go you and play a bit
On the green there in front o' the sign:
A fine little fellow for five year old,
And as good and true as he's fine.

Poor laddie! I mind his mother well,
With her patient, wistful face;
A meek, blue-eyed, white slip of a girl—
A lady by birth and grace—
That was sought, and ruined, and throwed aside
By a villain doubly base.

Let's see—'tis three year ago, or more,
Down there by the Hertford beat,
That I used to meet her fust on the road,
So shrinking and pale and sweet,
With her baby-boy that she loved so fond,
'Twould touch yer heart to see't.

Dear heart! I could read the story well
That had steeped her life in gall:
The bonny girlhood, dainty and sweet,
The love and the bitter fall,
A blighted name and a passionate flight,
And a tramp the more—that's all!

She'd a little box of ribbons and sich,
That was daintily ranged and piled;
And the country folks they took to her like,
She seemed so gentle and mild;
And the women would buy a trifle or so
For the sake o' the pretty child.

But the boy looked drooping, as well he might,
With their scanty food and pay,
As I'd notice when I stopped on the road
To give 'em the time o' day;
And the young un would know me, and prattle and smile
In his pretty baby way.

Yet she seemed to be shy o'the lodging-kens,
And afraid of the likes of we,
And would creep o' nights to a shed to sleep,
Though we wouldn't have hurt her, yer see—
Not even the women, and some o' them
Was as bad as bad could be.

I'd lost her a bit,—about that time
I'd bin on the lush, I know,—
When I met with an ancient pal o' mine,
We called him Limping Joe;
And he told me as 'ow she'd bin in quod,
Which it staggered me like a blow.

She'd took some fruit for her poor sick kid,
In a sort of fit o' despair;
So they had her up, and giv' her a month
Of prison work and fare;
And they called it "shocking depravity,"
Or something like that 'ere.

There, 'twould make me laugh, if it wasn't so sad,
To see how they deals wi' we,
Hard'ning the better and struggling few,
While the cunning old hands goes free,
And grins and thinks with Puck i' the play,
"What fools these mortals be!"

I see her agin in a little while,
Looking whiter and wuss than afore;
But the weaker she growed, poor soul, she seemed
To cling to her boy the more;
I could see that she was drawing near
To heaven's merciful shore.

Now there come the Peddlers' Hact just then
That has caused such a deal o' fuss;
If I'd only ha' had the naming o't,
I'd 'ave haltered the title thus:
"A Hact for turning Men into Thieves,
And Women into wuss!"

"Once a thief, allus a thief;
Brand 'em and stop their bread,
And starve 'em all into being good"—
That's how the hact's to be read:
Why, I really think that your Mister Bruce
Must be going off his 'ed!

Lord bless yer! them there Parleyment chaps, Wot legislates for the poor,
Why, they know no more about us, man,
Than the lock on that 'ere door.
'Tis a muddle all through, and they seem to try
To muddle it more and more.

Only to think, in a Christian land,
Where people preach and kneel,
It should be a crime for a fallen man
To earn an honest meal!—
How the angels must wonder and weep to see,
And the devil caper and reel!

When I heard as they'd stopped her rounds, And writ "convicted" agin her name, I felt a choking like i' the throat, And my heart was all aflame. Ah me! there was only the workus now, Or a woman's crowning shame!

Well, I'd come one bitter night dead beat
To a lodging-crib I knew,
And gathered about the kitchen fire
I found a motley crew;
They was singing and swearing and going on,
As only trampers do.

I'd set me down in a weary mood,
Sick o' their oaths and lies,
When the missus—she was a rough un was Moll—
Come in with the tears in her eyes,
And prayed 'em, if they was women and men,
To try and stop the noise;

For there was a poor young stranger gal
In the room just overhead,
That wasu't likely to last the night,—
Least so the doctor had said;
And they wanted to keep her quiet, poor soul,
And to coax her boy to bed.

They was still at once, and I follered her out,
With a sudden tremble and thrill:
"For God's sake, missus," I whispered, hoarse,
"Show me this woman that's ill;
For I think I know her of old, yer see,—

She and her little Will!"

"Come and see her, and welcome,' the said;
"For perhaps before she goes,
It might be a comfort to her like
To see a face that she knows."
Poor drunken Moll, she'd a nook in her heart
For a stricken sister's woes. . . .

Yes, it was she—the poor wronged gal,
Once pure, and bonny, and blessed—
With a far-off look in the great blue eyes,
Soon to close in their long last rest;
And dank and disheveled the golden head
That should ha' laid on a mother's breast.

There was women about her,—slatternly drabs,
The lowest o' the low,—
One tenderly bathing her poor hot head,
One walking to and fro,
Hushing the boy, who knew me agin,
And begun to laugh and crow.

She looked up then, and saw me, and smiled,—Such a weariful smile and drear,—Then turned her face to the wall with a sigh That it wrung my heart to hear;
And her white lips uttered the old, old cry, "O mother! O mother dear!"

"Poor soul!"—'twas Moll that whispered the words—
"That's how she's bin all through;
She thinks o' naught but her mother and boy,
But I dunno what we can do;
For she'll tell us nothing about herself,
Nor where are her friends, nor who.

"When the parson asked her name, she sobbed:
'I've no name now to own;
You see what I am, sir—a sinful girl,
That looks to Christ alone,
And prays Him to shield her dear, dear boy
When his mother's dead and gone!'

"That's all we knows about her, yer see,
Except that she came to the door,
Dead beat and sinking, a week ago:
But perhaps you can tell us more."
But I'd nothing I could tell 'em, you know,
Save what I've told afore.

Yet my heart went forth to the poor sick gal,
The weariful, golden head,
And I fell on my knees afore them all
Beside her dying bed;
And it seemed as if words was given me,
And this was what I said:

"My lass, I can read your story, I think, And I pity you from my heart:

There, I ain't goin' to ask who you are, poor child! So you needn't tremble and start!

'Tis enough for me that you're lying here, And that you and your boy must part.

"But God'll take care o' the boy, He will, Though the road look dark and grim;

And He'll take you, too, to His pitying arms, Where no tear those eyes shall dim;

And death will be but the gate o' life, If you only trust in Him:

"For His mercies are above all His works—"Tis true, for He tells us so—

And He gives to the heavy-laden rest From their load o' care and woe;

And though our sins as scarlet be, He can make them white as snow!

"Will you trust your pretty boy to me? Ah! you shudder, and well you may.

I know I'm an old, stained, shameful man, That has throwed his life away;

But I, too, had a mother once Who taught her child to pray.

"I'll shield him, as a mother would do, From sorrow and sin and strife;

And the Master, I know, will help us both With His guiding mercy rife;

And the honest bread I earn for the boy Shall sweeten and bless my life.

"It must rest with you, and only you,—
The choice shall be wholly thine;

But if you can trust the boy to me, Only make me a sign."

She smiled, and tried to give me her hand,

And I knew that the boy was mine.

She died next day, with a perfect trust In Him who alone can save;

And I carried her orphan boy in my arms
To his mother's parish grave;

And they that shed the only tears Was a drab and a tramping knave. The parson offered to take the boy:

He said as my heart was kind,

But mine was hardly the sort o' life

For a child to be consigned.

He was right, maybe, but I kep' to my trust,

And up and spoke my mind:

"Look here, sir," I said, "I'm bad right out— Low, lazy, and drunken, and wild— But I mean, please God, to begin afresh, For the sake of this little child; For I feel he was sent to help reclaim The life I've wasted and s'iled."

So I took the boy and I went my way,
And I tried to keep my word;
I was helpless like o' myself, in course,
But the Master saw and heard;
And in teaching them baby lips to pray,
My own poor heart was stirred.

I got a place as a hostler fust
At Grantham, in Linkunsheer,
But the vagabone mood come back, and I liked
The boy to be allus near;
So I just worked on till I'd saved enough
To buy this horgan here.

We're shy o' the regular lodging-kens,
And in decent houses lie;
And I'm saving a trifle, don't yer see,
To 'prentice him by-and-by.
I shall feel it lonely at fust, no doubt,
But the Master'll still be nigh.

And so we jogs on, Willie and I:
I carries the horgan and plays,
And the browns fall fast in his little hat,
While the women fondle and raise.
God has been werry good to send the boy
To comfort the old man's days.

There, I must have tired you out, I'm afraid,
With my wearisome yarn and drawl;
But 'tis good to open yer heart sometimes,
And I'm glad I happened to call.
Come, Will, we must make for Chumpsford, lad;
So good-night, gentlemen all!

VOLTAIRE AND WILBERFORCE.—WM. B. SPRAGUE.

Let me now, for a moment, show you what the two systems—Atheism and Christianity—can do, have done, for individual character; and I can think of no two names to which I may refer with more confidence, in the way of illustration, than Voltaire and Wilberforce; both of them names which stand out with prominence.

Voltaire was, perhaps, the master-spirit in the school of French Atheism; and though he was not alive to participate in the horrors of the revolution, probably he did more by his writings to combine the elements for that tremendous tempest than any other man. And now I undertake to say that you may draw a character in which there shall be as much of the blackness of moral turpitude as your imagination can supply, and yet you shall not have exceeded the reality as it was found in the character of this apostle of Atheism. You may throw into it the darkest shades of selfishness, making the man a perfect idolater of himself; you may paint the serpent in his most wily form to represent deceit and cunning; you may let sensuality stand forth in all the loathsomeness of a beast in the mire; you may bring out envy, and malice, and all the baser and all the darker passions, drawing nutriment from the pit; and when you have done this, you may contemplate the character of Voltaire, and exclaim, "Here is the monstrous original!" The fires of his genius kindled only to wither and consume: he stood, for almost a century, a great tree of poison, not only cumbering the ground, but infusing death into the atmosphere; and though its foliage has long since dropped off, and its branches have withered, and its trunk fallen, under the hand of time, its deadly root still remains; and the very earth that nourishes it is cursed for its sake.

And now I will speak of Wilberforce; and I do it with gratitude and triumph,—gratitude to the God who made him what he was; triumph that there is that in his very name which ought to make Atheism turn pale. Wilberforce was the friend of man. Wilberforce was the friend of enslaved and wretched man. Wilberforce (for I love to repeat his

name) consecrated the energies of his whole life to one of the noblest objects of benevolence. It was in the cause of injured Africa that he often passed the night in intense and wakeful thought; that he counseled with the wise, and reasoned with the unbelieving, and expostulated with the unmerciful; that his heart burst forth with all its melting tenderness, and his genius with all its electric fire; that he turned the most accidental meeting into a conference for the relief of human woe, and converted even the Senate-House into a theatre of benevolent action. Though his zeal had at one time almost eaten him up, and the vigor of his frame was so far gone that he stooped over and looked into his own grave, yet his faith failed not; and, blessed be God, the vital spark was kindled up anew, and he kept on laboring through a long succession of years; and at length, just as his friends were gathering around him to receive his last whisper, and the angels were gathering around to receive his departing spirit, the news, worthy to be borne by angels, was brought to him, that the great object to which his life had been given was gained; and then, Simeon-like, he clasped his hands to die, and went off to heaven with the sound of deliverance to the captive vibrating sweetly upon his ear.

Both Voltaire and Wilberforce are dead; but each of them lives in the character he has left behind him. And now who does not delight to honor the character of the one? who does not shudder to contemplate the character of the other?

THE WHITE SQUALL.-W. M. THACKERAY.

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting,—
I envied their disporting,—
UUU

Vainly I was courting
The pieasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen.

And never a star had risen The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray;
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did nought but scratch and make

Who did nought but scratch and pray; Their dirty children puking; Their dirty saucepans cooking; Their dirty fingers hooking Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were,— Whiskered and brown their cheeks were Enormous wide their breeks were,—

Their pipes did puff away; Each on his mat allotted In silence smoked and squatted, Whilst round their children trotted

In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling, And through the ocean rolling Went the brave *Iberia* bowling Before the break of day—

When a squall, upon a sudden, Came o'er the waters scudding; And the clouds began to gather, And the sea was lashed to lather, And the lowering thunder grumbled, And the lightning jumped and tumbled. And the ship, and all the ocean, Woke up in wild commotion. Then the wind set up a howling, And the poodle dog a yowling, And the cocks began a crowing, And the old cow raised a lowing, As she heard the tempest blowing: And fowls and geese did cackle, And the cordage and the tackle Began to shriek and crackle; And the spray dashed o'er the funnels, And down the deck in runnels; And the rushing water soaks all, From the seamen in the fo'ksal, To the stokers whose black faces Peer out of their bed-places: And the captain he was bawling. And the sailors pulling, hauling, And the quarter-deck tarpauling Was shivered in the squalling; And the passengers awaken, Most pitifully shaken; And the steward jumps up, and hastens For the necessary basins. Then the Greeks they ground and quivered. And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered, As the plunging waters met them, And splashed and overset them: And they call in their emergence Upon countless saints and virgins: And their marrowbones are bended. And they think the world is ended. And the Turkish women for ard Were frightened and behorror'd: And shricking and bewildering, The mothers clutched their children: The men sung "Allah! Illah! Mashallah Bismi'lah!"

As the warring waters doused them And splashed them and soused them; And they called upon the Prophet, And thought but little of it. Then all the fleas in Jewry sumped up and bit like fury; Ard the progeny of Jacob Did on the main-deck wake up (I wot those greasy Rabbins Would never pay for cabins); And each man moaned and jabbered in His filthy Jewish gaberdine, In wee and lamentation, And howling consternation. And the splashing water drenches Their dirty brats and wenches; and they crawl from bales and benches. In a hundred thousand stenches. This was the White Squall famous, Which latterly o'ercame us, And which all will well remember On the 28th September; When a Prussian captain of Lancers (Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers) Came on the deck astonished, By that wild squall admonished, And wondering cried, "Potz tausend, Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend?" And looked at Captain Lewis, Who calmly stood and blew his Cigar in all the bustle, And scorned the tempest's tussle: And oft we've thought hereafter How he beat the storm to laughter; For well he knew his vessel With that vain wind could wrestle: And when a wreck we thought her. And doomed ourselves to slaughter. How gaily he fought her, And through the hubbub brought her And a 55e tempest caught her, Cried, "George, some brandy and water." And when, its force expended, The harmless storm was coded,—

And, as the sunrise splendid Came blushing o'er the sea,— I thought, as day was breaking, My little girls were waking, And smiling, and making A prayer at home for me.

WHEN WILL YOU COME HOME AGAIN?

AN EPISODE OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

In his wind-shaken tent the soldier sits, Beside him flares an oil-lamp smokily, Whose dim light glooms and flickers on the sheet Of rustling paper that, with eager eyes And heart, intent, he reads. Now with a smile The flaxen-bearded, sunburnt face lights up. A smile that in the smiling breeds a pain Within his yearning heart; the gentle hand That those sweet loving words hath traced, will he Ever again in his protecting clasp Enfold it? Who can tell! He can but kiss, With wild intensity, the page that hand Hath touched. Each line, each word read and re-read. At last there is no more. With swimming eyes He looks, and drinks her name into his soul. Yet see those lines with pencil widely ruled, Where largely sprawl big letters helplessly; What do they say, those baby characters, So feebly huge:

"Loved Papa, When will you come home again? My own dear Papa!"

As he reads this the tent to him grows darker, His strong hand trembles, and the hot tears burn In his blue eyes, and blur the straggling words. What need to see? The words are stamped upon His heart, and his whole soul doth feel them there. The wind on gusty wings speeds by, and lo! With its wild voice, his child's sweet treble mingles In accents faintly clear:

"Loved Papa, when will you come home again?

My own dear Papa!"

And now his head is bowed into his hands. His brave heart for a moment seems to climb Into his throat and choke him. Hark! what sound Thus sharply leaps among, and slays the sad Wind-voices of the autumn night, with shrill And sudden blast? The bugle-call "To arms!" And startled sleepers, at its fierce appeal, Half-dreaming, clutch their swords, and gasping wake :-How many soon to sleep again—in death! And on that father's heart the pealing cry Strikes cold as ice, though soldier there's none braver, For still above the bugle's thrilling breath That pleading child-voice sweetly calls:

"Loved Papa, when will you come home again? My own dear Papa!"

Across a rough hillside the light of dawn Doth coldly creep, with ruthless touch revealing All that by darkness had been hid, and there, Among the stalwart forms that stiffening lie Upon the blood-soaked ground, where they lie thickest. There is one found, with flaxen hair and beard Dark dyed with gore, a bullet in his heart! A crumpled paper in his hand was clutched. 'Gainst the cold lips, the rigid hand did press Some childish writing by his life-blood stained. What are the words? One scarce can read them now; "Loved Papa, when will you come home again?

My own dear Papa!"

SIC VITA.—HENRY KING.

Like to the falling of a star, Or as the flights of eagles are, Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue. Or silver drops of morning dew, Or like a wind that chafes the flood, Or bubbles which on water stood,— E'en such is man, whose borrowed light Is straight called in, and paid to-night. The wind blows out, the bubble dies, The spring entombed in autumn lies, The dew dries up, the star is shot, The flight is past—and man forgot!

THE DEAD STUDENT.—WILL CARLETON.

It doesn't seem—now does it, Jack?—as if poor Brown were dead:

Twas only yesterday at noon he had to take his bed.
The day before he played first base, and ran M'Farland down;
And then, to slip away so sly,—'twas not at all like Brown.

The story seems too big to take. 'Most any one will find It's sometimes hard to get a man well laid out in his mind. And Brown was just afire with life. 'Twouldn't scare me, I avow,

To hear a whoop, and see the man go rushing past here now.

Poor Brown! he's lying in his room, as white as drifted snow. I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago.

A-rushing into Brownie's room seemed awkward-like and queer:

We haven't spoken back and forth for something like a year.

We didn't pull together square a single night or day; Howe'er I went he soon contrived to find another way. He ran against me in my loves: we picked a dozen bones About that girl you used to like,—the one that married Jones

He worked against me in the class, before my very eyes. He opened up and scooped me square out of the Junior prize. In the last campus rush we came to strictly business blows, And from the eye he left undimmed I viewed his damaged nose.

In fact, I came at last to feel—and own it with dismay— That life would be worth living for, if Brown were out the way.

But when I heard that he was dead, my feelings tacked; and then

I would have given half my life to get his back again.

I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago. The room was neat beyond excuse,—the women made it so. Be sure he had no hand in that, and naught about it knew. To see the order lying round had made him very blue.

A sweet bouquet of girlish flowers smiled in the face of Death. Straight through the open window came the morning's fragrant breath.

Close-caged, a small canary-bird, with glossy, yellow throat, Skipped drearily from perch to perch, and never sung a note.

With hair unusually combed, sat poor M'Farland near, Alternately perusing Greek, and wrestling with a tear. A homely little girl of six, for some old kindness' sake, Was sobbing in the corner there as if her heart would break.

The books looked worn and wretched-like, almost as if they knew,

And seemed to be a-whispering their titles to my view.

His rod and gun were in their place; and high, where all might see.

Gleamed jauntily the boating-cup he won last year from me.

I lifted up the solemn sheet. That honest, earnest face Showed signs of culture and of toil that death could not erase. As western skies at twilight mark where late the sun has been,

Brown's face revealed the mind and soul that once had burned within.

He looked so grandly helpless there, upon that lonely bed! Oh, Jack! these manly foes are foes no more when they are dead!

"Old boy," I sobbed, "'twas half my fault. This heart makes late amends."

I took the white cold hands in mine,—and Brown and I were friends.

THE WRONG MAN.

The Hon. Demshire Hornet had a very unpleasant experience lately. Mark Twain was advertised to lecture in ----, but for some reason failed to get around. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled, expecting the celebrated Innocent. Nobody in the town knew Mark, or had even heard him lecture, but they had got the notion that he was funny, and went there prepared to laugh. Even those on the platform, except the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so when he was introduced thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a nom de plume, and supposed his real name was Hornet. The denouement is thus told Mr. Hoznet first remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman in a whisper if he was all right, and got "yes" for an answer. Then he said: "Rum slays more than disease!"-a louder laugh. He couldn't understand it, but went on: "It breaks up happy homes!"still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to death and hell!"—a perfect roar, and applause. Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were guying, but he proceeded: "We must crush the serpent!"-a tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Hornet couldn't stand it. "What I'm saving is gospel truth!" he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage and said: "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, ha, ha-it's intensely funnyha, ha, ha! Go on!" replied the roaring man. "This is an insult!" cried Hornet, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of "Go on, Twain!" And then the chairman got the idea of the thing, and rose and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly quit laughing, and the audience looked at each other in a mighty sheepish way, and they quit laughing, too. And then Mr. Hornet, being thoroughly mad, told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated by fools and idiots, and having said that he left the hall. And the assemblage then voted to censure Twain and the chairman, and dispersed amidst deep gloom.

HUMAN LIFE.—Mrs. J. M. WINTON.

After a while—a busy brain Will rest from all its care and pain. After a while—earth's rush will cease, And a weary heart find sweet release.

After a while—a vanished face—An empty seat—a vacant place.

After a while—a man forgot— A crumbled headstone—unknown spot.

SUMMER EVE.-WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

I am musing amid the clover,
And watching the waning day;
Watching and waiting as over
The lowlands the shadows play;
The hillside reposes in glory,
Emerald and crimson and gold,
And meadows are hearing the story
Rivulets sang them of old.

I stand in the fading sunlight
Where gloweth the genial day,
As steps of the coming twilight
Are threading their quiet way;
Lone flowers the winds are caressing,
As gently they wander by;
And stars are coming with blessing
From depths of a holier sky.

Encrimsoned the clouds are reposing,
Fair islands of love and light,
And their beauty is calmly closing,
Awaiting the dream of night;
And slowly as the day is dying
In the folding arms of even,
The pine-tops are wildly sighing
To the playful breaths of heaven.

The wild bee has turned from his roaming,
And the jay where stillness reigns;
The thrush has no song for the gloaming,
And only the dove complains;
Lone shadows steal over the valleys,
With pencilling rays between;
And nymphs from the forest alleys
Retire with the parting beam.

The scarlet and green of the grasses
Are hid in the sombre gray;
Through the gloom of the wild morasses
The fire-fly lights his way;
Cool mists up the mountain are stealing,
Veiling the oaks in their haze,
And sounds in the woods are revealing
Measures of solitude's ways.

The dews in the meadows are gleaming,
As light softly dyes the west;
And over the streamlets is teeming
The quiet of peace and rest.
From haunts of the silent and holy,
From caves of the night and gloom,
With spiritual steppings and slowly,
The shadows of evening come.

Of nature my spirit grows fonder
As I gaze o'er her flowery sod,
As I pause by her streams and ponder
The wonderful things of God.
Nor vainly her shades I've awaited
To list to the voice of night;
My musings with her are mated,
With her there's a calm delight.

Through many an eve of summer
I've roamed o'er the fruitful earth;
I've worshiped her as a mother
For all of her beauteous birth;
I love her when dayspring blesses,
When her hill-tops hail the sun;
When wrapped in her ebon tresses
As toils of the day are done.

Her mystical shades I've pondered,
Through the forest's moon-lit way,
As the night bird's flute-notes wandered
In ecstasy's varied play.
The gray rocks were there, the mountain,
The purl of the winding stream;
And I lingered beside the fountain,
Forgetful of life's sad dream.

Her mountains and cliffs are holy,
The solitudes charm her vales;
She has sooth for the sad and lowly
When darkness o'er life prevails;
She has music forever dying
O'er crags of the bounding sea;
And her woodlands are ever sighing
In silvery chords to me.

But darkness has come to the valley, Gently as bird to her nest; And strains of the song and the sally
Are hushed in earth's hour of rest;
I've mused o'er the slope and the meadow
To learn the wisdom of night;
To seek through the vista of shadow
Life's lesson to read aright.

O day! there is naught in thy dreaming
So sweet as the star-lit hour!
No moments of thine so teeming
With love and its silent power!
But brighter than love's emotion
Night teaches a faith oft told;
That asketh a holier devotion
Whilst reading her page of gold.

I have watched the day to its ending
In beauty and floods of gold;
A light and serenity blending
That numbers must leave untold;
I have watched as the night's soft mantle
Enfolded the dying rays;
The Lord is here in his temple,
And silence is prayer and praise.

THE POOR LITTLE BOY'S HYMN.

A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement-house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"My boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"But what are you doing here?"

"Hush! please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

- "Please, sir, mother's dead."
- "Where's your father?"
- "Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! but look here!" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken.
 - "Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!"

"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

" Yes, \sin ; I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission-school, and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy; you must not stay here; you'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child; Pity my simplicity, Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain I would to Thee be brought, Gracious Lord, forbid it not, In the kingdom of Thy grace Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir; good-by."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings, and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt,—dead.

THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK.—SAMUEL LOVE.

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say, That Saint Patrick at midnight he first saw the day; While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born, And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn; For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock, And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock—Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in owld Ireland, they say, Was all on account of Saint Patrick's birthday. Some fought for the eighth,—for the ninth more would die, And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye! At last, both the factions so positive grew, That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two, Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins, Said, "No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine, Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine; Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark, So let that be his birthday,"—"Amen," says the clerk. "If he wasn't a twins, sure our history will show That, at least, he's worthy any two sats that we know!" Then they all got blind dhrunk—which complated their bliss, And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

THE PILOT'S STORY.—W. D. Howells.

It was a story the pilot told, with his back to his hearers,— Keeping his hand on the wheel and his eye on the globe of the jack-staff,

Holding the boat to the shore and out of the sweep of the current,

Lightly turning aside for the heavy logs of the drift-wood, Widely shunning the snags that made us sardonic obeisance.

All the soft, damp air was full of delicate perfume From the young willows in bloom on either bank of the river,—

Faint, delicious fragrance, trancing the indolcnt senses In a luxurious dream of the river and land of the lotus. Not yet out of the west the roses of sunset were withered; In the deep blue above light clouds of gold and of crimson Floated in slumber serene, and the restless river beneath

Rushed away to the sea with a vision of rest in its bosom. Far on the eastern shore lay dimly the swamps of the

Dimly before us the islands grew from the river's expanses,-Beautiful, wood-grown isles,—with the gleam of the swart inundation

Seen through the swaying boughs and slender trunks of their willows;

And on the shore beside us the cotton-trees rose in the evening, Phantom-like, yearningly, wearily, with the inscrutable

sadness

Of the mute races of trees. While hoarsely the steam from her 'scape-pipes

Shouted, then whispered a moment, then shouted again to

the silence,

Trembling through all her frame with the mighty pulse of her engines,

Slowly the boat ascended the swollen and broad Mississippi, Bank-full, sweeping on, with nearing masses of drift-wood Daintily breathed about with hazes of silvery vapor,

Where in his arrowy flight the twittering swallow alighted, And the belated blackbird paused on the way to its nestlings.

It was the pilot's story:—"They both came aboard there, at

Cairo, From a New Orleans boat, and took passage with us for Saint Louis.

She was a beautiful woman, with just enough blood from her mother,

Darkening her eyes and her hair, to make her race known to a trader:

You would have thought she was white. The man that was with her,—you see such,—

Weakly good-natured and kind, and weakly good-natured and vicious.

Slender of body and soul, fit neither for loving nor hating. I was a youngster then, and only learning the river,—

Not over-fond of the wheel. I used to watch them at monte, Down in the cabin at night, and learned to know all of the gamblers.

So when I saw this weak one staking his money against them, Betting upon the turn of the cards, I knew what was coming: They never left their pigeous a single feather to fly with.

Next day I saw them together,—the stranger and one of the gamblers:

Picturesque raseal he was, with long black hair and moustaches.

Black slouch hat drawn down to his eyes from his villainous forehead.

On together they moved, still earnestly talking in whispers, On toward the forecastle, where sat the woman alone by the gangway.

Roused by the fall of feet, she turned, and, beholding her master,

Greeted him with a smile that was more like a wife's than another's,

another's, Rose to meet him fondly, and then, with the dread apprehension

Always haunting the slave, fell her eye on the face of the gambler,

Dark and lustful and fierce and full of merciless cunning.

Something was spoken so low that I could not hear what
the words were;

Only the woman started, and looked from one to the other, With imploring eyes, bewildered hands, and a tremor

All through her frame; I saw her from where I was standing, she shook so.

'Say! is it so?' she cried. On the weak, white lips of her master

Died a sickly smile, and he said, 'Louise, I have sold you.' God is my judge! May I never see such a look of despairing, Desolate anguish, as that which the woman east on her master.

Griping her breast with her little hands, as if he had stabbed her.

Standing in silence a space, as fixed as the Indian woman, Carved out of wood, on the pilot-house of the old Poeahontas! Then, with a gurgling moan, like the sound in the throat of the dying,

Came back her voice, that, rising, fluttered, through wild incoherence,

Into a terrible shriek that stopped my heart while she answered:

'Sold me? sold me? sold——And you promised to give me my freedom!—

Promised me for the sake of our little boy in Saint Louis! What will you say to our boy, when he eries for me there in Saint Louis?

What will you say to our God?—Ah, you have been joking, I see it!—

No? God! God! He shall hear it,—and all of the angels in heaven,—

Even the devils in hell!—and none will believe when they hear it!

Sold me!'—Fell her voice with a thrilling wail, and in silence Down she sank on the deck, and covered her face with her fingers."

In his story a moment the pilot paused, while we listened To the salute of a boat, that, rounding the point of an island, Flamed toward us with fires that seemed to burn from the waters,

Stately and vast and swift, and borne on the heart of the

current.

Then, with the mighty voice of a giant challenged to battle, Rose the responsive whistle, and all the echoes of island,

Swamp-land, glade, and brake replied with a myriad clamor, Like wild birds that are suddenly startled from slumber at midnight;

Then were at peace once more, and we heard the harsh cries

of the peacocks

Perched on a tree by a cabin-door, where the white-headed settler's

White-headed children stood to look at the boat as it passed them,

Passed them so near that we heard their happy talk and their laughter.

Boftly the sunset had faded, and now on the eastern horizon Hung, like a tear in the sky, the beautiful star of the evening.

Still with his back to us standing, the pilot went on with his story:—
"Instantly, all the people, with looks of reproach and com-

passion.

Flocked round the prostrate woman. The children cried, and their mothers

Hugged them tight to their breasts: but the gambler said to the captain:

'Put me off there at the town that lies round the bend of the river.

Here, you! rise at once, and be ready now to go with me.'
Roughly he seized the woman's arm and strove to uplift her.
She—she seemed not to heed him, but rose like one that is
dreaming,

Slid from his grasp, and fleetly mounted the steps of the

gangway,

Up to the hurricane-deck, in silence, without lamentation. Straight to the stern of the boat, where the wheel was, she ran, and the people

Followed her fast till she turned and stood at bay for a

moment,

Looking them in the face, and in the face of the gambler. Not one to save her,—not one of all the compassionate people! Not one to save her, of all the pitying angels in heaven! Not one bolt of God to strike him dead there before her! Wildly she waved him back, we waited in silence and horror. Over the swarthy face of the gambler a pallor of passion Passed, like a gleam of lightning over the west in the night-time.

White, she stood, and mute, till he put forth his hand to secure her:

Then she turned and leaped,—in mid-air fluttered a moment,—

Down there, whirling, fell, like a broken-winged bird from a tree-top,

Down on the cruel wheel, that caught her, and hurled her, and crushed her,

And in the foaming water plunged her, and hid her forever."

Still with his back to us all the pilot stood, but we heard him Swallowing hard, as he pulled the bell-rope to stop her. Then, turning,—

"This is the place where it happened," brokenly whispered the pilot.

"Someliow, I never like to go by here alone in the night-time."

Darkly the Mississippi flowed by the town that lay in the starlight,
Cheerful with lamps. Below we could hear them reversing

the engines,

And the great boat glided up to the shore like a giant exhausted.

Heavily sighed her pipes. Broad over the swamps to the eastward

Shone the full moon, and turned our far-trembling wake into silver.

All was serene and calm, but the odorous breath of the willows

Smote like the subtile breath of an infinite sorrow upon us.

SYMPATHY.—C. W. THOMSON.

Who that hath wept in secret, will not say How many a pang a friend can soothe away; Who that hath mourned o'er unimparted grief, But in disclosure finds a sweet relief. Yes, loved communion, it is thine to shed Thy moonlight radiance round the sufferer's head.

TWO OF THEM.

In the farm-house porch the farmer sat With his daughter, having a cozy chat; She was his only child, and he Thought her as fair as a girl could be. A. wee bit jealous, the old man grew, If he fancied any might come to woo; His one pet lamb and her loving care He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be two of you, child," said he,—
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night;
Two would make the old homestead bright.
There's neighbor Grey, with his children four
To be glad together. Had I one more,
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,
With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate, 'neath the old elm tree Donald waited alone; and she For whom he waited his love-call heard, And on either cheek the blushes stirred. "Father," said she, and knelt her down, And kissed the hand that was old and brown—"Father, there may be two, if you will, And I—your only daughter still.

"Two to welcome you home at night;
Two to make the old homestead bright;
I—and somebody else." "I see,"
Said the farmer; "and whom may 'somebody' be?"
Oh, the dimples in Bessie's cheek,
That played with the blushes at hide-and-seek'
Away from his gaze she turned her head;
"One of neighbor Grey's children," she said.

"H'm!" said the farmer; "make it plain; Is it Susan, Alice, or Mary Jane?" Another kiss on the agèd hand, To help the farmer to understand. "H'm!" said the farmer; "yes; I see; It is two for yourself and one for me." But Bessie said, "There can be but one For me and my heart till life is done."

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a care-worn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"
"I'll whip you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped from her lips.

-Little Rock Gazette.

OLD-SCHOOL PUNISHMENT.

Old Master Brown brought his ferule down,
And his face looked angry and red.

"Go, seat you there, now, Anthony Blair,
Along with the girls," he said.

Then Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
With his head down on his breast.

Took his penitent seat by the maiden sweet
That he loved, of all, the best.

And Anthony Blair, seemed whimpering there,
But the rogue only made believe;

For he peeped at the girls with the beautiful curls,
And ogled them over his sleeve.

THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.—T. B. ALDRICH.

Mabel, little Mabel, With face against the pane, Looks out across the night And sees the Beacon Light A-trembling in the rain. She hears the sea-birds screech. And the breakers on the beach Making moan, making moan. And the wind about the eaves Of the cottage sobs and grieves: And the willow-tree is blown To and fro, to and fro, Till it seems like some old crone Standing out there all alone, With her woe, Wringing, as she stands, Her gaunt and palsied hands! While Mabel, timid Mabel, With face against the pane, Looks out across the night, And sees the Beacon Light A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel, And make the cabin warm; Your little fisher-lover Is out there in the storm, And your father—you are weeping! O Mabel, timid Mabel, Go, spread the supper-table, And set the tea a-steeping. Your lover's heart is brave, His boat is staunch and tight; And your father knows the perilous reef That makes the water white. -But Mabel, darling Mabel, With face against the pane, Looks out across the night At the Beacon in the rain. The heavens are veined with fire! And the thunder, how it rolls!

In the lullings of the storm

The solemn church-bell tolls
For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell
In that belfry old and high;
Unseen fingers sway the bell
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them, God pity them,
Wherever they may be!
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain!
And pity little Mabel,
With face against the pane.

A boom!--the Lighthouse gun! (How its echo rolls and rolls!) Tis to warn the home-bound ships Off the shoals! See! a rocket cleaves the sky From the Fort,—a shaft of light! See! it fades, and, fading, leaves Golden furrows on the night! What made Mabel's cheek so pale? What made Mabel's lips so white? Did she see the helpless sail That, tossing here and there, Like a feather in the air, Went down and out of sight? Down, down, and out of sight! Oh, watch no more, no more, With face against the pane; You cannot see the men that drown By the Beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold;
And the angel on the village spire,
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen,
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands,—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah, so ghastly in the light,

With sea-weed in their hair!

O ancient fishermen,
Go up to yonder cot!
You'll find a little child,
With face against the pane,
Who looks toward the beach,
And, looking, sees it not.
She will never watch again!
Never watch and weep at night!
For those pretty, saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see the Beacon Light.

CONNOR.

To the memory of Patrick Connor, this simple stone was erected by his fellow working men.

These words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at tile iittle tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, ho was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been tould ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, man," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn,—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand.

Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and, with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning:

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks, are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that;" said the man; "but I'd be wishing to; and that would make it aisier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor, I'll tell no lie. Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides I know your countrymen,—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over to me in her two arms, thin," said the man despairingly, "for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open, with an English halfpenny in it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawne, arrested by the odd speech, as he turned upon his heel and turned back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "O masther, just try me! How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like them."

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said; "and now, as it's noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner,—a hungry man can't work."

With an Irish blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

VVVVV

"Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cint I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me. Better no coat to my back than no wife and boy by my fireside; and anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share their Sunday frolics.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favor of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job that he could earn a few shillings by, running errands in his noon-tide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his one great hope, and of Nora and of little Jamesy.

At first the men who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and when one day, mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look, boys; I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whorooo! I've got it!" all felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a poor lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awakened in the morning, he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and

begged those about him to "quit joking, and give it back."
But at last he realized the truth.—

"Is any man that bad that it's thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?" And some one answered: "No doubt of it Connor; it's sthole."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say: "I'll have Nora with me yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay-day, "set Nora a week nearer," as he said, and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time however only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman, and child, capable of hearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man,—even he, who had coolly hurled his hammer at an offender's head,

missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend ten minutes of the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantel-piece. And there was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

"She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms and bless them who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her the items of an education, which Connor told upon his fingers. "The radin', that's one, and the writin', that's three, and moreover, she knows all that a woman can." Then he looked up with tears in his eyes, and asked: "Do you wondher the time seems long between me an' her, boys?"

So it was. Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the Stormy Petrel had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half-a-dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like of that in the old counthry," he said, "but she'll know how to keep them tidy."

Then he led the way toward the dock where the steamer lay, and at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of employés were yelling

and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband, he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him, patiently at first, eagerly but patiently, but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said, "she'd be lost entirely; I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys; I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "and

I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would;" said Connor; "but maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked:—"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the captain. Then he said huskily: "Sit down my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind?" said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she?" asked Connor.

The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes,—Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to his lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the captain. "We have had illness on board,—the cholera. You know that."

"I didn't. I can't read; they kept it from me," said he.

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one in a had whisper.

"You know how long we lay at quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," said Connor. "Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought I to be looking for her, captain?"

"Many died; many children," went on the captain. "When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, "and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. 'It's his father I think of,' said she, 'he's longing to see poor Jamesy.'"

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill also; she grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me.' And my man, God help you, she never said anything more,—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself, looking at the captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends:

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther, I've learnt one thing,—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but He's takin' me over to her and Jamesy, over the river; don't you see it, and her standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms,—perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows,—and so died.

WJDOW MALONE.—CHARLES LEVER.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone, Ohone! Who lived in the town of Athlone,

Alone!

Oh, she melted the hearts Of the swains in them parts:

So lovely the Widow Malone, Ohone!

So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score, Or more,

And fortunes they all had galore. In store:

From minister down To the clerk of the Crown

All were courting the Widow Malone, Ohone!

All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone, 'Twas known

That no one could see her alone, Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh, They could ne'er catch her eye. So bashful the Widow Malone, Ohone! So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare, (How quare!

It's little for blushing they care Down there.) Put his arm round her waist,

Gave ten kisses at laste, "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone, My own!

Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy, Mv eve!

Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,— For why?

But, "Lucius," says she,

"Since you've now made so free

You may marry your Mary Malone, Ohone! You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong,—
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST. - JANES T. FIELDS

We were crowded in the cabin, Not a soul would dare to sleer. It was midnight on the waters And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to bear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence, For the stoutest held his breath, While the hungry sea was roaring, And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

THE ENGINEER'S MURDER.-HENRY MORFORD.

Yes, I once committed a murder,
Outside the realms of law,
That I s'pose the body of people
Would not heed the worth of a straw;
But I think I should sleep the sounder,
Sometimes, when the night winds wail,
If I never remembered "murder,"
Or never told over the tale.

No matter the road I was running,—
"Twas in one of the Middle States;
So many years since, that I wonder
Why the sorrow never abates.
I was young, and hasty, and savage,
As youth is apt to be,
And my hand,—well, my hand, you will fancy
Was a trifle too ready and free.

I was in my caboose just at evening, Say 'tween Holden and Fiddler's Run, Making time, to reach Wayman's Siding For the up-train, at five twenty-one; I had had a hot box at Grossman's, And that put me four minutes behind; So I felt like,—the word is ugly, But the truth!—like "going it blind."

Round a curve, and running,—say forty,
Or it may have been fifty, who knows,—
And there on the track before me,
A black fiend, at full scream, arose!—
A dog, that sat down in the middle,
Between the two lines of rail,
And howled, like a fiend incarnate,
With a mixture of bark, yell, and wail

Did I stop? Not much! I just opened
The throttle-valve, by a mite,
And over that dog she went flying,
And over something else,—white!
I stopped her then with a shudder,
And ran back; in a mangled heap
Lay the dog, and what had been lately
A baby-girl laying asleep!

VVVV*

Have I never got over it? No, sir!

And I never shall till I die!

Why didn't I heed the warning?

It was only a black dog's cry.

I may have done many more murders,

And 'tis likely I have on the whole;

But there's none, when the night winds are howling.

That lay such a weight on my soul!

And what is the worst of my sorrow,—
Don't make the one grand mistake!
I shouldn't grieve twice, I've a fancy,
For the poor dead baby's sake!
But the dog that was doing his duty
So nobly,—I grieve for him;
And I never tell over the story
But I find my old eyes grow dim.

ROLL ON.

Roll on, thou Sun, forever roll,

Thou giant, rushing through the heaven!
Creation's wonder, nature's soul,

Thy golden wheels by angels driven!
The planets die without thy blaze,

And cherubim, with star-dropt wing,
Float in thy diamond-sparkling rays,

Thou brightest emblem of their king!

Roll, lovely Earth, and still roll on,
With ocean's azure beauty bound;
While one sweet star, the pearly moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound;
And angels, with delighted eyes,
Behold thy tints of mount and stream,
From the high walls of paradise,
Swift wheeling like a glorious dream.

Roll, Planets! on your dazzling road,
Forever sweeping round the sun!
What eye beheld when first ye glowed?
What eye shall see your courses done?
Roll in your solemn majesty,
Ye deathless splendors of the skies!

High altars, from which angels see The incense of creation rise.

Roll, Comets! and ye million Stars!
Ye that through boundless nature roam;
Ye monarchs on your flame-wing cars;
Tell us in what more glorious dome,—
What orbs to which your pomps are dim,
What kingdom but by angels trod,—
Tell us where swells the eternal hymn
Around His throne where dwells your God?

THE FLOOD AND THE ARK.

A HARD-SHELL METHODIST SERMON ON NATURE,

In the autumn of 1830 I attended a Methodist camp-meeting in the interior of Georgia, and heard a sermon which I have never been able to forget or describe.

The speaker had just been licensed, and it was his first sermon. In person he was small, bullet-headed, of a fair, sandy complexion; and his countenance was indicative of sincerity and honesty. He was taking up the Bible in regular order for the first time in his life, and had gotten as far as the history of Noah, the ark, the flood, etc. Besides, "just before his conversion, he had been reading Goldsmith's 'Animated Nater'; and the two together, by the aid and assistance of the Sperit, had led him into a powerful train of thinking as he stood at his work-bench, day in and day out." The text was: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be;" and he broke out into the following strain:—

"Yes, my bretherin, the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah: and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the elephant-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what is as big as a house-ah, and his bones as big as a tree-ah, depending somewhat upon the size of the tree-ah, a-l-i a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered

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the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the hippopotamus-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what has a g-r-e-a-t horn-ah a-stickin' right straight up out of his forward-ah, six feet long, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of it-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the giraffe-ah, my bretherin, that ill-contrived reptile of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, whose fore-legs is twenty-five feet long-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of 'enr-ah, and a neck so long he can eat hay off the top of a barn-ah, depending somewhat on the hithe of the barn-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Ham, and there was Shem, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the zebra, my bretherin-ah, that b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l animal of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Auimat-ed Nater'-ah, what has three hundred stripes a-runnin' right straight around his body-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the number of stripes-ah, and nary two stripes alike-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"Then there was the anaconder-ah, that g-r-e-a-t sarpint of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what can swallow six oxens at a meal-ah, provided his appetite don't call for less-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhiet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the lion, bretherin-ah, what is the king of beasts, accordin' to Scripter-ah, and who, as St. Paul says-ah, prowls around of a night like a roarin' devil-ah, a-seekin if he can't catch somebody-ah; a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the antelope-ali, my bretherin, that frisky little critter-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what can jump seventy-five foot straight up-ah, and twice that distance down-ah, provided his legs

will take him that far-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"But time would fail me, my bretherin, to describe all the animals that went into the ark-ah. Your patience and my strength would give out before I got half through-ah. talk, my bretherin, about the faith of Abraham and the patience of Job-ah; but it strikes me they didn't go much ahead of old Noer-ah. It tuck a right smart chance o' both to gather up all that gopher-wood and pitch and other truck for to build that craft-ah. I am a sort of carpenter myself, and have some idea of the job-ah. But to hammer and saw and maul and split away on that one thing a hundred and twenty year-ah, an' lookin' an' lookin' for his pay in another world-ah,—I tell ye, my bretherin, if the Lord had a-sot Joh at that, it's my opinion he would a-tuck his wife's advice inside of fifty year-ah. Besides, no doubt his righteous soul was vexed every day, hand runnin'-ah, with the filthy communications of the blasphemious set that was always a-loaferin' and a-saunterin' around-ah, a-pickin' up his tools and amisplacin' 'em, and a-callin' him an old fool or somethin' worse-ah. And, to clap the climax, he was a preacher, and had that ongodly gineration on his hands every Sunday-ah. But the Lord stood by him, and seed him through the jobah; and, when everything was ready, he didn't send Noer out to scrimmage an' scour and huntall over the wide world for to git up the critters and varmints that he wanted saved-They all came to his hand of their own accord-ah, and Noer only had to head 'em in and fix 'em around in their places-ah. Then he gathered up his own family, and the Lord shut him in, and the heavens of the windows was opened-ah.

"But, my bretherin, Noer-ah had use for patience after this-ah. Think what a time he must a-had a-feedin' and a-waterin' and a-cleanin' out after sich a crowd-ah! Some of 'em, according to Goldsmith's 'Animated Nater'-ah, was carnivorious, and wanted fresh meat-ah; and some was herbivorious, and wanted vegetable food-ah; and some was

wormivorious, and swallowed live things whole-ah; and he had to feed everything accordin' to his nater. Hence we view, my bretherin-ah, as the nater of the animals wasn't altered by goin' into the ark-ah, some of 'em would roar, and howl, and bark, and bray, and squeal, and blat, the whole indurin' night-ah, a-drivin' sleep from his eyes, and slumber from his eyelets-ah; and at the first streak o' daylight the last hoof of 'em would set up a noise accordin' to his nater-ah, and the bulls of Bashan wer'u't nowhar-ah. I've often wondered how their women stood it. Scripter is silent on this pint-ah; but I think I know of some that would a-been vapory and nervious under sich circumstances-ah, and in an unguarded moment might a-said somethin' besides their prayers-ah.

"My bretherin, one more word for old Noer ah, and I will draw to a close-ah. After the out-beatin' time he had, first and last, for so many hundred year-ah, if he did, by accident or otherwise, take a leetle too much wine on one occasion-ah, I think less ort to a-been said about it-ah. Besides, I think he was entitled to one spree-ah, as he made the wine hisself; and accordin' to Scripter, it makes glad the heart o' man-ah.

"My bretherin, as it was in the days of Noer-ah, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be-ah. The world will never be drowned agin-ah. It will be sot a-fire, and burnt up, root and branch, with a fervient heat-ah. Oh! what will wretched, ondone sinners do on that orful day-ah? They will be put to their wits' end-ah, and knock and straddle around in every direction-ah; for all at onct, my bretherin-ah, they will behold the heavens a-darkenin'-ah, and the seas a-roarin'-ah, the tombs a-bustin'-ah, the mountains a-meltin'-ah; and everything, I think, will be in a confused and onsettled state-ah."

THE YOUNG TRAMP.—CHAS. F. ADAMS.

Hello, thar, stranger! Whar yer frum? Come in and make yerself ter hum! We're common folks, ain't much on style; Come in and stop a little while; "Twon't do no harm ter rest yer some.

Youngster, yer pale, and don't look well! What, way from Bosting? Naow, dew tell! Why, that's a hundred mile or so; What started yer I'd like ter know On sich a tramp; got goods ter sell?

No home, no friends? Naow that's too bad! Wall, cheer up boy and don't be sad,—Wife, see what yer can find ter eat, And put the coffee on ter heat,—We'll fix yer up all right, my lad.

Willing ter work, can't git a job, And not a penny in yer fob? Wall, naow, that's rough, I dew declare! Wnat, tears? Come, youngster, I can't bear Ter see yer take on so, and sob.

How came yer so bad off, my son?
Father was killed? 'Sho'; whar? Bull Run?
Why, I was in that scrimmage, lad,
And got used up, too, pretty bad;
I shan't forgit old 'sixty-one!

So yer were left in Bosting, hey!
A baby when he went away?
Those Bosting boys were plucky, wife,
Yer know one of 'em saved my life,
Else I would not be here to-day.

'Twas when the "Black Horse Cavalcade" Swept down on our small brigade, I got the shot that made me lame, When down on me a trooper came, And this 'ere chap struck up his blade.

Poor feller! He was stricken dead; The trooper's sabre cleaved his head. Joe Billings was my comrade's name, He was a Bosting boy, and game! I almost wished I'd died, instead.

Why, lad! what makes yer tremble so? Your father! what, my comrade Joe? And you his son? Come ter my heart My home is yours; I'll try, in part, Ter pay his boy the debt I cwe.

COUNT GAULTIER'S RIDE.—EDWARD RENAUD. A. D. 1521.

Nay, ye shall hear how it befell!
It will not take me long to tell
How, on the tall cliff's slippery side,
I wooed and won my peerless bride;
Yet for no respite would I pray.—
Ha! Gaston, 'twas a woeful day
For thec, I know; thy love lies cold,
But mine was fiery, fierce, and bold!

King Francis led the lordly chase O'er field and fell, till in the race Of horse and hound the chance was mine To ride with queenly Catherine. No soul was nigh, for all the train Was scattered over hill and plain. Ay, she was peerless! tall and grand, The haughtiest lady of the land,— Mate for an emperor, eye of fire That flashed out fierce with sudden ire Beneath the black arch of her brow! That such a silken slave as thou Should prosper in thy suit for her Was strange, in sooth; and that did stir The very essence of my life To gall and bitterness and strife, Setting my inmost soul on fire With baffled pride and vain desire.

We rode together far and fast;
The huntsman blew a distant blast
To call us back; vain, vain the call!
Fate closed behind us like a wall
To shut us in alone, while she
Rode to her own dark destiny;
For, as we galloped side by side
In fierce career, her evil pride
And scorn of me that curled her lip
Made but a bitter draught to sip.
"Sir Count!" she cried, "ride, ride! and see
If ever thou canst master me
In love, or aught where woman's will
Can make her strong,—ay, look thy fill!

Frown if thou wilt, I fear thee not!"
Whereat there flushed an angry spot
Upon her cheek, and bitterly
I swore to conquer her or die!

She laughed a bitter, scornful laugh
That seemed to smite me like a staff
Across the face; the very air
Grew strange and dark with my despair!
Was no good angel hovering nigh
To warn her, proudly sweeping by,
While, like a banner of black death,
Her long, black tresses to the breath
Of the swift wind we left behind
Waved to and fro? Her pride was blind!
Sudden her steed swerved from the track,
And, rearing, fell; then, reining back
My own upon his haunches, I
Leaped down beside her.

Not a cry

Of pain she uttered, but arose
Calm, with her hateful, cold repose,
And stood there, leaning 'gainst a tree,
Taking no heed or note of me.
The sun was sinking red as blood;
Beneath our feet the purple flood
Of the broad Loire ran swift and deep,
While from its edge—a beetling steep—
Rose the tall cliff on which we were.
My hand I straightway offered her
To bear her up, but, starting back
As though a serpent crossed her track,—
"Hold, hold, Count Gaultier! touch me not!"
She cricd. "Is honor, then, forgot?
I scorn thee as I scorn thine aid!"

How royally she stood, arrayed In her rich garments, with one hand Stretched forth in gesture of command! Her great, black eyes shot dusky fire And stung me through!

Then, coming nigher
To where she stood, I felt at last
My fierce love hold her firm and fast,—

Safe, at my mercy, far away From human aid. The dying day Grew on a sudden wondrous still, As conquered by my own wild will, That with a fierce, unlioly joy, Burst forth to rend and to destroy. A red mist swam before my eyes, And all the fiery evening skies Seemed stained with blood, as if they knew And blushed for that which I should do. Fair Nature neither joys nor grieves, But tremulously the little leaves Shook for a moment in the calm; Then far, far off, like saintly psalm, We heard a distant convent-bell Toll on the evening air a knell; While ever and anon the sound Of the swift river, where it wound At the cliff's base, rose faintly there,-Woe's weeds were all her wedding-wear!

Grasping her fiercely by the arm, I whispered hoarsely: "Dame, thy charm Of power is broken! Swear to me Thou'lt set the eraven Gaston free To go his way, and pledge thy hand In troth to me, else, where we stand, Thou look'st thy last upon the sun!" In truth, she made me answer none, But looked unutterable scorn! Cursed be the day when I was born, That ever I should live to brook The bitterness of that last look! One fiercely-ravished kiss, then down, Locked in my sinewy arms and brown, I leaped with her across the brink And crashed upon the rocks.

I think,

Sir Gaston, I have won the race! In her crushed body could'st thou trace Aught fair as she was once? I know That thou wilt tarry, but I go To dwell with her where'er she is,—Our love was pledged in that one kiss!

Now bear my broken body out As was the judgment,—let them shout To see me bound upon the wheel! Ha, Gaston! never shalt thou feel The wild, sweet passion of that sin, Nor how the brave can woo and win!

-Appleton's Journal.

TRAFFIC IN ARDENT SPIRITS.—LYMAN BEECHER.

The amount of suffering and mortality inseparable from the commerce in ardent spirits renders it an unlawful article of trade.

The wickedness is proverbial of those who in ancient days caused their children to pass through the fire unto Moloch. But how many thousands of children are there in our land who endure daily privations and sufferings which render life a burden, and would have made the momentary pang of infant sacrifice a blessing! Theirs is a lingering, living death. There never was a Moloch to whom were immolated yearly as many children as are immolated, or kept in a state of constant suffering, in this land of nominal Christianity. We have no drums and gongs to drown their cries, neither do we make convocations, and bring them all out for one mighty burning. The fires which consume them are slow fires, and they blaze balefully in every part of our land, throughout which the cries of injured children and orphans go up to Heaven. Could all these woes, the product of intemperance, be brought out into one place, and the monster who inflicts the sufferings be seen personified, the nation would be furious with indignation. Humanity, conscience, religion, all would conspire to stop a work of such malignity.

We are appalled and shocked at the accounts from the East, of widows burned upon the funeral-piles of their departed husbands. But what if those devotees of superstition, the Bramins, had discovered a mode of prolonging the lives of their victims for years amid the flames, and by these protracted burnings were accustomed to torture life away? We might almost rouse up a crusade to cross the deep, to stop

by force such inhumanity. But alas! we should leave behind us, on our own shores, more wives in the fire than we should find of widows thus sacrificed in all the East; a fire, too, which, besides its action upon the body, tortures the soul by lost affections, and ruined hopes, and prospective wretchedness.

Every year thousands of families are robbed of fathers, brothers, husbands, friends. Every year widows and orphans are multiplied, and gray hairs are brought with sorrow to the grave. No disease makes such inroads upon families, blasts so many hopes, destroys so many lives, and causes so many mourners to go about the streets, because man goeth to his long home.

Can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes,—which peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with the victims of despair?

Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance, come upon us in one horrid array, it would appall the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If, in every dwelling built by blood, the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back,-who would build such a house?--and who would dwell in it? What if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings, were heard, day and night? What if the cold blood oozed out, and stood in drops upon the walls; and by preternatural art all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture within and without the building,-who would rear such a building? What if at eventide, and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane, -following the track of the ship engaged in commerce,-walking upon the waves,-flitting athwart the deck,-sitting upon the rigging,-and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings? Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?

Oh! were the sky over our heads one great whisperinggallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us from beneath, the wailings of the lost, whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither,—these tremendous realities, assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real as if the stone did cry out of the wall, and the beam answered it,—as real as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall,—as real as if the ghostly forms of departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed o'er the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries, and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land, and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailing of despair to come up from beneath.

A STORY OF CHINESE LOVE.

The festive Ah Goo
And Too Hay, the fair—
They met, and the two
Concluded to pair.

They "spooned" in the way
That most lovers do,
And Ah Goo kissed Too Hay,
And Too Hay kissed Ah Goo.

Said the festive Ah Goo,
As his heart swelled with pride,
"Me heap likee you—
You heap be my blide?"

And she looking down,
All so modest and pretty,
'Twixt a smile and a frown,
Gently murmured, "You bette,"

HALF-WAY DOIN'S .- IRWIN RUSSELL.

Belubbed fellow-trabelers, in holdin' forth to-day, I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say; De sermon will be berry short, an' dis here am de tex': Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count in dis worl' nor de nex'. Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin' in is like a cotton row, Where ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe; An' ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap, De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up de erap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters of de sea, Dey had to keep a-goin' jus' as fas' as fas' could be; Do you suppose dey could eber hab succeeded in dere wish, And reached de promised land at last, if they had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dere was a garden once, where Adam libbed wid Eve.

Wid no one roun' to bodder dem, no nabors for to thieve; An' ebery day was Christmas, an' dey had dere rations free, An' eberyting belonged to dem except an apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story,—how de snake eome snookin' 'round,

A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de ground, How Eve an' Adam ate de fruit, an' went an' hid dere face, Till de angel oberseer came an' drove dem off de place. Now, s'pose dis man an' 'ooman, too, hadu't 'tempted for to shirk.

But had gone about dere gardenin', an' 'tended to dere work, Dey wouldn't have been loafin' where dey had no business to, An' de debble nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren, 'twill nebber do, I say! Go at your task, an' finish it, an' den's de time to play; For even if de crap is good, de rain will spoil de bolls, Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls. Keep a-ploughin', an' a-hoein', an' a-scrapin' ob de rows; An' when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes; But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot De sheriff's gwine to leby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber you's a-dribin' at, be sure an' dribe it t'ro', An' don't let nothin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do; For when you see a nigger foolin', den, sure as you are born, You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn. I thanks you for de 'tention you hab gib dis afternoon; Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' ob a tune. I see dat Brudder Johnson's gwine to pass around de hat; Don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat.

COURTSHIP.

Fairest of earth! if thou wilt hear my vow;
Lo! at thy feet, I swear to love thee ever;
And, by this kiss upon thy radiant brow,
Promise affection which no time shall sever;
And love which e'er shall burn as bright as now,
To be extinguished—never, dearest—never!
Wilt thou that naughty, fluttering heart resign?
Catherine! my own sweet Kate! wilt thou be mine?

Thou shalt have pearls to deck thy raven hair,—
Thou shalt have all this world of ours can bring!
And we will live in solitude, nor care
For aught save each other. We will fling
Away all sorrow,—Eden shall be there!
And thou shalt be my queen, and I thy king!
Still coy, and still reluctant? Sweetheart, say,
When shall we monarchs be? and which the day?

MATRIMONY.

A SEQUEL TO "COURTSHIP."

Now, Mrs. Pringle, once for all, I say
I will not such extravagance allow!
Bills upon bills, and larger every day,
Enough to drive a man to drink, I vow!
Bonnets, gloves, frippery, and trash,—nay, nay,
Tears, Mrs. Pringle, will not gull me now.
I say I won't allow ten pound a week:
I can't afford it; Madam, do not speak!

In wedding you, I thought I had a treasure;
I find myself most miserably mistaken!
You rise at ten, then spend the day in pleasure:
In fact, my confidence is slightly shaken.
Ha! what's that uproar? This, ma'am, is my leisure;
Sufficient noise the slumbering dead to waken!
I seek retirement, and I find—a riot;
Confound those children, but I'll make them quiet!

BUYING A COW.

Deacon Smith's wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country sign that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins and sitting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon in her snow-white cap. "Good morning" was said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, now, for nothing, any way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mister Smith, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creturs, and should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Deacon Smith looked at Roan, then at the widow,—at Brindle, then at the widow,—at the Downing cow, then at the widow again,—and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but the deacon could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when the Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday,—and had "ever so much to do in the house," as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday,—she was a little impatient. Deacon Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That 'ere Downing cow is a pretty fair cretur," said he, 'but"—he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked around her,—not the widow, but the cow.

"The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones; she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle,—but I have known better." A long stare succeeded his speech,—the pause was getting awkward,—and at last Mrs. Jones broke out:

"Law! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of the deacon and the widow were published the next day.

THE LANDLORD'S LAST MOMENTS.

I. Edgar Jones.

"Mine host" lay there at dead of night, And watched the glow of the dim fire-light On the white expanse of the glossy wall, In forms fantastic, rise and fall. His nurse had nightly vigils kept, Till worn and weary now, she slept; As the patient, weak and wishful, lay Counting the hours till the dawn of day.

He watched the dancing shadows change, When, suddenly, with motion strange, They turned to people that he knew, Who passed in sad procession through, And seemed to point at him, and glare, With features pale, and glassy stare, And chant in mournful moan, "We come To seek the man who sold us rum!" Nor could he shriek, for he was dumb, While every muscle, nerve, and bone Seemed petrified to solid stone. But still the sad and ghastly crew With ghostly tread went marching through, He saw the drunkard's murdered wife Who fell before her husband's knife; And just behind, with lolling tongue, The guilty husband who was hung; Their vicious boys whom none could tame; Their daughters steeped in sin and shame. Then scores of laborers passed him by,— Who learned of him to drink and die,— With starying children, weeping wives, Who suffered by their ruined lives. Among them there were not a few Of wealthy people, well-to-do, Who lost all happiness and health, By wasting time, and strength, and wealth To drain their gold into his till.

Amid the strangely-mated crew Were many whom he never knew,— Who sank beneath the ills that come As secondary ills of rum.

WWWWW

And there were faces gray with grief; The rowdy, rough, and common thief, Low loafers many a lazy score, With noses red and faces sore, And many a black and bloody eye Received from rum in days gone by.

Then wemen's faces, white with woe, With wailing voices sad and low, And bodies, bruised by many a brand, Stamped there by son or husband's hand; Scant, tattered garments, torn and rent, Forms bowed and broken, bruised and bent By burdens borne through weary years, Cursed deep with crime, bedewed with tears, And lacerated, shoeless feet That bore them o'er the frozen street.

And there were ghosts of household joys, With ruined girls and brutal boys, Poor infant faces, cold and dead, That perished for the want of bread; While many a daring, bitter curse, And oath obscene, or something worse, Was caught by demons in the gloom, And echoed strangely through the room, While grinning goblins—evil elves— Brought all the bottles from his shelves, And printed to their golden glow As if to torture him, and show That all this bitter weight of woe, With constant curse, had ever come From wine and brandy, gin and rum, That he in other days had sold To coin their sorrows into gold.

All these he saw,—heard what they said,— Then backward fell upon his bed, And, with an anguished moan, was dead.

His soul moved onward with the crew Who passed him thus in strange review, A follower of the ghastly band Who perished by his thoughtless hand, And suffered every pang of pain To minister unto his gain.

COMFORT.

"Boatman, boatman! my brain is wild,
As wild as the rainy seas;
My poor little child, my sweet little child,
Is a corpse upon my knees.

"No holy choir to sing so low, No priest to kneel in prayer, No tire-women to help me sew A cap for his golden hair."

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,
The pious boatman cried,
"Not without Him who is life to thee,
Could the little child have died!

"His grace the same, and the same his power,
Demanding our love and trust,
Whether he makes of the dust a flower,
Or changes a flower to dust.

"On the land and the water, all in all, The strength to be still, or pray, To blight the leaves in their time to fall, Or light up the hills with May."

CHARITY.-Mrs. J. M. WINTON.

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew-drops hung upon its bosom, and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it swung to and fro, in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence. Then came the ardent sun-god, sweeping from the east, and smote the young rose with its scorching rays, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it drooped to the dust in its loneliness and despair.

Now the gentle breeze—which had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the home-bound barque, sweeping over hill and dale, by the neat cottage and still brook, turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease, and frisking with the curls of innocent childhood—came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love; and when she fondly bathed its head in cool, refreshing showers, the young rose revived, and looked and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze, but she hurried quickly away, singing through the trees.

Thus charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its office of kindness, which steals on the heart like rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

THE DEACON'S PRAYER .- WM. O. STODDART.

In the regular evening meeting
That the church holds every week,
One night a listening angel sat
To hear them pray and speak.

It puzzled the soul of the angel
Why some to that gathering came,
But sick and sinful hearts he saw,
With grief and guilt aflame.

They were silent, but said to the angel,
"Our lives have need of Him!"
While doubt, with dull, vague, throbbing pain,
Stirred through their spirits dim.

You could see 'twas the regular meeting, And the regular seats were filled, And all knew who would pray and talk, Though any one might that willed.

From his place in front, near the pulpit,
In his long-accustomed way,
When the book was read, and the hymn was sun
The deacon arose to pray.

First came the long preamble,—
If Peter had opened so,
He had been, ere the Lord his prayer had heard,
Full fifty fathoms below.

Then a volume of information Poured forth, as if to the Lord, Concerning His ways and attributes, And the things by him abhorred. But not in the list of the latter
Was mentioned the mocking breath
Of the hypocrite prayer that is not a prayer,
And the make-believe life in death.

Then he prayed for the church; and the pastor; And that "souls might be his hire,"— Whatever his stipend otherwise,— And the Sunday-school; and the choir;

And the swarming hordes of India;
And the perishing, vile Chinese;
And the millions who bow to the Pope of Rome;
And the pagan churches of Greece;

And the outcast remnants of Judah,
Of whose guilt he had much to tell;—
He prayed, or he told the Lord he prayed,
For everything out of hell.

Now, if all of that burden had really
Been weighing upon his soul,
'Twould have sunk him through to the China side,
And raised a hill over the hole.

* * * * * * *

Twas the regular evening meeting, And the regular prayers were made, But the listening angel told the Lord That only the silent prayed.

WOODCHUCKS .- School Boy.

Woodchucks is a very curious animal. It is made of hair and eyes and has two front teeth, and can see a man with a gun when the eyes are shut and bolted. I have seen a dog shake a woodchuck till both were black in the face. A woodchuck can snivel up his nose, show his teeth, and look as homely as I can without trying. They sit on one end and eat with the other. A woodchuck can get home faster than a gun can shoot. He is round all over, except his feet which are black. When eat they retain the flavor of their nests and seem to have been cooked without being pared. A fat woodchuck, when eat properly, is no laughin' matter. They come under the head of "domestic animals," and think there ain't no place like home when a dog goes for one of 'em.

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou

Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!

Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high,

Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow,— Shot through the staff or the halvard, but ever we raised thee anew.

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives-

Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!

Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most. "Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"

Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence, the best of the brave:

Cold were his brows when we kissed him—we laid him that night in his grave.

"Every man die at his post!" and there hailed on our houses and halls.

Death from their rifle bullets, and death from their cannon

Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade.

Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade,

Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often

there fell, Striking the hospital wall, crashing through it, their shot and their shell.

Death-for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,

So that the brute bullet broke through the brain that could think for the rest:

Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet.

Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round;

Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,

Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!

Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep through the hole!

Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the murderous mole.

Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be through!

Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before,—

Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day,

Soon as the blast of that underground thunder-clap echoed away,

Dark through the smoke and the sulphur, like so many fiends in their hell,—

Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell,—

Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemies fell.

What have they done? Where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!

Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran

Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drowned by the

So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?

Kill or be killed, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!

Ready! take aim at their leaders,—their masses are gapped with our grape—

Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,

Flying and foiled at the last by the handful they could not subdue;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,

Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,

Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;

Still--could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer.

There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that passed:

"Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold unawares,

Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—

Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!"

Roar upon roar! in a moment two mines, by the enemy spring,

Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades Ridemen, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true!

Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusilades.—

Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,

Twice from the ditch where they shelter, we drive them with hand grenades;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of Eugland blew.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore

Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.

Riflemen, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun,—

One has leapt up on the breach, crying out, Follow me, follow me!"—

Mark him,—he falls! then another, and him too, and down goes he.

Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?

Boardings, and rafters, and doors,—an embrasure! make way for the gun!

Now double charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.

Praise to our Indian brothers and let the dark face have his due!

Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,—

Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,—

That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight;

But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all through the night,—

Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms; Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,

Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,

Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,

Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-holes around,

Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,

Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies, Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies, Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,

Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that would not be healed,

Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save us a life.
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for
grief,

Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief. Havelock baffled or beaten, or butchered, for all that we

Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still shattered walls

Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls,— But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Hark! cannonade, fusilade! is it true what was told by the scout?

Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fel mutineers!

Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears! All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,

Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,

Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,

Blessing the wholesome white faces cf Havelock's good fusileers,

Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!

Dance to the pibroch! saved! we are saved! is it you? is it you?

Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!

"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!

And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

THE BABY'S KISS.—G. R. EMERSON. AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Rough and ready the troopers ride, Pistol in holster and sword by side; They have ridden tong, they have ridden hard, They are travel-stained and battle-scarred: The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp, And coarse is the laugh of the men of the camp.

They reach a spot where a mother stands With a baby, shaking its little hands, Laughing aloud at the gallant sight Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight. The captain laughs out,—"I will give you this, A bright piece of gold, your baby to kiss."

"My darling's kisses cannot be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts up the babe with a manly grace,
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy cheeks, and its dimpled charms;
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the captain," the troopers call;
"The baby, we know, has a kiss for all."
To each soldier's breast the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and kissed and caresedand louder it laughs, and the lady's face
Wears a mother's smile at the fond embrace.

"Just such a kiss," cries one warrior grim,
"When I left my boy, I gave to him."
"And just such a kiss, on the parting day,
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of these soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist when the kiss they gave.

A MARINER'S DESCRIPTION OF A PIANO.

A sea-captain, who was asked by his wife to look at some pianos while he was in the city, with a view of buying her one. wrote home to her: "I saw one that I thought would suit you, black walnut hull, strong bulk-heads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, ceiled with whitewood and maple. Rigging, steel wire-double on the rat lines, and whipped wire on the lower stays, and heavier cordage. Belaying pins of steel and well driven home. Length of taffrail over all. six feet two inches. Breadth of beam thirty-eight inches; depth of hold fourteen inches. This light draft makes the craft equally serviceable in high seas or low flats. It has two martingales, one for the light airs and zephyr winds, and one for strong gusts and sudden squalls. Both are worked with foot rests, near the kelson, handy for the quartermaster, and out o' sight of the passengers. The running gear from the hand-rail to the cordage is made of whitewood and holly; works free and clear; strong enough for the requirements of a musical tornado, and gentle enough for the requiem of a departing class. Hatches, black walnut; can be battened down proof against ten-year-old boys and commercial drummers, or can be clewed up, on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone. I sailed the craft a little, and thought she had a list to starboard. Anyhow, I liked the starboard side better than the port, but the ship-keeper told me the owners had other craft of like tonnage awaiting sale or charter, which were on just even keel."

TRUST.—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Better trust all and be deceived. And weep that trust and that deceiving. Than doubt one heart, that if believed Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth: Better be cheated to the last Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

'Tis Saturday night, and the chill rain and sleet
Is swept by the wind down the long dreary street;
The lamps in the windows flicker and blink,
As the wild gale whistles through cranny and chink;
But round you door huddles a shivering crowd
Of wretches, by pain and by penury bowed;
And oaths are unuttered, and curses drop
From their lips as they stand by the pawnbroker's shop

Visages, hardened and searred by sin;
Faees, bloated and pimpled with gin;
Crime, with its plunder, by poverty's side;
Beauty in ruins, and broken-down pride.
Modesty's eheek erimsoned deeply with shame,
Youth's active form, age's fast-falling frame,
Have come forth from street, lane, alley—and stop,
Heart-sick, weary, and worn, at the pawnbroker's shop.

With the rain and the biting wind chilled to the bone, Oh! how they gaze on the splendor, and groan! Around them, above them, wherever they gaze, There are jewels to dazzle and gold to amaze; Velvets, that tricked out some beautiful form; Furs, that had shielded from winter and storm; Crowded with "pledges" from bottom to top Are the chests and the shelves of the pawnbroker's shew.

There's a tear in the eye of yon beautiful girl As she parts with a trinket of ruby and pearl; Once as red were her lips, and as pure was her brow; But there came a destroyer, and what is she now? Lured by liquor, she bartered the gem of her fame, And abandoned by virtue, forsaken by shame. With no heart to pity, no kind hand to prop, She finds her last friend in the pawnbroker's shop.

The spendthrift, for gold that to-morrow will fly;
The naked, to eke out a meagre supply;
The houseless, to rake up sufficient to keep
His head from the stones through the season of sleep:
The robber, his booty to turn into gold;
The shrinking, the timid, the bashful, the bold;
The penniless drunkard, to get "one more drop,"
All seek a resource in the pawnbroker's shop.

Tis a record of ruin,—a temple whose stones
Are cemented with blood, and whose music is groans;
Its pilgrims are children of want and despair;
Alike grief and guilt to its portals repair.
Oh! we need not seek fiction for records of woe;
Such are written too plainly wherever we go;
And sad lessons of life may be learned as we stop
'Neath the three golden balls of a pawnbroker's shop.

THE FIREMAN'S PRAYER.—RUSSELL H. CONWELL,

It was in the gray of the early morning, in the season of Lent. Broad street, from Fort Hill to State street, was crowded with hastening worshipers, attendants on early mass. Maidens, matrons, boys, and men jostled and hurried on toward the churches: some with countenances sincerely sad, others with apparent attempts to appear in accord with the sombre season; while many thoughtless and careless ones joked and chatted laughed and scuffled along in the hurrying multitude. Suddenly a passer-by noticed tiny wreaths and puffs of smoke starting from the shingles of the roof upon a large warehouse. The great structure stood upon the corner, silent, bolted, and tenantless; and all the windows, save a small round light in the upper story, were closely and securely covered with heavy shutters. Scarcely had the smoke been seen by one, when others of the crowd looked up in the same direction, and detected the unusual occurrence. Then others joined them, and still others followed, until a swelling multitude gazed upward to the roof over which the smoke soon hung like a fog; while from eaves and shutter of the upper story little jets of black smoke burst suddenly out into the clear morning air. Then came a flash, like the lightning's glare, through the frame of the little gable window, and then another, brighter, ghastlier, and more prolonged. "Fire!" "Fire!" screamed the throng, as, moved by a single impulse, they pointed with excited gestures toward the window. Quicker than the time it takes to tell, the cry reached the corner, and was flashed on messenger wires to tower and steeple; engine and hosehouse, over the then half-sleeping city. Great bells with ponderous tongues repeated the cry with logy strokes, little bells with sharp and spiteful clicks recited the news; while half-conscious firemen, watching through the long night, leaped upon engines and hose-carriages, and rattled into the street.

Soon the roof of the burning warehouse was drenched with floods of water, poured upon it from the hose of many engines; while the surging multitude in Broad street had grown to thousands of excited spectators. The engines puffed and hooted, the engineers shouted, the hook-and-ladder boys clambered upon roof and cornice, shattered the shutters, and burst in the doors, making way for the rescuers of merchandise, and for the surging nozzles of available hose-pipes. But the wooden structure was a seething furnace throughout all its upper portion; while the water and ventilation seemed only to increase its power and fury.

"Come down! Come down! Off that roof! Come out of that building!" shouted an excited man in the crowd, struggling with all his power in the meshes of the solid mass of men, women, and children in the strect. "Come down! For God's sake, come down! The rear store is filled with barrels of powder!"

"Powder! Powder!" screamed the engineer through his trumpet. "Powder" shouted the hosemen. "Powder" called the brave boys on roof and cornice. "Powder!" answered the trumpet of the chief. "Powder!" "Powder!" "Powder!" echoed the men in the burning pile; and from ladder, casement, window, roof, and cornice, leaped terrified firemen with pale faces and terror-stricken limbs.

"Push back the crowd!" shouted the engineer. "Run for your lives! Run! Run!" roared the trumpets.

But, alas! the crowd was dense, and spread so far through cross streets and alleys, that away on the outskirts, through the shouts of men, the whistling of the engines, and the roar of the heaven-piercing flames, the orders could not be heard. The frantic beings in front, understanding their danger, pressed wildly back. The firemen pushed their engines and their carriages against the breasts of the crowd; but the throng moved not. So densely packed was street and square, and so various and deafening the noises, that the army of excited spectators in the rear still pressed for-

ward with irresistible force, unconscious of danger, and regarding any outcry as a mere ruse to disperse them for convenience' sake. The great mass swayed and heaved like the waves of the sea; but beyond the terrible surging of those in front, whose heart-rending screams half drowned the whistles, there was no sign of retreat. As far as one could see, the streets were crowded with living human flesh and blood.

"My God! My God!" said the engineer in despair.
"What can be done? Lord have mercy on us all! What can be done?"

"What can be done? I'll tell you what can be done," said one of Boston's firemen, whose hair was not yet sprinkled with gray. "Yes, bring out that powder! And I'm the man to do it. Better one man perish than perish all. Follow me with the water, and, if God lets me live long enough, I'll have it out."

Perhaps, as the hero rushed into the burning pile, into a darkness of smoke and a withering heat, he thought of the wife and children at home, of the cheeks he had kissed in the evening, of the cheerful good-by of the prattling ones, and the laugh as he gave the "last tag;" for as he rushed from the hoseman who tied the handkerchief over his mouth, he muttered, "God care for my little ones when I am gone." Away up through smoke and flame and cloud to the heights of Heaven's throne, ascended that prayer, "God care for my little ones when I am gone," and the mighty Father and the loving Son heard the fireman's petition.

Into the flame of the rear store rushed the hero, and groping to the barrels, rolled them speedily into the alley, where surged the stream from the engines; rushing back and forth with power superhuman, in the deepest smoke, when even the hoops that bound the powder-barrels had already parted with fire, while deadly harpoons loaded to pierce the whales of the Arctic seas began to explode, and while iron darts flashed by him in all directions, penetrating the walls and piercing the adjacent buildings. But as if his heroic soul was an armor-proof, or a charm impenetrable, neither harpoon nor bomb, crumbling timbers nor showers of flaming brands, did him aught of injury, beyond

the scorching of his hair and eyebrows, and the blistering of his hands and face. 'Twas a heroic deed. Did ever field of battle, wreck, or martyrdom, show a braver? No act in all the list of song and story, no self-sacrifice in the history of the rise and fall of empires, was nobler than that, save one, and then the Son of God himself hung bleeding on the ross.

TOO MUCH NOSE.

Kind friends, at your call, I'm come here to sing Or rather to talk of my woes; Though small's the delight to you I can bring,

The subject's concerning my nose.

Some noses are large, and others are small, For nature's vagaries are such.

To some folks, I'm told, she gives no nose at all, But to me she has given too much.

Oh, dear! lack-a-daisy me!

My cause of complaint, and the worst of my woes, Is because I have got such a shocking long nose.

Some insult or other, each day I do meet, And by joking, my friends are all foes;

And the boys every day, as I go through the street, All bellow out, "There goes a nose!"

A woman, with matches, one day I came near,

Who, just as I tried to get by her, Shoved me rudely aside, and asked, with a leer,

If I wanted to set her afire?
Oh, dear! lack-a-daisy me!

Each rascal, each day, some innuendo throws, As, "My nose isn't mine, I belongs to my nose."

I once went a-courting a wealthy old maid, To be married we were, the next day;

But an accident happened, the marriage delayed,

My nose got too much in the way.

For the night before marriage, entranced with my bliss,—
In love, e'er some torment occurs.—

I screwed up my lips, just to give her a kiss, My nose slipped, and rubbed against hers!

Oh, dear! lack-a-daisy me!

The ring that I gave, at my head soon she throws, And another tipped me, 'twas a w-ring on the nose.

Like a porter all day, with fatigue fit to crack,
I'm seeking for rest, at each place,
Or, like pilgrim of old, with his load at his back,
Only my load I bear on my face.
I can't get a wife, though each hour hard I try,
The girls they all blush like a rose;
"I'm afraid to have you!" when I ask 'em for why?
"Because you have got such a nose."
Oh, dear! lack-a-daisy me!
Their cause of refusal I cannot suppose

Their cause of refusal I cannot suppose,
They all like the man, but they say,—"Blow his nose?"

Like a large joint of meat, before a small fire,
They say that my proboscis hangs;
Or, to a brass knocker, nought there can be nigher,
And in length, it a pump-handle bangs.
A wag, you must know, just by way of a wipe,
Said, with a grin on his face, t'other night,
As he, from his pocket, was pulling a pipe,
"At your nose will you give me a light?"
Oh, dear! lack-a-daisy me!
If I ask any one my way to disclose,
If I lose it, they answer, "Why, follow your nose."

THE HONEST DEACON.

AN OLD STORY IN RHYME.

An honest man was Deacon Ray;
And, though a Christian good,
He had one fault,—the love of drink;
For drink he often would.

On almost every Sunday, too, He would at dinner-time Indulge to quite a great extent In good Madeira wine.

At church, in front, upon the side,
The deacon had his pew;
Another worthy, Squire Lee,
He had a seat there too.

One Sunday, the sermon done,
The parson said he'd talk
In language plain, that afternoon,
Of sins within their flock.

He warned them that they must not flinch
If he should be severe.
Each thought his neighbor'd get dressed down,
So all turned out to hear.

The church at early hour was full;
The deacon, some behind,
Came in quite late; for he had been
Indulging in his wine.

And up the long and broad aisle
He stiffly tottered on;
And, by the time he'd reached his seat,
The sermon had begun.

The parson of transgressors spoke, And of the wrath to flee; And soon he to the query came,— "The drunkard—where is he?"

A pause; and then the deacon rose, And answered like a man,— Though with a hiccup in his voice,— "Here, parson,—hic—'ere I am."

Of course the consternation
Was great on every side;
For who'd have thought the deacon
Would thus aptly have replied?

The preacher, not the least disturbed, With his remarks kept on, And warned him to forsake his ways:

The deacon then sat down.

"Twas soon another question came, With no more welcome sound,— "Where is the wicked hypocrite?" This made them all turn round.

Some looked at this one, some at that,
As if they would inquire
Who 'twas the parson meant;
His eyes were on the squire.

The deacon, noting how things stood,

Turned round and spoke to Lee:

"Come, squire,—nic—come, you get up;
I did when he called on me."

THE NEW BIRTH.-HERMAN MERIVALE.

God spake in a voice of thunder,
Of old from Sinai's hill;
And the mystic words of wonder
Thrill the believer still;
He sees in the vault above him,
With the eye of faith alone,
Gemmed round by the souls that love Him,
The great Creator's throne.

He sees—in the day of danger—
The column of cloud that led
From the land of the alien stranger,
His Israel whom he fed;
And knows, though his footsteps wander
Astray in a twilight land,
That his home is building yonder,
By the one unerring hand.

He sees—in the night of peril—
The pillar of fire that shone
From the halls of pearl and beryl,
To light God's children on;
And feels that straight from Heaven,
When the eye of sense grows dim,
Shall a grander sight be given
To all who trust in Him.

On the page of the mighty ocean
He reads the mightier still,
Who curbs its restless motion
By the law of His royal will;
And while in its course diurnal
It murmurs, or sings, or raves,
He lists to the voice Eternal,
In the language of the waves.

He marks in the plants around him
The throbs of a life their own,
While the wordless worlds that bound him,
Whisper their undertone.
From the hawk and the hound yet clearer
He hears the secret fall,
Which nearer to him and nearer
Brings the great God of all.
11

In the leaves that blow and perish
In the space of a single hour,—
As the loves that most we cherish
Die like the frailest flower,—
In the living things whose living
Withers or c'er they bloom,
He reads of the great thanksgiving,
Which breathes from the open tomb

The bright Spring leaves returning
To the stem whence Autumn's fell,
And the heat of Summer burning,
To change at the Winter's spell,
The year that again repasses,
The grain that again revives,
Are signs on the darkened glasses
That bar and bound our lives.

I know how the glass must darken
To my vision more and more,
When the weak ear strains to hearken,
When the faint eye glazes o'er;
But the glass shall melt and shiver,
Once kissed by the fighting breath,
And the light beyond the river
Shine full in the face of death.

Strong-set in a strong affection,
We look to the golden prime,
When a mightier resurrection
Shall burst on the doubts of time;
And the thoughts of all the sages,
Like the waves of the fretful main,
At the base of the Rock of Ages
Shall foam and fume in vain.

THE POTATO. -THOMAS MOORE.

I'm a careless potato, and care not a pin
How into existence I came;
If they planted me drill-wise, or dibbled me in,
To me 'tis exactly the same.
The beau and the pea may more loftily tower,
But I care not a button for them;
Defiance I nod with my beautiful flower
When the earth is hoed up to my stem,

WHAT A LITTLE BOY THINKS ABOUT THINGS. JOHN PAUL.

I am a little boy about so many years old; I don't know whether I'm a good little boy, but I'm afraid not, for I sometimes do wicked things, and once I cut sister's kitten's tail off with the chopping knife, and told her a big dog came along and bit it off and swallowed it down before kitty could say Jack Robinson, and sister said she was sorry, and it must have been a very naughty dog, but mother did not believe me and said she was afraid I had told a lie, and I'm afraid I had.

So then she asked me if I knew where liars went to and I said yes,—they went to New York and wrote for the newspapers; she said no—but to a lake of fire and brimstone, and she asked me if I would like to go there, and I said no, for I didn't think there would be much skating or sliding on that lake, and the boys couldn't snowball either, on shore, and she said it was more than that, just as though that wasn't bad enough, for I don't think they can play base-ball nuther.

Then she asked me if I wouldn't like to be a nangel and have a harp, and I said no, I'd rather be a stage driver and have a big drum, for I couldn't play on t'other thing. So I shouldn't like to be a nangel, for their wings must be in the way when they go swimming, and play tag, and leap frog, and besides it must be hard to fly when one ain't accustomed to it. But it would be jolly to be a stage driver and have a great long whip and touch up the leaders, and say "g'lang there, what are ye doin' on!" I should like that much better'n flyin'; and then mother said there was a dreadful stage of sin, and Bob hollered and said that he "guessed I was on it," and then she whipped us and sent us to bed without any supper,—but I didn't care for any supper, for they hadn't nothin' but bread and butter and tea,-and Bob and I got up and he lifted me in at the pantry window, and we got a mince-pie and a whole hat-full of doughnuts, and they thought it was the cook that stole 'em, and sent her away the next day, and Bob said he was glad of it, for she didn't make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn't fried enough.

Sometimes I do swear, for I said "by golly" the other day, and sister heard me, and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy and would bring her gray hairs to the grave, and she whipped me, but I don't think it did her gray hairs any good, and it hurt me, and when I got up stairs I said "goff darn it," but I said it so she didn't hear me, and when she asked me if I didn't think I was very wicked, I said I was afraid I was, and was sorry for it, and wouldn't do so any more, and then she said I was a good little boy, and told me about George Washington who cut down the apple-tree. and was caught at it, and said he did it with his little hatchet,—just as though I hadn't heard all about it before, and didn't always think he was a big stupid for cutting wood when they had a hired man about the house, and dullin' his little hatchet, and besides it would have been a great deal jollier to let the trees be so as he could have stole apples off in the fall.

I don't care if he was the father of his country, he wasn't smart, and I bet you the boys in our school would cheat him out of his eye-teeth swoppin' jack-knives, and I could lick him and hardly try, and I don't think he was very healthy either, for I never see a good boy that wasn't always sick and had the mumps and measles, and the scarlet fever, and wasn't a-coughing all the while, and hadn't to take castor oil and tar water, and couldn't eat cherries, and didn't have to have his head patted till the hair was rubbed off by everybody that came to see his mother, and be asked how old he was, and what he'd been studying at school, and how far he'd got, and lots of other conundrums, and have to say his catechism.

No, I shouldn't like to be a good little boy, I'd just as lieve be a nangel and be done with it; I don't think I ever shall be a good little boy, and other people don't think so too, for I wasn't never called a good little boy but once, and that was when my Uncle John asked me where I stood in my class, and I told him it was next to the head, and he said that was right, and he gave me a quarter, and when he asked me how many boys were in the class, I said there was only two, myself and a little girl, and then he wanted me to give him back his quarter and I wouldn't, and he ran after me and stumbled over a chair, and he broke his cane, and hurt him-

self, and he's been lame ever since, and I'm glad of it, for he isn't my father, and hasn't any right to lick me, for I get enough of that at home; and the quarter wasn't a good one either.

I don't like Uncle John, and I guess he knows it, for he says I ain't like any of the family, and he says he expects I'll go to sea and be a pirate instead of a respectable member of society, and I should not wonder, for I'd rather be a pirate than a soap-boiler like him, and I don't care if he is rich, it's a nasty business; and I shan't have to be a pirate either, for one can make lots of money without that; and they are always talking to me about being rich and respectable, and going to Congress and being President and all that sort of thing, but I don't want to be President; but there's Bob callin' me, and we're goin' birds-nestin', for I know where there's a yaller bird's nest chuck full of eggs; mother says it's cruel and the little birds don't like it, that I wouldn't like to have my eggs stole if I was a bird, and I don't think I should, but I ain't a bird, you know, and that makes a difference.

FLYING JIM'S LAST LEAP.—EMMA DUNNING BANKS.

The hero of this tale had been once a trapeze performer, much famed for his daring leaps in the circus ring. Later in life he had fallen into evil ways, and was now a fugitive from justice, closely pursued by officers of the law.

Cheeriest room, that morn, the kitchen. Helped by Bridget's willing hands.

Bustled Hannah, deftly mixing pies, for ready waiting pans. Little Flossie flitted round them, and her curling, floating hair

Glinted gold-like, gleamed and glistened, in the sparkling

sunlit air:

Slouched a figure o'er the lawn; a man so wretched and forlore,

Tattered, grim, so like a beggar, ne'er had trod that path before.

His shirt was torn, his hat was gone, bare and begrimed his knees, Face with blood and dirt disfigured, elbows peeped from out

his sleeves.

Rat-tat-tat, upon the entrance, brought Aunt Hannah to the door:

Parched lips, humbly plead for water, as she scanned his misery o'er;

Wrathful came the dame's quick answer; made him cower, shame, and start

Out of sight, despairing, saddened, hurt and angry to the heart.

"Drink! You've had enough, you rascal. Faugh! The smell now makes me sick.

Move, you thief! Leave now these grounds, sir, or our dogs will help you quick."

Then the man with dragging footsteps, hopeless, wishing himself dead,

Crept away from sight of plenty, starved in place of being fed, Wandered farther from the mansion, till he reached a purling brook,

Babbling, trilling broken music by a green and shady nook. Here sweet Flossie found him fainting; in her hands were food and drink;

Pale like death lay he before her, yet the child-heart did not shrink;

Then the rags from off his forehead, she with dainty hands offstripped,

In the brooklet's rippling waters, her own lace-trimmed 'kerchief dipped;

Then with sweet and holy pity, which, within her, did not daunt,

Bathed the blood and grime-stained visage of that sin-soiled son of want.

Wrung she then the linen cleanly, bandaged up the wound again

Ere the still eyes opened slowly; white lips murmuring, "Am I sane?"

"Look, poor man, here's food and drink. Now thank our God before you take."

Paused she mute and undecided, while deep sobs his form did shake

With an avalanche of feeling, and great tears came rolling down

O'er a face unused to showing aught except a sullen frown; That "our God" unsealed a fountain, his whole life had never known,

When that human angel near him spoke of her God as his own.

"Is it 'cause my aunty grieved you?" Quickly did the wee one ask.

"I'll tell you my little verse then, 'tis a holy bible task,

It may help you to forgive her: 'Love your enemies and those

Who despitefully may use you; love them whether friends or foes!"

Then she glided from his vision, left him prostrate on the ground
Conning o'er and o'er that lesson with a grace to him new

found.

Sunlight filtering through green branches as they windwave dance and dip,

Finds a prayer his mother taught him, trembling on his

crime-stained lip.

Hist! a step, an angry mutter, and the owner of the place, Gentle Flossie's haughty father, and the tramp stood face to face!

"Thieving rascal! you've my daughter's 'kerchief bound

upon your brow;

Off with it, and cast it down here. Come! be quick about it now."

As the man did not obey him, Flossie's father lashed his cheek

With a riding-whip he carried; struck him hard and cut him deep.

Quick the tramp bore down upon him, felled him, o'er him where he lay Raised a knife to seek his life-blood. Then there came a

used a knife to seek his life-blood. Then there came a thought to stay

All his angry, murderous impulse, caused the knife to shuddering fall:

"He's her father; love your en'mies; 'tis 'our God' reigns over all."

At midnight, lambent, lurid flames, light up the sky with fiercest beams,

Wild cries, "Fire! fire!" ring through the air, and red like blood each flame now seems;

They faster grow, they higher throw weird, direful arms which ever lean

About the gray stone mansion old. Now roars the wind to aid the scene;

The flames yet higher, wilder play. A shudder runs through all around—

Distinctly as in light of day, at topmost window from the ground

Sweet Flossie stands, her golden hair enhaloed now by firelit air.

Loud rang the father's cry: "O God! my child! my child! Will no one dare xxxxx

For her sweet sake the flaming stair?" Look! one steps forth with muffled face,

Leaps through the flames with fleetest feet, on trembling ladder runs a race

With life and death—the window gains. Deep silence falls on all around,

Till bursts aloud a sobbing wail. The ladder falls with crashing sound—

A flaming, treacherous mass.) God! she was so young and he so braye!

Look once again. See! see! on highest roof he stands—the fiery wave

Fierce rolling round—his arms enclasp the child—God help him yet to save!

"For life or for eternal sleep," He cries, then makes a vaulting leap, A tree branch catches, with sure aim, And by the act proclaims his name; The air was rent, the cheers rang loud A rough voice cried from out the crowd, "Huzza, my boys, well we know him, None dares that leap but Flying Jim!" A jail-bird—outlaw—thief, indeed, Yet o'er them all takes kingly lead. "Do now your worst," his gasping cry, "Do all your worst, I'm doomed to die; I've breathed the flames, 'twill not be long," Then hushed all murmurs through the throng. With reverent hands they bore him where The summer evening's cooling air Came softly sighing through the trees; The child's proud father on his knees Forgiveness sought of God and Jim, Which dying lips accorded him. A mark of whip on white face stirred To gleaming scarlet at his words. "Forgive them all who use you ill, She taught me that and I fulfill: I would her hand might touch my face, Though she's so pure and 1 so base." Low Flossie bent and kissed the brow, With smile of bliss transfigured now; Death, the angel, sealed it there, 'Twas sent to God with "mother's prayer."

SMALL THINGS .- R. M. MILNES.

A sense of an earnest will

To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill,

If you have no power of giving;
An arm of aid to the weak,

A friendly hand to the friendless;
Kind words, so short to speak,

But whose echo is endless:
The world is wide,—these things are small,
They may be nothing—but they may be all.

SURLY TIM'S TROUBLE.-Frances Hodgson Burnett.

This pathetic reading, in the Lancashire dialect, is an abridgment of a beautiful story from the charming pen of Mrs. Burnett, which may be found in a book of hers, entitled "Surly Tim and Other Stories," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[Surly Tim is represented to have been an operative in one of the large manufactories in the north of England. He had gained the name of "Surly Tim" through his strange demeanor toward his companions, often refusing to answer their questions or perform any of the ordinary civilities, on account of which his fellow workmen had given him the cold shoulder and duhbed him "Surly Tim." But one of the partners of the firm took a great deal of interest in Tim, thinking there must be something beneath the rough exterior, and so endeavored from time to time to draw him out, hut without success, until one night, as he was going home, he chanced to pass the village churchyard, and heard a noise as of a man in distress just over the fence. Getting over to speak to him, he discovered that the man was none other than Surly Tim, sitting by two graves, one the longer and the other a shorter. Shortly, being grateful for the sympathy thus extended him, "Surly Tim" begins to tell his story, and why it is that he conducts himself as he does. It seems that some years before he had been married to a very lovely woman; but that she had previously been married to a soldier, one Phil Brent, who had beaten and abused her and finally deserted her and gone into the army, and whom she had heard hy letter was killed at the Crimea. Supposing herself free again, of course, she had married Tim. He, after describing the courtship up to a little time before their marriage, says of her in his hroad, north-of-England dialect:1

Rosanna Brent an' me got to be good friends, an' we walked home together o' nights, an' talked about our bits o' wage, an' our bits o' debt, an' th' way that wench 'ud keep me up i' spirits when I were a bit down-hearted about owt, wur just a wonder. An' bein' as th' lass wur so dear to me, I made up my mind to ax her to be summat dearer. So

once goin' home wi' her, I takes hold o' her hand an' lifts it up an' kisses it gentle,—as gentle an' wi' summat th' same feelin' as I'd kiss the Good Book.

"'Sanna," I says, "bein' as yo've had so much trouble wi' yo're first chance, would yo' be afeard to try a second? Could yo' trust a mon again? Such a mon as me, 'Sanna?"

"I wouldna be feart to trust thee, Tim," she answers back soft an' gentle after a manner. "I wouldna be feart to trust thee any time."

I kisses her hand again, gentler still.

"God bless thee, lass," I says. "Does that mean yes?" She crept up closer to me i' her sweet, quiet way.

"Aye, lad," she answers. "It means yes, an' I'll bide by it."
"An' tha shalt never rue it, lass," said I. "Tha's gi'en thy
life to me, an' I'll gi' mine to thee, sure an' true."

So we wur axed i' th' church th' next Sunday, an' a month fra' then we were wed; an' if ever God's sun shone on a happy mon, it shone on one that day, when we come out o' church together-me an' Rosanna-an' went to our bit o' a home to begin life again. I couldna tell thee, Mester,-theer bean't no words to tell how happy an' peaceful we lived fur two years after that. My lass never altered her sweet ways, an' I just loved her to make up to her fur what had gone by. I thanked God-a'-moighty fur his blessin' every day, an' every day I prayed to be made worthy of it. An' here's just wheer I'd like to ax a question, Mester, about summat 'at's worretted me a good deal. I dunnot want to question th' Maker, but I would loike to know how it is 'at sometime it scems 'at we're clean forgot-as if He couldna fash hissen about our troubles, an' most loike left 'em to work out theirsens? Yo' see, Mester, and we aw see sometime, He thinks on us, an' gi's us a lift; but hasna tha thysen seen times when tha stopt short and axed thysen, "Wheer's God-a'-moighty, 'at he disna straighten things out a bit? Th' world's i' a power o' a snarl. Th' righteous is forsaken, 'n' his seed's beggin' bread. An' th' devil's topmost again." I've talked to my lass about it sometime, an' I dunnot think I meant harm, Mester, for I felt humble cnough—an' when I talked. my lass she'd listen au' smile soft and sorrowful, but she never gi' me but one answer.

"Tim," she'd say, "this is on'y th' skoo', an' we're the scholars, an' He's teachin' us His way. The Teacher wouldna be o' much use, Tim, if the scholars knew as much as he did, an' I allers think it's th' best to comfort mysen wi' sayin', 'The Lord-a'-moighty, he knows.'"

At th' eend o' th' year th' child wur born, th' little lad here, [touching the turf with his hand,] "Wee Wattie" his mother ca'd him, an' he wur a fine, lightsome little chap. He filled th' whole house wi' music day in an' day out, crowin' an' crowin'—an' cryin' too, sometime.

Well, Mester, before th' spring wur out Wee Wat wur toddlin' round, holdin' to his mother's gown, an' by th' middle o' th' next he was cooin' like a dove, an' prattlin' words i' a voice like hers. Happen we set too much store by him, or happen it wur on'y th' Teacher again teachin' us His way, but hows'ever that wur, I came home one sunny mornin' fro' th' factory, an' my dear lass met me at th' door all white an' cold, but tryin' hard to be brave an' help me to bear what she had to tell.

"Tim," said she, "th' Lord ha' sent us trouble; but we can bear it together, canna we, dear lad?"

That wur aw, but I knew what it meant, though th' poor little lamb had been well enough when I kissed him last.

I went in an' saw him lyin' theer on his pillows, strugglin' an' gaspin' in hard convulsions, an' I seed aw wur over. An' in half an hour, just as the sun crept across th' room an' touched his curls, th' pretty little chap opens his eyes aw at once.

"Daddy!" he crows out. "Sithee Dad—" an' he lifts hissen up, catches at th' floatin' sunshine, laughs at it, and fa's back—dead, Mester.

I've allers thowt 'at th' Lord-a'-moighty knew what he wur doin' when he gi' th' woman t' Adam i' the Garden o' Eden. He knowed he wur nowt but a poor chap as couldna do for hissen; an' I suppose that's th' reason he gi' the woman th' strength to bear trouble when it comn. I'd ha' gi'n clean in if it hadna been fur my lass when th' little chap deed.

But the day comn when we could bear to talk about him, an' moind things he'd said an' tried to say i' his broken,

babby way. An' so we were creepin' back again to th' old happy quiet, an' we had been for welly six month, when summat fresh comn. I'll never forget it, Mester, th' neet it happened. I'd kissed Rosanna at th' door, and left her standin' theer when I went up to th' village to buy summat she wanted. It wur a bright moonlight neet, just such a neet as this, an' the lass had followed me out to see th' moonshine, it wur so bright an' clear; an' just before I starts she folds both her hands on my shoulder an' says, soft and thoughtful:

"Tim, I wonder if the little chap sees us?"

"I'd loike to know, dear lass," I answers back. An' then she speaks again:

"Tim, I wonder if he'd know he wur ours if he could see, or if he'd ha' forgot. He wur such a little fellow."

Them wur th' last peaceful words I ever heerd her speak. I went up to th' village an' getten what she sent me fur, an' then I comn back.

She wasna outside, an' I couldna see a leet about th' house, but I heerd voices, so I walked straight in, into th' entry an' into th' kitchen, an' theer she wur, Mester, my poor wench, crouching down by th' table, hidin' her face i' her hands, and close beside her wur a mon—a mon i' red sojer clothes.

My heart leaped into my throat, an' fur a minnit I hadna a word, fur I saw summat wur up, though I couldna tell what it wur. But at last my voice comn back.

"Good evenin', Mester," I says to him; "I hope yo' ha' not broughten ill news? What ails thee, dear lass?"

She stirs a little, an' gives a moan like a dyin' child; an' then she lifts up her wan, broken-hearted face, an' stretches out both her hands to me.

"Tim," she says, "dunnot hate me, lad, dunnot. I thowt he wur dead long sin'. I thowt 'at th' Rooshans killed him au' I wur free, but I amna. I never wur. He never deed, Tim, an' theer he is—the mon as I wur wed to an' left by. God forgi' him, an' oh, God forgi' me!"

Theer, Mester, theer's a story fur thee. My poor lass wasna my wife at aw—th' little chap's mother wasna his feyther's wife, an' never had been. That theer worthless fellow as beat an' starved her an' left her to fight th' world

alone, had comn back alive an' well. He could tak' her away fro' me any hour i' th' day, an' I couldna say a word to bar him. Th' law said my wife—th' little dead lad's mother—belonged to him, body an' soul. Theer was no law to help us—it wur aw on his side.

"Tha canna want me now, Phil," she said. "Tha canna care fur me. Tha must know I'm more this mon's wife than thine. But I dunnot ax thee to gi'me to him, because I know that wouldna be reet; I on'y ax thee to let me aloan. I'll go fur enough off an' never see him more."

But the villain held to her. If she didna comu wi' him, he said, he'd ha' me up before th' court for bigamy. I could ha' done murder then, Mester, an' I would ha' done, if it hadna been for the poor lass runnin' in betwixt us an' pleadin' wi' aw her moight. If we'n been rich foak theer might ha' been some help fur her; at least th' law moight ha' been browt to mak' him leave her be, but bein' poor workin' foak theer wur on'y one thing: th' wife mun go wi' th' husband, an' theer th' husband stood—a scoundrel, cursing, wi' his black heart on his tongue.

"Well," says th' lass at last, fair wearied out wi' grief, "I'll go wi' thee, Phil, an' I'll do my best to please thee, but I wunnot promise to forget th' mon as has been true to me,

an' ha' stood betwixt me an' th' world."

Then she turned round to me.

"Tim," she says, "surely he wunnot refuse to let us go together to th' little lad's grave—fur th' last time." She didna speak to him but to me, an' she spoke still an' strained as if she wur too heart-broke to be wild. Her face wur as white as th' dead, but she didna cry, as any other woman would ha' done. "Come, Tim," she said, "he canna say no to that."

An' so out we went, an' we didna say a word until we come to this very place, Mester.

We stood here for a minnit silent, an' then I sees her begin to shake, an' she throws hersen down on th' grass wi' her arms flung o'er th' grave, an' she cries out as ef her death-wound had been give to her.

"Little lad," she says, "little lad, dost ta see thee mother? Canstna tha hear her callin' thee? Little lad, get nigh to th' Throne an' plead!"

I fell down beside o'th' poor crushed wench an' sobbed wi' her. I couldna comfort her, fur wheer wur there any comfort fur us? Theer wur none left—theer wur no hope. We wur shamed an' broke down-our lives wur lost. Th' past wur nowt-th' future wur worse. Oh, my poor lass, how hard she tried to pray-fur me, Mester-yes, fur me, as she lay theer wi' her arms round her dead babby's grave, an' her cheek on th' grass as grew o'er his breast. "Lord God-a'-moighty!" she says, "help us-dunnot gi'us updunnot, dunnot! We canna do 'thowt thee now, if th' time ever wur when we could. Th' little chap mun be wi' Thee-I moind th' bit o' comfort about getherin' th' lambs i' His bosom. Au', Lord, if the could spare him a minnit, send him down to us wi' a bit o' leet. O Fevther! help th' poor lad here—help him. Let th' weight fa' on me, not on him. Just help th' poor lad to bear it. If ever I did owt as wur worthy i'Thy sight, let that be my reward. Dear Lorda'-moighty, I'd be willin' to gi' up a bit o' my own heavenly glory fur th' dear lad's sake."

Well, Mester, she lay theer on th' grass prayin' an' cryin', wild but gentle, fur nigh haaf an hour, an' then it seemed 'at she got quiet loike, an' she got up. Happen th' Lord had hearkened an' sent th' child—happen He had—fur when she getten up her face looked to me aw white an' shinin' i' th' clear moonlight.

"Sit down by me, dear lad," she said, "an' hold my hand a minnit." I set down an' took hold of her hand, as she bid me.

"Tim," she said, "this wur why th' little chap deed. Dostna tha see now 'at th' Lord knew best?"

"Yes, lass," I answers humble, an' lays my face on her hand, breakin' down again.

"Hush, dear lad," she whispers, "we hannot time fur that. I want to talk to thee. Wilta listen?"

"Yes, wife," I says, an' I heerd her sob when I said it, but she catches hersen up again.

"I want thee to mak' me a promise," said she. "I want thee to promise never to forget what peace we ha' had. I want thee to remember it allers, an' to moind him 'at's dead an' let his little hand howd thee back fro' sin an' hard

thowts. I'll pray fur thee neet an' day, Tim, an' tha shalt pray fur me, an' happen theer'll come a leet. But ef theer dunnot, dear lad,—an' I dunnot see how theer could,—if theer dunnot, an' we never see each other agen, I want thee to mak' me a promise that if tha sees th' little chap first tha'lt moind him o' me, and watch out wi' him nigh th' gate, an' I'll promise thee that if I see him first, I'll moind him o' thee an' watch out true an' constant."

I promised her, Mester, as yo' can guess, an' we kneeled down an' kissed th' grass, an' she took a bit o' th' sod to put i' her bosom. An' then we stood up an' looked at each other, an' at last she put her dear face on my breast, an' kissed me, as she had done every neet sin' we were mon an' wife.

"Good-by, dear lad," she whispers, her voice aw broken.

"Doan't come back to th' house till I'm gone; good-by, dear, dear lad, an' God bless thee!" An' she slipped out o' my arms an' wur gone in a moment, awmost before I could cry out.

* * * * * *

Theer isna much more to tell, Mester—th' eend's comin, now. I lived alone here, an' worked, an' moinded my own business, an' answered no questions fur nigh about a year, hearin' nowt, an' seein' nowt, an' hopin' nowt, till one toime when th' daisies were blowin' on th' little grave here, theer come to me a letter fro' Manchester fro' one o' th' medical chaps i' th' hospital. It wur a short letter wi' prent on it, an' th' minnit I seed it I knowed summat wur up, an' I opened it tremblin'. Mester, theer wur a woman lyin' i' one o' th' wards dyin' o' some long-named heart disease, an' she'd prayed 'em to send fur me, an' one o' th' young soft-hearted ones had writ me a line to let me know.

I started awmost afore I'd finished readin' th' letter, an' when I getten to th' place I fun just what I knowed I should. I fun her—my wife—th' blessed lass, an' if I'd been an hour later I wouldna ha' seen her alive, fur she were nigh past knowin' me then.

But I knelt down by th' bedside an' I plead wi' her as she lay theer, until I browt her back to th' world again fur one moment. Her eyes flew wide open aw at onct, an' she seed me au' smiled, aw her dear face quiverin' i' death.

XXXXX*

"Dear lad," she whispered, "th' path wasna so long, after aw. Th' Lord knew—he trod it hissen onct, yo' know. I knowed tha'd come—I prayed so. I've reached th' very eend now, Tim, an' I shall see th' little lad first. But I wunnot forget my promise—no. I'll look out—fur thee—fur thee—at th' gate."

An' her eyes shut slow an' quiet, an' I knowed she wur dead.

Theer, Mester Doncaster, theer it aw is, fur theer she lies under th' daisies cloost by her child, fur I browt her here an' buried her. Th' fellow as come betwixt us had tortured her fur awhile an' then left her again. It wur heart disease as killed her th' medical chaps said, but I knowed better—it wur heart-break. That's aw. Sometime I think o'er it till I canna stand it any longer, an' I'm fain to come here an' lay my hand on th' grass—an' sometime I ha' queer dreams about hcr. I had one last neet. I thowt 'at she comn to me aw at onct just as she used to look, on'y wi' her white face shinin' loike a star, an' she says, "Tim, th' path isna so long, after aw—tha's come nigh to th' eend, an' me an' th' little chap is waitin'."

That's why I comn here to-neet, Mester; an' I believe that's why I talked so free to thee. If I'm near th' eend I'd loike some one to know. I ha' meant no hurt when I seemed grum an' surly. It wurna ill-will, but a heavy heart.

A WO-BEGONE LOVER.

I am down in the mouth, I am out at the pockets!
Ah, me! I've no pockets at all;
And all I have left is a braid and a locket,—
That's all.

It was rather solemn; quite touching, alas!
As she got on a stool to be higher
I acted, no doubt, the entire jack-ass,—

Yes, entire!

Arms and lips came together, and staid, as I reckon,
With as much as you please of a linger,
Till a finger was seen at the window to beckon—
A finger!

We'd forgotten the shutters!—the world was forgot,
Till we saw that sign from her father,
Which was rather a poser, just then, was it not?
"Twas, rather!

He knew I was ruined—all gone to smash!

And he was a man of that stamp,

Would call you a scamp, if you hadn't the cash,—

Ay, a scamp!

His bonds and investments,—not in such brains
As a poet makes up into verses;
His remarks, upon never so beautiful strains,
Were curses!

I called the next day, but the stool was removed,
And the delicate foot, with a twirl,
Walked off somewhere with the girl that I loved—
The girl.

${\tt MASTER~JOHNNY'S~NEXT-DOOR~NEIGHBOR.}$

BRET HARTE.

It was Spring the first time that I saw her, for her papa and mamma moved in

Next door, just as skating was over, and marbles about to begin,

For the fence in our back-yard was broken, and I saw, as I peeped through the slat,

There were "Johnny-jump-ups" all around her, and I knew it was Spring just by that.

I never knew whether she saw me, for she didn't say noth ing to me,

But "Ma! here's a slat in the fence broke, and the boy that is next door can see."

But the next day I climbed on our wood-shed, as you know. Mamma says I've a right,

And she calls out, "Well, peekin' is manners!" and I answered her, "Sass is perlite!"

But I wasn't a bit mad; no, Papa, and to prove it, the very next day

When she ran past our fence in the morning I happened to get in her way,

For you know I am "ehunked" and elumsy, as she says are all boys of my size,

And she nearly upset me, she did, Pa, and laughed till tears eame in her eyes.

And then we were friends from that moment, for I knew that she told Kitty Sage—

And she wasn't a girl that would flatter—that she thought I was tall for my age.

And I gave her four apples that evening, and took her to ride on my sled,

And—What am I telling you this for? Why, Papa, my neighbor is dead!

You don't hear one half I am saying—I really do think it's too bad!

Why, you might have seen crape on her door-knob, and noticed to-day I've been sad.

And they've got her a coffin of rosewood, and they say they have dressed her in white,

And I've never once looked through the fence, Pa, since she died—at eleven last night.

And Ma says it's decent and proper, as I was her neighbor and friend,

That I should go there to the funeral, and she thinks that you ought to attend;

But I am so clumsy and awkward, I know I shall be in the

And suppose they should speak to me, Papa, I wouldn't know just what to say.

So I think I will get up quite early, I know I sleep late, but I know

I'll be sure to wake up if our Bridget pulls the string that I'll tie to my toe,

And I'll erawl through the fence and I'll gather the "Johnny-jump-ups" as they grew

Round her feet the first day that I saw her, and, Papa, I'll give them to you.

For you're a big man, and you know, Pa, ean come and go just where you choose,

And you'll take the flowers in to her, and surely they'll never refuse;

But, Papa, don't say they're from Johnny. They won't understand, don't you see.

But just lay them down on her bosom, and, Papa, she'll know they're from me.

THE MONSTER DIAMOND.—J. Boyle O'REILLY. A TALE OF THE PENAL COLONY OF WEST AUSTRALIA.

"I'll have it, I tell you! Curse you—there!"
The long knife glittered, was sheathed, was bare.
The sawyer staggered, and tripped and fell,
And falling, he uttered a frightened yell;
His face to the sky, he shuddered and gasped,
And tried to put from him the man he had grasped
A moment before in the terrible strife.
"I'll have it, I tell you, or have your life!
Where is it?" The sawyer grew weak, but still
His brown face gleamed with a desperate will.
"Where is it?" he heard, and the red knife's drip
In his slayer's hand, fell down on his lip.
"Will you give it?" "Never!" A curse—the knife
Was raised and buried.

Thus closed the life Of Samuel Jones, known as "Number Ten" On his Ticket-of-Leave, and of all the men In the Western Colony, bond or free, None had manlier heart or hand than he.

In digging a sawpit—while all alone. For his mate was sleeping—Sam struck a stone With the edge of his spade, and it gleamed like fire, And looked at Sam from its bed in the mire, Till he dropped the spade and stooped and raised The wonderful stone that glittered and blazed As if it were mad at the spade's rude blow; But its blaze set the sawyer's heart aglow. As he looked and trembled, then turned him round, And crept from the pit, and lay on the ground, Looking over the mould-heap at the camp Where his mate still slept; then down to the swamp He ran with the stone, and washed it bright, And felt like a drunken man at the sight Of a diamond pure as spring-water and sun, And larger than ever man's eyes looked on!

Then down sat Sam with the stone on his knees, And fancies came to him like swarms of bees To a sugar-creamed hive, and he dreamed awake Of the carriage and four in which he'd take His pals from the Dials to Drury Lane,
The silks and the satins for Susan Jane,
The countless bottles of brandy and beer
He'd call for and pay for, and every year
The dinner he'd give to the Brummagem lads;
He'd be king among cracksmen and chief among pads,
And he'd sport a ——

Over him stooped his mate,
A pick in his hand, and his face all hate.
Sam saw the shadow, and guessed the pick,
And closed his dream with a spring so quick
The purpose was baffled of Aaron Mace,
And the sawyer mates stood face to face.
Sam folded his arms across his chest,
Having thrust the stone in his loose shirt-breast,
While he tried to think where he dropped the spade;
But Aaron Mace wore a long, keen blade
In his belt; he drew it, sprang on his man—
What happened you read when the tale began.

Then he looked—the murderer, Aaron Mace—At the gray-blue lines in the dead man's face; And he turned away, for he feared its frown More in death than life. Then he knelt him down,—Not to pray,—but he shrank from the staring eyes, And felt in the breast for the fatal prize. And this was the man, and this was the way That he took the stone on its natal day; And for this he was cursed for evermore By the West Australian Koh-i-noor.

In the half-dug pit the corpse was thrown,
And the murderer stood in the camp alone.
Alone? No, no; never more was he
To part from the terrible company
Of that gray-blue face and the bleeding breast,
And the staring eyes in their awful rest.
The evening closed on the homicide,
And the blood of the buried sawyer cried
Through the night to God, and the shadows dark
That crossed the camp had the stiff and stark
And horrible look of a murdered man!

Then he piled the fire, and crept within The ring of its light that closed him in Like tender mercy, and drove away
For a time the specters that stood at bay
And waited to clutch him, as demons wait,
Shut out from the sinner by faith's bright gate.
But the fire burnt low and the slayer slept,
And the key of his sleep was always kept
By the leaden hand of him he had slain,
That oped the door but to drench the brain
With agony cruel. The night wind crept
Like a snake on the shuddering form that slept,
And dreamt, and woke, and shrieked, for there,
With its gray-blue lines and its ghastly stare,
Cutting into the vitals of Aaron Mace,
In the flickering light, was the sawyer's face!

Evermore 'twas with him, that dismal sight,—
The white face set in the frame of night.
He wandered away from the spot, but found
No inch of the West Australian ground
Where he could hide from the bleeding breast,
Or sink his head in a dreamless rest.
And always with him he bore the prize
In a pouch of leather; the staring eyes
Might turn his soul, but the diamond's gleam
Was solace and joy for the haunted dream.

So years rolled on, while the murderer's mind Was bent on a futile quest,—to find A way of escape from the blood-stained soil And the terrible wear of the penal toil. But this was a part of the diamond's curse,—The toil that was heavy before grew worse, Till the panting wretch, in his fierce unrest, Would clutch the pouch as it lay on his breast, And waking, cower, with sob and moan, Or shriek wild curses against the stone That was only a stone,—for he could not sell, And he dared not break, and he feared to tell Of his wealth; so he bore it through hopes and fears,—His God and his devil,—for years and years.

And thus did he draw near the end of his race, With a form bent double and horror-lined face, And a piteous look, as if asking for grace Or for kindness from some one; but no kind word Was flung to his misery: shunned, abhorred, E'en by wretches themselves, till his life was a curse, And he thought that e'en death could bring nothing worse Than the phantoms that stirred at the diamond's weight,— His own life's ghost and the ghost of his mate.

So he turned one day from the liaunts of men, And their friendless faces; an old man then In a convict's garb, with white flowing hair, And a brow deep seared with the word, "Despair." He gazed not back as his way he took To the untrod forest; and oh! the look, The piteous look in his sunken eyes Told that life was the bitterest sacrifice.

But little was heard of his later days;
'Twas deemed in the West that in change of ways
He tried with his tears to wash out his sin.
'Twas told by some natives who once came in
From the Kojunup Hills, that lonely there
They saw a figure with long white hair;
They camped close by where his hut was made
And were scared at night when they saw he prayed
'To the white man's God; and one wild night
They had heard his voice till the morning light.

Years passed, and a sandalwood-cutter stood At a ruined hut in a Kojunup wood. The rank weeds covered the desolate floor, An ant-hill stood on the fallen door, The cupboard within to the snakes was loot, And the hearth was the home of the bandicoot. But neither at hut, nor snake, nor rat, Was the woodcutter staring intent, but at A human skeleton, clad in gray, The hands clasped over the breast, as they Had fallen in peace when he ceased to pray.

As the bushman looked on the form, he saw In the breast a paper; he stooped to draw What might tell him the story, but at his touch From under the hands rolled a leathern pouch, And he raised it, too. On the paper's face He read, "Ticket-of-Leave of Aaron Mace." He opened the pouch, and in dazed surprise At its contents strange he unblessed his eyes—"Fwas a lump of quartz, a pound weight in full, And it fell from his hand on the skeleton's skull.

FISHIN'.—PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

Come on, Cobe, there's light a plenty; Cracky! ain't it lonesome here? It's a boss dock, though, for fishin'. See the moonshine, ain't it queer? Only Thursday, Tommy Tippup, On the ebb, too, hooked a pile; Ketched five killies and a catfish, Sittin' on this very spile.

Where's the worms? Hev I forgot 'em? Jingo! oh, no, here they air; Got 'em in my breeches pocket-Ouch! one's wriggled through a tear. Ain't they cold things? Wot they're good for, 'Cept for fishin', bothers me; Though I s'pose, now, each o' them worms Has his friends and family.

Hush! they won't bite if you chatter. *

Cobe, it's fresh o' me, I know; But that moonlight on the water, Like a squirt o' milk, ain't slow. Seems like spirits, made o' moonshine, Might come slippin', cool and white, Down that tow-path, straight from glory, Bringin'—whoop! I got a bite!

*

Hold up; stop yer racket, can't yer! Now I've got him -no, he's off; Took my bait, too. Wot a corker! Weighed a pound—by gum! it's rough. Hi! you've got him! Land o' Goshen! Yank him in, Cobe! Good for you! Lost him? Pshaw! it's hard luck, ain't it-Here, just bite this worm in two.

Cobe, it's awful still around yer; Makes me feel almighty small, Sittin' by the cruel river, aungry for to drown us all: With the great big sky above us, Nothin' in it lookin' real.

So far off, you can't believe it— Ki, yi! thunder! it's an eel!

Stars and moonshine makes me lonesome, Wot is us and all we air.

Set against those great, eternal

Worlds that seem like fly-specks there? Somehow, I don't much believe it; If they're worlds, why don't they fall? That's wot stumps me; stand from under When they start to drop, that's all.

Nary bite. The fish ain't hungry,
Wish it wa'n't so quiet here,
Ghosts are handy round such places;
They're at home in spots that's queer.
First one ever I sot eyes on,
It was such another night—
Cobe, wot's that so slim and quiet,
Slidin' past there, all in white?

Say, I'm scared. If ghosts are comin'
I must go, I really must,
Never did care much for fishin';
Bites be blowed! I'm go'n' to dust.
I don't hanker much, if any,
After ghosts, they're too blamed thin—
Hear that splash; if they were solid,
I should say one tumbled in.

Haul in, Cobe, for I can't stand it,
That there splash just weakened me;
Yes, I'm scared, I don't deny it;
What's that floatin'? Don't you see?
Somethin' white; it's comin' nearer,
Driftin' with the tide—look there!
Wot d'ye s'pose it is? Wot is it?
Horror! See the long black hair!

It's a woman, Cobe, a woman!
See her float and sink and rise;
Get a rope, I'm goin' over;
Oh, my God, what awful eyes!
Here goes! **** Phew! Cobe, it's a immidge,
Charcoal eyes, and stuffed with straw!
Say, Tom Tippup, when I catch yer,
Watch out for a broken jaw!

THE DUTCHMAN'S TELEPHONE.

"I guess I haf to gif up my delephone already," said an old citizen, as he entered the office of the company with a very long face.

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Oh! eferytings. I got dot delephone in mine house so I could spheak mit der poys in der saloon down town, und mit my relations in Springwells, but I haf to gif it up. I never haf so much droubles."

"How?"

"Vhell, my poy Shon, in der saloon, he rings der pell and calls me oop und says an old frent of mine vhants to see how she vorks. Dot ish all right. I say, 'Hello!" und he says 'Come closer.' I goes closer und helloes again. Den he says, 'Shtand a little off.' I shtands a little off und yells vunce more, und he says, 'Shpeak louder.' I yells louder. I goes dot vhay for ten minutes, und den he says, 'Go to Texas, you old Dutchman!' You see?"

"Yes."

"Und den mein brudder in Springwells he rings der pell und calls me oop und says, how I vhas dis eafnings? I says I vhas feeling like some colts, und he says: 'Who vhants to puy some goats?' I says: 'Colts—colts—colts!' und he answers: 'Oh! coats. I thought you said goats!' Vhen I goes to ask him ef he feels petter I hear a voice crying out, 'Vhat Dutchman is dot on dis line?' Den somepody answers, 'I doan' know, but I likes to punch his headt!' You see?"

"Yes."

"Vhell, somedimes, my vife vhants to shpeak mit me vhen I am down in der saloon. She rings mein pell und I says, 'Helto!' Nopody shpeaks to me. She rings again, und I says, 'Helto,' like dunder! Den der Central Office tells me to go aheadt, und den tells me holdt on, und den tells mein vhife dot I am gone avhay. I yells oudt, 'Dot ish not so,' und somepody says, 'How can I talk if dot old Dutchmans doan' keep shtill?' You see?"

"Yes."

"Und vhen I gets in bedt at night, somepody rings der pell like der house vas on fire, und vhen I slumps oudt und says hello, I hear somepody saying: 'Kaiser, doar' you vhant to puy a dog?' I vhants no dog, und vhen I tells 'em so, I hear some peoples laughing: 'Haw! haw! haw!' You see?"
"Yes."

"Und so you dake it oudt, und vhen somepody likes to shpeak mit me dey shall come right avay to mein saloon. Oof my brudder ish sick he shall get better, und if somepody vhants to puy me a dog, he shall come vhere I can punch him mit a glub."

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.-J. G. WHITTIER.

It was the pleasant harvest-time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,
And the old swallow-haunted barns—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight streams—
Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.
And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.
They took their places; some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!—
On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!
And jests went round, and laughs that made
The house-dog answer with his how!,
And kept astir the barn-yard fow!.

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river-valley ever heard
From lip of maid or throat of bird;
For Mabel Martin sat apart,

And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.
She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round, Since curious thousands thronged to see Her mother on the gallows-tree.

Few questioned of the sorrowing child, Or, when they saw the mother die, Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone.
Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.
And still her weary wheel went round,
Day after day, with no relief:

So in the shadow Mabel sits;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.
But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

Small leisure have the poor for grief.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.
And only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,
Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.
"Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;
I brook no insult to my guest.
She is indeed her mother's child;

But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.
Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And witch or not, God knows,—not 1.
I know who swore her life away;
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's; and his word was law.
None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
"The little witch is evil-eyed!
Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
White in the moonlight's silver rain.
She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith, Grew to a low, despairing cry Of utter misery: "Let me die! Oh! take me from the scornful eyes, And hide me where the cruel speech And mocking finger may not reach!

"I dare not breathe my mother's name'
A daughter's right I dare not crave
To weep above her unblest grave!
Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.
O God! have mercy on thy child,
Whose faith in thee grows weak and small
And take me ere I lose it all."

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.
Had then God heard her? Had he sent

His angel down? In flesh and blood, Before her Esek Harden stood!

He raid his hand upon her arm:

"Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.
You know rough Esek Harden well;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is mixed with gray,
The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled
Upon his knees, a little child!"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As folded in his strong embrace,
She locked in Esek Harden's face.
"O truest friend of all!" she said,
"God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot!"

He led her turough his dewy fields,

To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed,
"Good friends and neighbors!" Esek said,
I'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!

"She greets you kindly, one and all:
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.
Henceforth she stands no more alone;
You know what Esek Harden is;—
He brooks no wrong to him or his,"

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung,
That ever made the old heart young!
For now the lost has found a home;
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all the household joys return!

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs?
On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

Abridged

THE CANTEEN.—PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours, Fetters of friendship, and ties of flowers,
And true-lovers' knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this,—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk,
But, whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together, in bane or bliss;
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this,—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this,—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle, and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best,—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean,—
Oh! then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen!

WHO IS THIS WONDERFUL PROPHET?

He is not Noah's son, nor any old Levite, nor John the Baptist, nor yet the wandering Jew; he was before Adam, with whom he was in the Garden of Eden; he was also with Noah in the Ark, and near Christ at his trial before Pontius Pilate; the Scriptures make frequent mention of this prophet, yet he never knew his father or mother; he walks

barefooted and bare-legged, like an old friar, and wears neither hat, cape, nor bonnet, nor any manner of head attire; his coat is neither woollen nor linen, silk, hair, nor cotton, bear nor sheep skin, and yet it fits, and abounds with a variety of colors, without either seam, button, loop, girdle or stitch of needle; he is not very high, and carries neither stick, sword nor any manner of warlike instrument, and yet he encounters his enemies fiercely, and often kills them on the spot; he likes no money, neither loses any; nor is he provided for the future; accounts it sufficient when the day comes to provide for it; he is not fond of worldly pomp or grandeur, for he would rather lie in a farmer's barn than in a king's palace; he is wonderfully temperate, for he would rather drink clear water than the strongest liquor on earth: he never was married, yet has several favorites whom he loves dearly, for if he has but one morsel of meat he divides it among them, yet he is apt to be jealous, and would rather venture his life than countenance a rival; he is neither a Whig nor Tory, Republican nor Democrat; he holds no article of the Christian faith, neither does he deny any; he neither goes to church, meeting, nor synagogue, for conscience' sake, and as for Mass he would not go over the door to hear it: he is fond of fresh meat on Saturdays or Sundays, and throughout Lent; he suce preached a sermon to a man who thought to throw him therein, but in the end he brought tears in abundance from his eyes; he is very urgent in proclaiming with out-stretched arms that the day of the Lord is at hand. and at the voice of his prophecy the doors and windows open; he speaks no language perfectly, yet all men understand him.

LARRY'S ON THE FORUE.-IRWIN RUSSELL

Well, Katie, and is this yersilf? And where was you this whoile?

And ain't ye dhrissed! You are the wan to illusthrate the stoile!

But never moind thim matthers now—there's toime enough for thim:

And Larry—that's me b'y—I want to shpake to you av him.

Sure, Larry bates thim all for luck!—'tis he will make his way,

And be the proide and honnur to the sod beyant the say;

YYYYY

We'll soon be able—whist! I do be singin' till I'm hoorse, For iver since a month or more, my Larry's on the foorce!

There's not a proivate gintleman that boords in all the row Who houlds himsilf loike Larry does, or makes as foine a show;

Thim eyes av his, the way they shoine, his coat and butthons too--

He bates thim kerrige dhroivers that be on the avenue!

He shtips that proud and shtately-loike, you'd think he owned the town,

And houlds his shtick convanient to be tappin' some wan down—

Aich blissed day, I watch to see him comin' up the shtrate, For, by the greatest bit av luck, our house is on his bate.

The little b'ys is feared av him, for Larry's moighty shtrict, And many's the little blagyard he's arristed, I expict; The beggyars gets acrass the shtrate—you ought to see thim fly—

And organ-groindners scatthers whin they see him comin' by.

I know that Larry's bound to roise; he'll get a sergeant's post,

And afther that a captincy widhin a year at most; And av he goes in palitics he has the head to throive— I'll be an Aldherwoman, Kate, afore I'm thirty-foive!

What's that again? Y'are jokin', surely,—Katie! is it thrue? Last noight, you say, he—married? and Aileen O'Donahue? O Larry! c'u'd ye have the hairt—but let the spalpeen be: Av he demanes himsilf to her, he's naining more to me.

The ugly sheamp! I always said, just as I'm tellin' you,
That Larry was the biggist fool av all I iver knew;
And many a toime I've tould mesilf—you see it now, av
coorse—

He'd niver come to anny good av he got on the foerce!

Part Twentieth.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION on first page of Contents.

The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

No. 20.

OUR COUNTRY.-W. J. PABODIE.

Our country! 'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breas',
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fulness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sent to seize her generous store,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band

Great God! we thank thee for this home--This bounteous birth-land of the free. Where wanderers from afar may come And breathe the air of liberty! Still may her flowers untrampled spring. Her harvests wave, her cities rise; And yet, till Time shall fold his wing, Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

VASHTI.-Julia C. R. Dorr.

Ahasuerus reigned. Kinglier king Never did poet praise or minstrel sing! He had no peers. Crownèd queen, Clasping the sceptre my small hands between. I might have reigned, yes kept a heart as free As this light breeze that sweeps the Persian Sear But, ah! I loved my king—O woeful day of days! Whose hours I number now in sad amaze, That day Ahasuerus smiled and said, "Since first I wore this crown upon my head. Thrice have the emerald clusters of the vine Changed to translucent globes of ruby wine: And thrice the peaches on the loaded walls Have rounded into gold and crimson balls. The riches of my kingdom shall be shown, And all my glorious majesty made known!"

Then came from far and near a hurrying throng Of skilled and cunning workmen. All day long And far into the silent night, they wrought; Giving form to their great master's thought— Till Shushan grew a marvel! Never vet You rolling sun on fairer scene has set: The palace windows were ablaze with light; And Persia's lords were there, most richly dight In broidered silks, or costliest cloth of gold, That kept the sunshine in each lustrous fold: Up from the gardens floated the perfume Of rose and myrtle, pomegranate and orange bloom: . . . Softest music swept Through the vast arches, till men smiled and wept For very joy. Then slowly keeping time

To the gay cymbal's clearly ringing chime.

Stole down the long arcades the dancing girls; Some with dark-braided tresses, some with sunny curls. Wild waxed the revel.

On an ivory throne
Inlaid with ebony and gems that shone
With a surpassing lustre, sat my lord,
The king Ahasuerus. His great sword
Blazing with diamonds on hilt and blade—
The mighty sword that made his foes afraid—
And the heavy crown his head refused to wear,
More fitly crowned by his own clustering hair,
Lay on a pearl-wrought cushion by his side,
Mute symbol of great Persia's power and pride.

Louder and louder grew the sounds of mirth; Faster and faster flowed the red wine forth; Till flushed with pride, and song, and wine, The king rose up and said, "O nobles mine! Princes of Persia, Media's hope and pride, Stars of my kingdom, will ye aught beside? Speak! and I swear your sovereign's will shall be, On this fair night to please and honor ye!" Then rose a shout from out the glittering throng, Drowning the voice of merriment and song. Out spoke at last a tongue that should have been Palsied in foul dishonor there and then: "O great Ahasuerus! ne'er before Reigned such a king so blest a people o'er! What shall we ask? What great and wondrous boon To crown the hours that fly away too soon? There is but one. 'Tis said that mortal eyes Never yet gazed in strange, yet sweet surprise, Upon a face like that of her who wears Thy signet ring, and all thy glory shares, -Our fair Queen Vashti. Naught beside Can fill our cup of happiness and pride." A murmur ran throughout the startled crowd, Swelling at last to plaudits long and loud. Maddened with wine they knew not what they said: A hasuerus bent his haughty head, And for an instant o'er his face there swept A look his courtiers in their memory kept For many a day—a look of doubt and pain, They scarcely caught ere it had passed again.

"My kingly word is pledged." Then to the seven Jord chamberlains to whom the keys were given: "Haste ye, and to this noble presence bring Vashti, the queen, with royal crown and ring." They did their errand, those old gray-haired men. Who should have braved the lion in his den, Or ere they bore such message to their queen, Or took such words their aged lips between. "What! I, the daughter of a kingly race, Step down, unblushing, from my lofty place, And stand unveiled before the curious eyes Of the mad rabble that with drunken cries Were shouting 'Vashti! Vashti!"

In wonder and affright, At the fearful omens of that wild, mad night, My maidens hung around me as I told These seven ford chamberlains, so gray and old, To bear this answer back: "It may not be. My lord, my king, I cannot come to thee. It is not meet that Persia's queen, like one Who treads the market place from sun to sun, Should bare her beauty to the hungry crowd Who name her name in accents hoarse and loud." With stern, cold looks they left me. If my dear lord to his best self were true, That he would hold me guiltless, and would say. "I thank thee, Vashti, that thou didst not obey!" But the red wine was ruling o'er his brain; The cruel wine that recked not of my pain. Up from the angry throng a clamor rose: The flattering sycophants were now my foes; With slow, wise words, and many a virtuous frown, One said, "Be the queen from her estate cast down! Let her not see the king's face evermore, Nor come within his presence as of yore; So disobedient wives through all the land Shall read the lesson, heed and understand." Up spoke another, eager to be heard, In royal councils fain to have a word: "Let this commandment of the king be writ In the law of the Medes and Persians, as is fit, The perfect law that man may alter not. Nor of its bitter end abate one jot."

Alas! the king was wroth. Before his face I could not go to plead my piteous case; And, ere the rising of the morrow's sun My bitter doom was sealed, the deed was done. Scarce had two moons passed, when one dreary night I sat within my bower in woeful plight, When suddenly upon my presence stole A muffled form, whose shadow stirred my soul, I knew not wherefore. Ere my tongue could speak, Or with a cry the brooding silence break, A low voice murmured, "Vashti!" With a bound Of half-delirious joy, upon the ground At the king's feet I fell. Pale and still, Hushing my heart's cry with an iron will; "What will the king?" I asked. No answer came. But to his sad eyes leaped a sudden flame; And when I saw the anguish in his eyes, My tortured love burst forth in tears and cries. Then were his lips unsealed. I cannot tell All the wild words that I remember well. Oh! was it joy or was it pain to know That not alone I wept my weary woe? Alas! I know not. But I know to-day— If this be sin, forgive me, Heaven, I pray!-That though his eyes have never looked on mine Since that sad night in bower of eglantine, And fair Queen Esther sits a beauteous bride In stately Shushan, at the monarch's side, The king remembers Vashti, even yet, Breathing her name sometimes with vain regret. Or murmuring, haply, in a whisper low, "Woe for the heart that loved me long ago!"

TEMPERANCE.—Wendell Phillips.

Some men look upon this temperance cause as whining bigotry, narrow asceticism, or a vulgar sentimentality, fit for little minds, weak women, and weaker men. On the contrary, I regard it as second only to one or two others of the primary reforms of this age, and for this reason,—every race has its peculiar temptation; every clime has its specific sin. The tropics and tropical races are tempted to one form of

sensuality; the colder and temperate regions, and our Saxon blood, find their peculiar temptation in the stimulus of drink and food.

In old times, our heaven was a drunken revel. We relieve ourselves from the over-weariness of constant and exhausting toil by intoxication. Science has brought a cheap means of drunkenness within the reach of every individual. National prosperity and free institutions have put into the hands of almost every workman the means of being drunk for a week, on the labor of two or three hours. With that blood and that temptation, we have adopted democratic institutions, where the law has no sanctions but the purpose and virtue of the masses. The statute-book rests not on bayonets, as in Europe, but on the hearts of the people.

A drunken people can never be the basis of a free government. It is the corner-stone neither of virtue, prosperity, nor progress. To us, therefore, the title deeds of whose estates, and the safety of whose lives, depend upon the tranquillity of the streets, upon the virtue of the masses, the presence of any vice which brutalizes the average mass of mankind and tends to make it more readily the tool of intriguing and corrupt leaders, is necessarily a stab at the very life of the nation. Against such a vice is marshaled the temperance reformation.

That my sketch is no fancy picture, every one of you knows. Every one of you can glance back over your own path, and count many and many a one among those who started from the goal at your side, with equal energy, and perhaps greater promise, who has found a drunkard's grave long before this. The brightness of the bar, the ornament of the pulpit, the hope and blessing and stay of many a family—you know, every one of you who has reached middle life, how often on your path has been set up the warning, "Fallen before the temptations of the streets!" Hardly one house in this city, whether it be full and warm with all the luxury of wealth, or whether it find hard, cold maintenance by the most earnest economy, no matter which,—hardly a house that does not count among sons or nephews some victim of this vice. The skeleton of this warning sits at every board.

The whole world is kindred in this suffering. The country

mother launches her boy with trembling upon the temptations of city life. The father trusts his daughter anxiously to the young man she has chosen, knowing what a wreck intoxication may make of the house-tree they set up. Alas! how often are their worst forebodings more than fulfilled! I have known a case—probably many of you recall some almost equal to it—where one worthy woman could count father, brother, husband, and son-in-law, all drunkards, no man among her near kindred, except her son, who was not a victim of this vice. Like all other appetites, this finds resolution weak when set against the constant presence of temptation.

PATIENT MERCY JONES.—JAMES T. FIELDS.

Let us venerate the bones Of patient Mercy Jones, Who lies underneath these stones.

This is her story as once told to me By him who still loved her, as all men might see,— Darius, her husband, his age seventy years, A man of few words, but for her many tears.

Darius and Mercy were born in Vermont;
Both children were christened at baptismal font
In the very same place, on the very same day
(Not much acquainted just then, I dare say).
The minister sprinkled the babies, and said,
"Who knows but this couple some time may be wed,
And I be the parson to join them together,
For weal or for woe, through all sorts of weather!"

Well, they were married, and happier folk
Never put both their heads in the same loving yoke.
They were poor, they worked hard, but nothing could try
The patience of Mercy, or cloud her bright eye.
She was clothed with content as a beautiful robe;
She had griefs,—who has not on this changeable globe?—
But at such times she scemed like the sister of Job.

She was patient with dogmas, where light never dawns, She was patient with people who trod on her lawns She was patient with folks who said blue skies were gray, And dentists and oxen that pulled the wrong way; She was patient with phrases no husband should utter,
She was patient with cream that declined to be butter;
She was patient with buyers with nothing to pay,
She was patient with talkers with nothing to say;
She was patient with millers whose trade was to cozen,
And grocers who counted out ten to the dozen;
She was patient with bunglers and fault-finding churls,
And tall, awkward lads who came courting her girls;
She was patient with crockery no art could mend,
And chimneys that smoked every day the wrong end;
She was patient with reapers who never would sow,
And long-winded callers who never would go;
She was patient with relatives, when, uninvited,
They came and devoured, then complained they were slighted;

She was patient with crows that got into the corn,
And other dark deeds out of wantonness born;
She was patient with lightning that burned up the hay,
She was patient with poultry unwilling to lay;
She was patient with rogues who drank eider too strong,
She was patient with sermons that lasted too long;
She was patient with boots that tracked up her clean floors,
She was patient with peddlers and other smooth bores;
She was patient with children who disobeyed rules,
And, to crown all the rest, she was patient with fools.

The neighboring husbands all envied the lot Of Darius, and wickedly got up a plot To bring o'er his sunshine an unpleasant spot. "You think your wife's temper is proof against fate, But we know of something her smiles will abate. When she gets out of wood, and for more is inclined, Just send home the crookedest lot you can find; Let us pick it out, let us go and choose it, And we'll bet you a farm, when she comes for to use it, Her temper will crack like Nathan Dow's cornet, And she'll be as mad as an elderly hornet."

Darius was piqued, and he said, with a vum, "I'll pay for the wood, if you'll send it hum; But depend on it, neighbors, no danger will come."

Home came the gnarled roots, and a crookeder load Never entered the gate of a Christian abode. A ram's horn was straighter than any stick in it; It seemed to be wriggling about every minute; It would not stand up, and it would not lie down; It twisted the vision of one-half the town. To look at such fuel was really a sin, For the chance was strabismus would surely set in.

Darius said nothing to Mercy about it;
It was crooked wood—even she could not doubt it;
But never a harsh word escaped her sweet lips,
Any more than if the old snags were smooth chips.
She boiled with them, baked with them, washed with them,
through

The long winter months, and none ever knew But the wood was as straight as Mehitable Drew, Who was straight as a die, or a gun, or an arrow, And who made it her business all male hearts to harrow.

When the pile was burned up, and they needed more wood, "Sure, now," mused Darius, "I shall catch it good; She has kept her remarks all condensed for the spring, And my ears, for the trick, now deserve well to sting. She never did scold me, but now she will pout, And say with such wood she is nearly worn out."

But Mercy, unruffled, was calm, like the stream
That reflects back at evening the sun's perfect beam;
And she looked at Darius, and lovingly smiled,
As she made this request with a temper unriled:
"We are wanting more fuel, I'm sorry to say;
I burn a great deal too much every day,
And I mean to use less than I have in the past;
But get, if you can, dear, a load like the last;
I never had wood that I liked half so well—
Do see who has nice crooked fuel to sell;
There's nothing that's better than wood full of knots,
It lays so complete round kettles and pots,
And washing and cooking are really like play
When the sticks nestle close in so charming a way."
—Harper's Magazine

THE REASON WHY.

Do you wish to know the reason Why your neighbor often calls On the dashing widow Wilkins, And attends her to the balls? Why his carriage is seen stopping At some noted clothing store, And the widow goes a shopping Where she never went before? If you wish it, I will tell you,—Let me whisper to you sly,—If they esteem it proper, It is not your business why.

Do you wish to know why Peter
Has forsaken friends and home,
And left his native country,
In a distant land to roam?
Why Polly seems so lonely
Since the day that Peter left,
And of all friends, she the only
Should appear to be bereft?
If you wish it, I will tell you,
Let me whisper to you sly,
If they have a reason for it,
It is not your business why.

Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, or how he doesn't,
And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert, or the play?
If you wish it, I will tell you,—
Let me whisper to you sly,—
If your neighbor is but civil,
It is not your business why.

In short, instead of prying
Into other folks' affairs,
If you do your own but justice
You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
As concern yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters,
Let your business be YOUR OWN.
One word by way of finis,—
Let me whisper to you sly,—
If you wish to be respected,
You must cease to be a PRY.

JO, THE TRAMP.—EDGAR M. CHIPMAN.

"Old pard, come near and raise my head,
And let me rest it on your knee;
But first, just open the barn door
So that I o'er the fields can see.
There, that will do! Now let me hold
Your honest hand in minc, old pard!
You've stood by me through thick and thin,
To leave you now is very hard.

"Together we have traveled far,
Together shared our misery;
You never yet deceived me, pard,
I hope you'll sometimes think of me!
For I am going on a tramp
That all who make must go alone,
And leave old pards, like you, behind—
The way is known, the end's unknown!"

"But Jo," his partner quick replied,
"You cannot mean to shake me so;
For on the road, old fel, too long
We've been together. Don't you know
How often I have said to you
We should not separate till death—"
"That's it," said Jo, "come closer, pard,
This cough has almost took my breath.

"Yes, pard! The wind and cold and storm, Have done the work for me at last; Brace up! old friend, don't look so glum—Ah, me! it's getting dark so fast, I scarce can see beyond the door! There! let me touch your dear old face! Is it so dark? I am so glad I've kept up till I reached this place.

"Yes, pard, I have been here before,
And when a child I used to play
In this old barn, and romp and run,
And tumble over in the hay.
You see those holes beneath the eaves?
I cut them there. On those old beams

I've played tag many times. That crib, Those stalls! How natural all seems!

"That little house across the lot!
You see it, pard? There I was born;
That's why I've kept up all along,
Till now, with body weak and worn,
I felt that I was going soon,
And only wished that I might die
In sight of my old home. There! there,
Old pardner, don't! you'll make me cry!

"Yes! this was once my happy home;
And pard! see there, the old folks stand!
Hark! don't you hear the merry shout
Of children, romping hand in hand?
And look! old Towser's almost wild;
He barks and gambols furiously!
Old chum, a dram! we'll drink to them!
What! not a drop? How curiously

"These fancies come! I left my home
To fall in sin from bad to worse;
My father died of grief, and left
For me his blessing, not his curse.
My good old loving mother too—
I was in prison when she died—
See, there she is! She beckons me!
Her arms, for me, are open wide

"That's all! you know the rest. How first
We met, and since have tramped the road;
But, pard, I've got to leave you now,
Good bye! And don't forget I showed
You where the old home was, the spot
Near which I wished to die. And, pard,
Let my old body rest with them,
You know, there in the old churchyard.

"I'm sure the old folks will not mind,
Though I am nothing but a "bum"—
I'm happy now! I see the dear
Old home—once more—I come—
Dear—mother—let your little—boy—
Close—to your—heart—lay his—tired—head—
God bless—you—pard—good—bye—you know—"
He gasped—and Jo, the tramp, was dead.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

I was sitting alone toward the twilight, With spirit troubled and vexed, With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy, And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide;

And remembering my own poor efforts, The wretched work I had done, And, even when trying most truly, The meagre success I had won!

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,"
I said, "It will all be burned,—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him, And sometimes I know I have tried; But I am sure when he sees such building, He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender, And something blinded my eyes With one of those sweet intuitions That sometimes makes us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me;
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh, what a botch she had made it,—
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?— With a tender smile and a tear, And a half-compassionate yearning, I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence, And the dear Lord said to me, "Art thou tenderer for the little child Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning, So full of compassion and love, And my faith came back to its Refuge, Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder Comes down his temple to view, To see what rents must be mended, And what must be builded anew;

Perhaps, as he looks o'er the building, He will bring my work to the light, And seeing the marring and bungling, And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said for her,
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur,

"And for the real love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there, in the deepening twilight, I seemed to be clasping a Hand, And I felt a great love constrain me Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness 'Twas the hand of the Blessed One, Which would tenderly guide and hold me Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And my eyes are unto Him.

A PIECE OF RED CALICO.—ANDREW SCROGGIN.

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a little piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time, during the day, to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her that it would be no trouble at all, and putting the piece of calico in my pocket, I took the train for the city.

At lunch time I stopped in at a large dry-goods store to attend to my wife's commission. I saw a well-dressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," and he led me up the store. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show this gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico that my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me, then she took down a great roll of red calico and spread it out on the counter.

"Why, that isn't the shade!" said I.

"No, not exactly," said she, "but it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I; "but, you see, I want to match this piece. There is something already made of this kind of calico, which needs to be made larger, or mended, or something. I want some calico of the same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes, I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than anything else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes, but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey red."

"What is Turkey red?" I asked.

"Turkey red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered.

"Well, let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey red calico left," she said, "but we have some very nice plain calicoes in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few doors further up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floor-walker," and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter to the right."

I went to the third counter to the right, and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"That gentleman said you had," said I.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's."

I went across the street to an upholsterer's. "Have you any stuff like this?" I asked.

"No," said the salcsman. "We haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then Turkey red is what you want."

"Is Turkey red just like this?" I asked.

"No," said he; "but it's much better."

"That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"I should think people could use anything they wanted for furniture!" I remarked, somewhat sharply.

"They can, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like that. They use Turkey red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry-goods store. Of the first salesman I saw I inquired if they kept red calico like my sample.

"You'll find that on the second story," said he.

I went up-stairs. There I asked a man:

"Where will I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left. Right over there." And be pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowd of purchasers and salespeople, and around the counters and tables filled with goods, to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample. "Calicoes down stairs," said the man.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find 'em down-stairs at the back of the store, over on that side.

I went down-stairs to the back of the store.

"Where will I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out. "Dunn, show red calicoes."

Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

"Yes, we've got it finer." And he took down a piece of falico, and unrolled a yard or two of it on the counter.

"That's not this shade," I said.

"No," said he. "The goods is finer and the color's better."

"I want it to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You said you didn't care for the quality of the goods, and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red you ought to get Turkey red."

I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said:

"Then you've got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir. But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department, in the sixth story."

So I got in the elevator and went up to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man.

"Red stuff? Upholstery department—other end of this floor."

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it, and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended in the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could be bought anywhere.

I went into another large dry-goods store. As I entered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had had any other kind of a rag about me—a pen-wiper or anything of the sort—I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample, with the usual question.

"Back room, counter on the left," she said.

I went there.

"Have you any red calico like this?" I asked of the lady behind the counter.

"No, sir," she said; "but we have it in Turkey red."

Turkey red again! I surrendered.

"All right," I said, "give me Turkey red."

"How much, sir?" she asked.

"I don't know,--say five yards."

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey red calico. Then she rapped on the counter and called out "cash!" A little girl, with yellow hair in two long plaits, came slowly up. The lady wrote the number of yards, the name of the goods, her own number, the price, the amount of the bank-note I handed her, and some other matters, probably the color of my eyes, and the direction and velocity of the wind, on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her. Then she handed the slip of paper, the money, and the Turkey red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied

the slip in a little book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper slip, and the money.

After a long time—during which the girl probably took the goods, the money, and the slip to some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book, change given to the girl, a copy of the slip made and entered, girl's entry examined and approved, goods wrapped up, girl registered, plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper and copied by the girl in her book, girl taken to a hydrant and washed, number of towels entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book, value of my note, and amount of change branded somewhere on the child, and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in her book—the girl came to me, bringing my change and the package of Turkey red calico.

I had time for but very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home I handed the package of calico to my wife. She unrolled it and exclaimed:

"Why, this don't match the piece I gave you!"

"Match it!" I cried. "Oh, no! it don't match it. You didn't want that matched. You were mistaken. What you wanted was Turkey red—third counter to the left. I mean Turkey red is what they use."

My wife looked at me in amazement, and then I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," said she, "this Turkey red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've got so much of it that I needn't use the other at all. I wish I had thought of Turkey red before."

"I wish from my heart you had," said I.

-Scribner's Monthly.

THE MILLER OF DEE.—EVA L. OGDEN.

The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
On the sea-blue depths of the sky,
When the miller of Dee
With his children three,
On his fat red horse rode by.

"Whither away, O miller of Dee?
Whither away so late?"
Asked the toll-man old, with cough and sneeze
As he passed the big toll-gate.

But the miller answered him never a word, Never a word spake he. He paid his toll and he spurred his horse, And rode on with his children three.

"He's afraid to tell!" quoth the old toll-man,
"He's ashamed to tell!" quoth he.

"But I'll follow you up and find out where You are going, O miller of Dee!"

The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
Nearing the shore of the sky,
When, with cough and wheeze,
And hands on his knees,
The old toll-man passed by.

"Whither away, O toll-man old?
Whither away so fast?"
Cried the milk-maid who stood at the farm-yard bars
When the toll-man old crept past.

The toll-man answered her never a word; Never a word spake he. Scant breath had he at the best to chase After the miller of Dee.

"He won't tell where!"
Said the milk-maid fair,
"But I'll find out!" cried she.
And away from the farm,
With her pail on her arm,
She followed the miller of Dee.

The parson stood in his cap and gown,
Under the old oak-tree.

"And whither away with your pail of milk,
My pretty milk-maid?" said he;
But she hurried on with her brimming pail,
And never a word spake she.

"She won't tell where!" the parson cried.
"It's my duty to know," said he.

And he followed the maid who followed the man Who followed the miller of Dee.

After the parson, came his wife,
The sexton he came next.
After the sexton the constable came,
Troubled and sore perplext.

After the constable, two ragged boys,
To see what the fun would be;
And a little black dog, with only one eye,
Was the last of the nine who, with groan and sigh,
Followed the miller of Dee.

Night had anchored the moon
Not a moment too soon
Under the lee of the sky;
For the wind it blew,
And the rain fell, too,
And the river of Dee ran high.

He forded the river, he climbed the hill,
He and his children three;
But wherever he went they followed him still,
That wicked miller of Dee!

Just as the clock struck the hour of twelve,
The miller reached home again;
And when he dismounted and turned, behold!
Those who had followed him over the wold
Came up in the pouring rain.

Splashed and spattered from head to foot, Muddy and wet and draggled, Over the hill and up to the mill, That wretched company straggled.

They all stopped short; and then out spake
The parson; and thus spake he:
"What do you mean by your conduct to-night,
You wretched miller of Dee?"

"I went for a ride, a nice cool ride, I and my children three; For I took them along as I always do," Answered the miller of Dee.

"But you, my friends, I would like to know
Why you followed me all the way?"
They looked at each other—"We were out for a walk,
A nice cool walk!" said they.

LOOKUUT MOUNTAIN, 1863—BEUTELSBACH, 1880. George L. Catlin.

"Yah, I shpeaks English a leetle; berhaps you shpeaks petter der German."

"No, not a word."—" Vell den, Meester, it hardt for to be oonderstandt.

I vos drei yahr in your coontry, I fights in der army mit Sherman—

Twentieth Illinois Infantry—fightin' Joe Hooker's commandt."

"So you've seen service in Georgia—a veteran, eh?" "Vell I tell you

Shust how it vos. I vent ofer in sixty, und landt in Nei-York;

I shpends all mine money, gets sick, und near dies in der Hospiddal Bellevue;

Ven I gets petter I tramps to Cheecago to look for some vork."

"Pretty young then, I suppose?" "Yah, svansig apout; und der beoples

Vot I goes to for to ask for vork dey have none for to geef; Efery von laughs; but I holds my head up just so high as der steeples.

Only dot var comes along, or I should have die, I belief."

"Ever get wounded? I notice you walk rather lame and unsteady.

Pshaw! got a wooden leg, eh? What battle? At Lookout? don't say!

I was there too—wait a minute, your beer glass is empty already,

Call for another. There! tell me how 'twas you got wounded that day."

"Vell, ve charge ope der side of der mountain, der sky vas all smoky and hazy;

Ve fight all day long in der clouds, but I nefer get hit until night—

But—I don't care to say mouch apout it. Der poys called me foolish and crazy,

Und der doctor vot cut ofe my leg, he say, 'Goot'—dot it serf me shust right,

"But I dinks I vood do dot thing over again, shust der same, and no matter

Vot any man say."—"Well, let's hear it, you needn't mind talking to me,

For I was there, too, as I tell you, and Lor! how the bullets did patter

Around on that breastwork of boulders that sheltered our Tenth Tennessee."

"So? Dot vos a Tennessee regiment charged upon ours in de efening.

Shust before dark; und dey yell as dey charge, und ve geef a hurrah;

Der roar of der guns, it vas orful."—"Ah! yes, I remember, 'twas deafening,

The hottest musketry firing that ever our regiment saw."

"Und after ve drove dem back, und der night come on, I listen,

Und dinks dot I hear somepody a calling, a voice dot cried,

'Pring me some vater for Gott's sake'! I saw his pelt-blate glisten

Oonder der moonlight, on der barapet, shust outside.

"I dhrow my canteen ofer to vare he lie, but he answer

Dot his left hand vos gone, und his right arm broke mit a

fall:

Den I shump ofer, und give him to drink, but shust as I ran sir,

Bang! come a sharpshooter's pullet, and dot's how it vos—dot is all."

"And they called you foolish and crazy, did they? Him you befriended—

The reb, I mean—what became of him? Did he ever come round?"

"Dey tell me he crawl to my side, und call till his strength vos all ended,

Until dey come out mit der stretchers, und carry us from der ground.

"But pefore ve go, he ask me my name und says he: 'Yacob Keller,

You loses your leg for me, und some day if both of us leefs, I shows you I don't forget,'—but he must have died, de poor feller.

I nefer hear ofe him since. He don't get vell, I beliefs.

"Only I alvays got der saddisfachshun ofe knowin'—

Shtop! vot's der matter? Here, take some peer, you're vite as a sheet—

Shteady! your hand on my shoulder! my gootness! I dinks you vas goin'

To lose your senses avay und fall right off mit der seat.

"Geef me your handts. Vot! der left von gone? Und you vos a soldier

In dot same battle?—a Tennessee regiment?—dot's mighty queer—

Berhaps after all you're—" "Yes, Yacob, God bless you, old fellow, I told you

I'd never—no never forget you. I told you I'd come, and I'm here."

TOMMY TAFT.—H. W. BEECHER.

On the first day of March it was, that Tommv Taft had been unquietly sleeping in the forenoon, to make up for a disturbed night. The little noisy clock,—that regarded itself as the essence of a Yankee, and ticked with immense alacrity and struck in the most bustling and emphatic manner. this industrious and moral clock began striking whir-r-r, one; whir-r-r, two; whir-r-r, three (Tommy jerked his head a little as if something vexed him in his sleep); whir-r-r. four; whir-r-r, five; whir-r-r, six ("Keep still, will ye? let me alone, old woman! confound your medicine"); whir-r-r, seven; whir-r-r, eight ("God in heaven! as sure as I live," said Tommy rubbing his eyes as if to make sure that they saw aright); whir-r-r, nine; whir-r-r, ten! Then holding out his arms with the simplicity of a child, his face fairly glowing with joy, and looking now really noble, he cried: "Barton -my boy, Barton-I knew you wouldn't let the old man die and not help him! I knew it! I knew it!"

After the first surprise of joy subsided, Tommy pushed Barton from the edge of his bed. "Stand up, boy; turn round! There he is! Now I'm all right. Got my pilot aboard; sealed orders; ready to sail the minit the hawser's let go."

After a few words about his return from the West, his health and prospects, the old man returned to the subject

that seemed to lie nearest his heart. "They've all had a hand at me, Barton. There's twenty firms in this town that is willin' to give a feller sailin' orders, when they see he's out'ard bound. But I am an old salt—I know my owners!" said Tommy, with an affectionate wink at Barton. "Ah, my boy, you're back again; it's all right now. Don't you let me go wrong. I want you to tell me just where you're goin', and I'll bear right up for that port. You know, Barton, I never cheated you when you was a boy. I took care of ye, and never told you a lie in my life, and never got you in a scrape. You won't cheat an old man now, will ye?"

It was all that Barton could do to maintain his self-possession. Tears and smiles kept company on his face. "My dear old Tommy, we won't part company. We're both bound to the same land. God will, I fervently hope, for Christ's sake, forgive all our sins, and make us meet for everlasting life."

"Amen!" roared out the old man. "Go on. You really believe in it? Come here, Barton, sit down on the edge of the bed, look me in the face, and no flummery. Do you really believe that there's another world?"

"I do, Tommy, I believe it in my very soul."

"That's enough. I believe it too, jest as sartain as if a shipmate had told me about an island I'd never seen, but he had. Now, Barton, give me the bearin's of 't. D'ye believe that there's a Lord that helps a poor feller to it?"

"I do. Christ loves me and you, and all of us. He saves all who trust in Him."

"He don't stand on particulars then? He won't rip up all a feller's old faults, will He? Or how's that? Don't you ease up on me, Barton, just to please me, but tell me the hardest on 't. I believe every word you say."

Barton's own soul had traveled on the very road on which Tommy was now walking, and remembering his own experience, he repeated to Tommy these words: "'Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."—Micah vii. 18, 19.

"Now that's to the p'int, Barton. The Lord will tumble a feller's sins overboard like rubbish, or bilge-water and the like, when a ship is in the middle of the ocean? Well, it would puzzle a feller to find 'em agin after that. Is that all? I'm to report to Him?"

"Yes, Tommy; you are to report to God."

"Barton, would ye jest as lief do me a little favor as not?"

" What is it, Taft?"

"Would ye mind sayin' a little prayer for me—it makes no difference, of course; but jest a line of introduction in a reign port sometimes helps a feller amazingly."

Barton knelt by the bedside and prayed. Without reflecting at the moment on Uncle Tommy's particular wants, Barton was following in prayer the line of his own feelings, when suddenly he felt Tommy's finger gently poking his head. "I say, Barton, ain't you steerin' a p'int or two off the course? I don't seem to follow you." A few earnest, simple petitions followed, which Taft seemed to relish. "Lord, forgive Tommy Taft's sins! ('Now you've hit it,' said the old man, softly.) Prepare him for Thy kingdom. ('Yes, and Barton too!') May he feel Thy love, and trust his soul in Thy sacred keeping. ('Ah, ha! that's it; you're in the right spot now.') Give him peace while he lives. ('No matter about that; the doctor'll give me opium for that! go on.') And at his death, save his soul in Thy kingdom, for Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen. But didn't you coil it away rather too quick? Now, Barton, my boy, you've done a good thing. I've been waitin' for you all winter, and you didn't come a minit too soon. I'm tired now, but I want to say one thing. Barton, when I'm gone, you won't let the old woman suffer? She's had a pretty hard time of it with me. I knew you would, One thing more, Barton," said the old man, his voice sinking almost to a whisper, as if speaking a secret from the bottom of his soul, "Barton, you know I never had much money. I never laid up any—couldn't. Now you won't let me come on to the town for a funeral—will ye? I should hate to be buried in a pine coffin, at town expense, and have folks laugh that didn't dare open their head to me when I was round town!"

Barton could not forbear smiling as the old man, growing visibly feebler every hour, went on revealing traits which his sturdy pride had covered when he was in health.

"And, Barton, I wish you'd let the children come when I'm buried. They'll come, if you'll jest let 'em know. Always trust the children. And (pain here checked his utterance for a moment)—let's see, what was I saying? Oh, the children. I don't want nothin' said. But if you'd jest as lief let the children sing one of their hymns, I should relish it."

The color came suddenly to his cheek, and left as suddenly. He pressed his hand upon his heart, and leaned his head further over on his pillow, as if to wait till the pang passed. It seemed long. Barton rose and leaned over him. The old man opened his eyes, and with a look of ineffable longing whispered, "Kiss me."

A faint smile dwelt about his mouth; his face relaxed and seemed to express happiness in its rugged features. But the old man was not there. Without sound of wings or footfall, he had departed on his last journey.

THE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

"'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er The still and pulseless world"—

But hark! upon the air what bells are pealing? And through the silent streets what echoes stealing? To wake the sleeper to a conscious feeling 'Tis Christmas morn, with all its blithesome cheer: Christ's day-the happiest of the livelong year, Christ's day—triumphant love defeating fear! Ah! the countless stars of heaven sparkle when This hour draws near, and angels cry again: "Glory to God-on earth peace, good will toward men." And now I hear them pass my silent doors-The merry carolers—by twos and fours, Singing the same sweet song which swells and soars Until their notes with other singers blend, While heavenward the chorus doth ascend: "And every knee before Thy throne shall bend." Yet, hear the bells, how heartily they ring!

How joyously and happily they sing, "The Christ is born—Hail, hail your king!"

TRUTH.

Clear ring the bells of fearless Truth; As if their tongues would call, forsooth, "'I am the Way, the Truth, the Life!' What! think ye, in your worldly strife, That policy will make a way Where principle's effulgent ray Should shed abroad its flashing light Nor cease to guide the pilgrim right?"

JUSTICE.

The brazen bells, deep-toned and loud, Through foggy mist, and stormy cloud, Call for the steward to report; To stand before his Judge in court; To there hand in the Lord's amount, And certify to his account; But should he trembling, fainting fail, Blind Justice drops him from her scale.

MERCY.

Thank God! the bells of Mercy ring: "O sinner! hold! to thee we bring Salvation free—for Christ is born; This is his glorious birthday morn! He's knocking at your door to-day, And will ye sullen turn away?" Ring out! ye bells of Mercy ring! Immanuel, Saviour, Lord and King!

FAITH.

The bells of Faith strike clear and strong; There's not a note among them wrong! "The evidence of things unseen" Has left a path forever green; A road o'er which our fathers trod, And proved, by works, their faith in God. Now all with thankful hearts may sing, "Simply to Thy cross I cling."

HOPE

The bells of Hope, with anchor crest Arc by each doubting sinner blest;

Their cheering tones to many ears Allay the pain of puzzling fears; But as each bell in turn is rung It points above to where are hung The bells of Faith:—"O sinner! there The publican smote his breast in prayer!"

CHARITY.

The silver bells of Charity—
O bells of greatest rarity!
Of sisters three thou art the chief;
To Pain and Sorrow, Death and Grief,
A welcome friend: thy voice is sweet,
And cheers our homeward erring feet;
While angels cry, with one accord,
"Well done! Thou faithful of the Lord!"

ALL THE BELLS.

"Go in! Go in! Go in!
Go search thy heart to-day,
And in thy closet dim
Pray to the babe that lay
In the manger, by the beast,
In the star-lit, golden East.

Go out! Go out! Go out!
Go find the poor to-day;
With light hearts search about—
Tell them of the babe that lay
In the manger, by the beast,
In the star-lit, golden East.

Go up! Go up! Go up!
Go, deck the Christmas tree!
Think how he drained the cup,
Think how he died for thee,
Think of the babe that lay
In the manger, by the beast,
In the star-lit, golden East.

Go down! Go down! Go down! Search for the vile to-day; Seek the prisoners of the town, Tell them of the babe that lay In the manger, by the beast, In the star-lit, golden East."

Where'er you are, whate'er you do, The Christmas Chimes ring out for you.

ENGAGED.—J. L. PENNYPACKER.

I've sat at her feet by the hour
In the properly worshipful way;
I've carried her many a flower;
I've read to her many a lay;
Social battles with friend and with lover
For her sake I often have waged;
And now, from her lips, I discover
That she—oh! that she is engaged.

One season we led in the german,
And one we were partners at whist,
On Sundays we heard the same sermon,
The opera never once missed;
We were generally winners at tennis,
Our skill at the target we gauged,
But a difference between now and then is,
For now she—for now she's engaged.

I have carried a parasol o'er her,
When we strolled in the deep-shaded grove;
Whole minutes I've dallied before her,
Assisting to button her glove;
As she sprang to the saddle my fingers
Her wee foot a moment have caged;
And the thrill in my pulses still lingers
Though now she—though now she's engaged.

Does she ever live over, I wonder,
The night that we sat in the cove,
One shawl wrapped about us, while thunder
And windstorms and hail raged above?
How, trembling, she hid her white face on
My shoulder, and how I assuaged
Her fears by the story of Jason—
Does she think of all that when engaged?

On my walls hang her many mementos;
That cathedral she sketched me in Rome;
It was after my camp-life she sent those
Silk slippers to welcome me home;
I've the letters she wrote me at college
In a book all assorted and paged—
How delightful to read with the knowledge
That now she—yes—now she's engaged!

I am going to call there to-morrow;
In her joy she will greet her old friend
Without even a shadow of sorrow
That the friendship has come to an end;
And close in my arms I will fold her,
No matter for papa enraged,
Shall his wrath from me longer withhold her
When to me—'tis to me she's engaged?

BAY BILLY.-Frank H. Gassaway.

'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg— Perhaps the day you reck, Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine, Kept Early's men in check; Just where Wade Hampton boomed away The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will;
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed,
And kept our columns still.

At last from out the centre fight Spurred up a General's aid. "That battery must silenced be!" He cried, as past he sped. Our Colonel simply touched his cap, And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head,
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir,
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim;
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When, midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bayonets fell.
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept, And when the bugle said

"Up, charge, again!" no man was there But hung his dogged head.

"We've no one left to lead us now," The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,
The Colonel's horse we spied—
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,
And gazed a little space;
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done;
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb;
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It said Awake, arise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade;
Frimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men Were in their place that morn, And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon Stood six brave fellows on, Now touched my elbow in the ranks, For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn Sergeant tries—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread;
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth Could still our mighty cheer. And ever from that famous day, When rang the roll-call clear, Bay Billy's name was read, and then The whole line answered, "Here!"

JACK CHIDDY.—ALEXANDER ANDERSON. A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE RAIL.

Brave Jack Chiddy! Oh, well you may sneer, For the name isn't one that sounds nice in the ear; But a name is a sound,—nothing more,—deeds are best, And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

Now, I heard you say that you're fond of a tale If it bears upon railway men and the rail. Well, here is one that will suit you, I know, Though it happened a good many years ago.

Jack Chiddy,—there you are smiling again At the name, which I own is both common and plain,— Jack Chiddy, I say, wrought along with his mates, Year in and year out, on a section of plates.

Simple enough was the work, with no change But to see that both lines were in gauge and range; Fasten a key there, and tighten a bolt, All to keep fast trains from giving a jolt.

Strange when one thinks where a hero may rise, Say at times, in a moment, before our eyes, Or right from our side ere we know it, and do The work of a giant and pass from our view.

But the story? you say. Well, I'm coming to that, Though I wander a little—now, where was I at? Let me see. Can you catch, shining round and clear, The mouth of the Breslington tunnel from here?

You see it? Well, right on the bank at the top, When stacking some blocks all at once, down the slope A huge slab of stone from the rest shore its way, And fell down on the up-line of metals, and lay.

One sharp cry of terror burst forth from us all, As we saw the huge mass topple over and fall. We stood as if bound to the spot, dumb of speech, Reading horror and doubt in the faces of each.

Then one of our mates snatched a glance at his watch, Gave a start and a look that made each of us catch At our breath, then a cry, that thrilled our hearts through—"My God! the 'Flying Dutchman' is overdue!"

Hark, straight from over the hill we could hear A dull, dead sound coming faint to the ear,

Then a short, sharp whistle that told with its blast That the "Dutchman" was into the tunnel at last.

And there on the rail lay that huge mass of stone, And the "Dutchman" behind coming thundering on; In a minute or less he would come with a dash, And a hundred lives would be lost in the crash.

"Now, for your life, Jack!" for Chiddy had flown
Down the bank, and three leaps brought him close to the
stone.

Not of his own life, for wife and child's sake, Thought he, but the hundreds that now were at stake.

'Twas the work of a moment. With terrible strength And a heave of the shoulder the slab moved at length—Slipped clear of the rail—when, half-muffled in smoke, From the mouth of the tunnel the "Dutchman" broke.

There was one sharp whistle, a roar, and a crash Of wheels ringing clear on the rail, and a flash Of coiling smoke, and a glitter and gleam Of iron and steel, and then down fell the steam.

Not a breath could we draw, but stood blank with dismay As the train tore along, making up for delay; Till at last from us all burst a shout and a cheer, When we knew that the "Dutchman" had passed and was clear.

And Chiddy? Ah me! you will pardon these tears, For he was my mate on the rails many years. When we found him, one look was enough to reveal That Jack's life-blood was red on the engine-wheel.

Brave Jack Chiddy! Now you don't sneer At the name which I own is but harsh to the ear; But a name is a sound,—nothing more,—deeds are best, And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

AN AWFUL SQUIRT.

A Rockland young man until quite recently was courting a fat girl at the North End and had progressed very favorably with his suit. One evening last week he dressed up in his best clothes, carefully combed his hair, and started out to make his tri-weekly visit to his fair one, who was wait-

ing in the parlor with fond expectation in her heart and a cold in her head, superinduced by the fluctuating weather. This was, as you might say, the prologue to the tragedy. It appears, moreover, that the fat girl's father-who is worth many thousand dollars in good, sensible bonds, and as a consequence is an object of the young man's tender regard—had for several nights previous been the victim of some unknown miscreant who had raided on his hen pen with disastrous effect. Sick of such foolishness, he had prepared a ghastly retribution for the fowl villains, and to this end had filled a big garden syringe with about a gallon of ancient beef brine, seasoned with garlic and flavored with asafeetida, and was lying in ambush behind a box, where he could sweep every approach to the hennery. The young man, who is pretty well acquainted with the whole family, thought he would surprise his girl by entering the house unexpectedly by the back way. This is the situation:



 α is the hennery; b is the old man, and c the syringe; d is the young man lightly turning to thoughts of love as well as the corner of the fence; e is the house itself, painted brown; and f is the fat girl sitting by the piano and singing "Father, dear father, come home;" gggg is the gathering darkness.

Gayly up the back yard the young man comes. Silently in ambush the old man lies. Cheerily the fat girl warbles. Quiet but awful is the syringe. In the uncertain light of early evening the old man sees a figure stealthily drawing near his guarded pen. With bated breath he waits the onslaught. The syringe sounds its dreadful "wh-s-s-h-p," and its deadly contents fly through the air like a wild and mad avenger. A yell that tore the azure robe of night, fairly knocked the fat girl off the piano stool and curdled the old man's blood, followed the discharge, and when the neighbors rushed in, under the impression that the comet had burst

right in the neighborhood, they found the unfortunate young man pawing madly around on the ground, and screaming out awful Mexican words terrible to hear, while the old man hovered over the scene with the syringe in his hands, looking like an animated figure escaped from an allegory. Sympathizing arms bore the young man into the house, after their owners had stopped their nostrils with cotton, and it required the combined efforts of the fat girl and eight friends to bring him to, and it was some hours before he was able to inquire if the meteor hit anybody else when it struck. That night, beneath the darksome shade of a cypress tree, whose thick branches the struggling moonbeams vainly strove to pierce, an old man's tottering form rested upon a spade, and silently viewed a new-made grave. He had just buried the syringe. -Rockland Courier.

BRIER-ROSE.-HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

Said Brier-Rose's mother to the naughty Brier-Rose:
"What will become of you, my child, the Lord Almighty knows.

You will not scrub the kettles, and you will not touch the broom:

You never sit a minute still at spinning-wheel or loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled late at eve, The good-wife as she bustled with pot and tray and sieve; But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she cocked her dainty head "Why, I shall marry, mother dear," full merrily she said.

You marry; saucy Brier-Rose! The man, he is not found fo marry such a worthless wench, these seven leagues around."

But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she trilled a merry lay:
"Perhaps he'll come, my mother dear, from eight leagues
away."

The good-wife with a "humph" and a sigh for sook the battle, And flung her pots and pails about with much vindictive rattle:

"O Lord, what sin did I commit in youthful days, and wild, That thou hast punished me in age with such a wayward child?"

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her step could hear, And laughing pressed an airy kiss behind the good-wife's ear.

And she, as e'er relenting, sighed: "Oh, Heaven only knows Whatever will become of you, my naughty Brier-Rose!"

The sun was high and summer sounds were teeming in the air; The clank of scythes, the cricket's whir, and swelling woodnotes rare,

From field and copse and meadow; and through the open door Sweet, fragrant whiffs of new-mown hay the idle breezes bore.

Then Brier-Rose grew pensive, like a bird of thoughtful mien, Whose little life has problems among the branches green. She heard the river brawling where the tide was swift and strong,

She heard the summer singing its strange, alluring song.

And out she skipped the meadows o'er and gazed into the sky;

Her heart o'erbrimmed with gladness, she scarce herself knew why,

And to a merry tune she hummed, "Oh, Heaven only knows Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!"

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid espied, She shook her head in warning, and scarce her wrath could hide:

For girls were made for housewives, for spinning-wheel and loom.

And not to drink the sunshine and wild-flower's sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when the Brier-Rose went by, "You cannot knit a stocking, and you cannot make a pie." But Brier-Rose, as was her wont, she cocked her curly head: "But I can sing a pretty song," full merrily she said.

And oft the young lads shouted, when they saw the maid at play:

"Ho, good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, how do you do to-day?" Then she shook her tiny fist; to her cheeks the color flew: "However much you coax me, I'll never dance with you."

Thus flew the years light-wingèd over Brier-Rose's head, Till she was twenty summers old and yet remained unwed. And all the parish wondered: "The Lord Almighty knows Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-Rose!"

And while they wondered came the spring a-dancing o'er the hills;

Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all the mountain rills,

With their tinkling and their rippling and their rushing, filled the air,

And the misty sounds of water forth-welling everywhere.

And in the valley's depth, like a lusty beast of prey,
The river leaped and roared aloud and tossed its name of
spray;

Then hushed again its voice to a softly plashing croon,
As dark it rolled beneath the sun and white beneath

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it whirled Adown the tawny eddies that hissed and seethed and swirled, Now shooting through the rapids and, with a reeling swing, Into the foam-crests diving like an animated thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where o'er a steep incline The waters plunged, and wreathed in fram the dark boughs of the pine,

The lads kept watch with shout and song, and sent each straggling beam

A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should lock the stream.

And yet—methinks I hear it now—wild voices in the night, A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's flaring light, And wandering gusts of dampness, and round us far and nigh, A throbbing boom of water like a pulsc-beat in the sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid east with spears of gold and red,

As we, with boat-hooks in our hands, toward the narrows sped.

And terror smote us: for we heard the mighty tree-tops sway,

And thunder, as of chariots, and hissing showers of spray.

"Now, lads," the sheriff shouted, "you are strong, like Norway's rock:

A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks the lumber lock!

For if another hour go by, the angry waters' spoil Our homes will be, and fields, and our weary years of toil."

We looked each at the other; each hoped his neighbor would Brave death and danger for his home, as valiant Norsemen should.

But at out feet the brawling tide expanded like a lake, And whirling beams came shooting on, and made the firm rock quake. "Two hundred crowns!" the sheriff cried, and breathless stood the crowd.

"Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads!" in anxious tones and loud.

But not a man came forward, and no one spoke or stirred, And nothing save the thunder of the cataract was heard.

But as with trembling hands and with fainting hearts we stood,

We spied a little curly head emerging from the wood.

We heard a little snatch of a merry little song,

And saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people round about.

"Fling her into the river!" we heard the matrons shout;

"Chase her away, the silly thing; for God himself scarce knows

Why ever he created that worthless Brier-Rose."

Sweet Brier-Rose, she heard their cries; a little pensive smile

Across her fair face flitted that might a stone beguile; And then she gave her pretty head a roguish little cock:

"Hand me a boat-hook, lads," she said; "I think I'll break the lock."

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from throats of young and old:

"Ho! good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, your tongue was ever bold."

And, mockingly, a boat-hook into her hands was flung, When, lo! into the river's midst with daring leaps she sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense and blinding spray;

From beam to beam she skipped, like a water-sprite at play. And now and then faint gleams we caught of color through the mist:

A crimson waist, a golden head, a little dainty wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of the hill, A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred hearts stood still. For, hark! from out the rapids came a strange and creaking sound,

And then a crash of thunder which shook the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down o'er the rocky steep.

We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling in the deep;

We saw a tiny form which the torrent swiftly bore And flung into the wild abyss, where it was seen no more.

Ah, little naughty Brier-Rose, thou couldst nor weave nor spin;

Yet thou couldst do a nobler deed than all thy mocking kin; For thou hadst courage e'en to die, and by thy death to save A thousand farms and lives from the fury of the wave.

And yet the adage lives, in the valley of thy birth, When wayward children spend their days in heedless play and mirth,

Oft mothers say, half smiling, half sighing, "Heaven knows Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!"

-St. Nicholas.

MY VESPER SONG.

Filled with weariness and pain,
Scarcely strong enough to pray,
In this twilight hour I sit,
Sit and sing my doubts away.
O'er my broken purposes,
Ere the coming shadows roll,
Let me build a bridge of song:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,

"Let me to thy bosom fly!"
How the words my thoughts repeat;
To thy bosom, Lord, I come,
Though unfit to kiss thy feet.
Once I gathered sheaves for thee,
Dreaming I could hold them fast;
Now I can but faintly sing,
"Oh, receive my soul at last."

I am weary of my fears,
Like a child when night comes on;
In the shadow, Lord, I sing,
"Leave, oh leave me not alone."
Through the tears I still must shed,
Through the evil yet to be,
Though I falter while I sing,
"Still support and comfort me."

"All my trust on thee is stayed,"
Does the rhythm of the song,

Softly falling on my heart,
Make its pulses firm and strong?
Or is this thy perfect peace,
Now descending while I sing,
That my soul may sleep to-night
"'Neath the shadow of thy wing?"

"Thou of life the fountain art;"
If I slumber on thy breast,
If I sing mysclf to sleep,
Sleep and death alike are rest.
Through the shadows overpast,
Through the shadows yet to be,
Let the ladder of my song
"Rise to all eternity."

Note by note, in silver bars,
May my soul in love ascend,
Till I reach the highest round,
In thy kingdom without end.
Not impatiently I sing,
Though I lift my hands and cry,
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

THE HOME OF PEACE.—THOMAS MOORE.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence, reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye;
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that i sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but mine!"

BESSIE KENDRICK'S JOURNEY.

MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Cars stop twenty minutes!" called out Conductor Richardson at Allen's Junction. Then, as the train came to a dead halt, he jumped down upon the depot platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, to where the engine was standing, and swinging himself up into the cab, said to the engineer:

"Frank, I want you to come back to the first passenger car, and see a little girl that I hardly know what to make of."

The engineer nodded, and without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily hands in a bunch of waste, took a look at his grim, dusty face in a narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam gauge, pulled off his short frock, put on a coat, changed his little black, greasy cap for a soft felt hat—taking these "dress-up" articles from the tender-box, where an engineer has something stowed away for all emergencies—and went back to the car as requested.

He entered the car and made his way to the seat where the kind-hearted conductor sat talking to a bright-looking little girl, about nine years old, oddly dressed in a woman's shawl and bonnet.

Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat, evidently much interested in the child, who wore a sad, prematurely old countenance, but seemed to be neither timid nor confused.

"Here is the engineer," said the conductor, kindly, as Frank approached.

She held up her hand to him, with a winsome smile breaking over her pinched little face, and said:

"My papa was an engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead, and my mamma is dead. She died first, before Willie and Susie. My papa used to tell me that after he should be dead there would be no one to take care of me, and then I must get on the cars and go to his old home in Vermont. And he said if the conductors wouldn't let me ride 'cause I hadn't any ticket, I

must ask for the engineer and tell him that I am James Kendrick's little girl, and that he used to run on the M. & G. road."

The pleading blue eyes were now suffused with tears; but she did not cry after the manner of children in general.

Engineer Frank stooped down and kissed her very tenderly; and then, as he brushed the tears from his own eyes, said:

"Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie Kendrick. I rather think a merciful Providence guided you on board this train."

Then turning around to the group of passengers, he went on:

"I knew Jim Kendrick well. He was a man out of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana, before I got acelimated, I was siek a great part of the time, so that I could not work and I got home-sick and discouraged. Could not keep my board bill paid up, to say nothing of my doctor's bill, and I didn't much care whether I lived or died. One day, when the pay car came along and the men were getting their monthly pay, there wasn't a cent coming to me, for I hadn't worked an hour for the last month. I felt so blue that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head in my hands, and cried like a boy, out of sheer home-sickness and discouragement. Pretty soon some one came along and said, in a voice that seemed like sweet music in my ears, for I hadn't found much real sympathy, although the boys were all good to me in their way: 'You've been having a rough time of it, and you must let me help you out.' I looked up, and there stood Jim Kendriek, with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from the roll of bills a twenty-dollar note and held it out to me. I knew he had a siekly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it himself to pull through, from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were still streaming down my face, 'Indeed, I cannot take the money; you must need it yourself.' 'Indeed you will take it, man,' said Jim, 'you will be all right in a few days, and then you ean pay it back. Now come home with me to supper and see the babies. It will do you good.' I took the note and accepted the invitation, and after that

went to his house frequently, until he moved away, and I gradually lost sight of him. I had returned the loan, but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, and I guess Jim Kendrick's little girl here won't want for anything if I can prevent it."

Then turning again to the child, whose bright eyes were

wide open now, the engineer said to her:

"I'll take you home with me when we get up to Wayne. My wife will fix you up, and we'll find out whether these Vermont folks want you or not. If they do, Mary or I shall go with you. But if they don't care much about having you, you shall stay with us and be our girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father, God bless him."

Just then the eastern train whistled. "All aboard!" was shouted. Engineer Frank vanished out of the car door and went forward to the engine, wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve, while the conductor and passengers could not suppress the tears this little episode evoked during the twenty minutes' stop at Allen's Junction.

STREET CRIES.—EDWARD EGGLESTON. LAMENT OF A DISTRACTED CITIZEN.

The Englishman's waked by the lark,
A-singing far up in the sky;
But a damsel with wheel-baritone,
Pitched fearfully high,
Like a lark in the sky,
Wakes me with a screech
Of "Horse Red-dee-ee-eech!"

The milkman, he crows in the morn,
And then the street cackle begins:

Junk-man with cow-bells, and fish-man with horn,
And venders of brushes and pins,
And menders of tubs and of tins.

"Wash-tubs to mend! Tin-ware to mend!"
Oh! who will deliverance send?
Hark! that girl is beginning her screech,—
"Horse—" "Lubs" "Ripe peach—"

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Then there 's "O-ranges," "Glass toputin,"
And bagpipes, and peddlers, and shams;
The hand-organizer is mixing his din
With "Strawber—" "Niee sof' elams!"
"Wash-tubs to mend," "Tin-ware to mend!"
Oh! heaven deliverance send!
I'd swear, if it wasn't a sin,
By "—any woo-ood?" "Glass toputin!"

"Ice-eream!" I'm sure that you do!
And madly the whole town is sereaming.

"Pie-apples!" "Shedders!" "Oysters!" and "Blue-Berries!" with "Hot eorn all steaming!"

"Umbrell's to mend!"—My head to mend!
How swiftly I'd like to send
To—somewhere—this rackety erew,
That keep such a cry and a hue
Of "Hot—" "Wash-tubs!" and "Pop-Corn-balls!"—Oh! eorn-bawler stop!

From morning till night the street's full of hawkers
Of "North River shad!" and "Ba-nan-i-yoes!"
Of men and women and little girl squawkers—

"Ole hats and boots! Ole elo'es!"

"Times, Tribune, and Worruld!"

"Here's yer Morning Hurrold!"

What a confounded din

Of "Horse red—" "—to put in!"
"Ripe—" "Oysters," and "Potatoes—""to mend!"
Till the watchman's late whistle comes in at the end.
—Scribner's Monthly.

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.—WILL CARLETON.

Little Golden-hair was watching, in the window broad and high,

For the coming of her father, who had gone the foe to

fight:

He had left her in the morning, and had told her not to cry But to have a kiss all ready when he came to her at night.

> She had wandered, all the day, In her simple childish way, And had asked, as time went on, Where her father could have gone:

She had heard the muskets firing, she had counted every one, Till the number grew so many that it was too great a load; Then the evening fell upon her, clear of sound of shot or gun, And she gazed with wistful waiting down the dusty Con-

cord road.

Little Golden-hair had listened, not a single week before, While the heavy sand was falling on her mother's coffin-

And she loved her father better for the loss that then she bore.

And thought of him, and yearned for him, whatever else she did.

> So she wondered all the day What could make her father stay, And she cried a little too, As he told her not to do:

And the sun sank slowly downward and went grandly out of sight.

And she had the kiss all ready on his lips to be bestowed; But the shadows made one shadow, and the twilight grew to night.

And she looked, and looked, and listened, down the dusty

Concord road.

Then the night grew light and lighter, and the moon rose full and round,

In the little sad face peering, looking piteously and mild; Still upon the walks of gravel there was heard no welcome sound,

And no father came there, eager for the kisses of his child.

Long and sadly did she wait, Listening at the cottage gate; Then she felt a quick alarm, Lest he might have come to harm.

With no bonnet but her tresses, no companion but her fears, And no guide except the moonbeams that the pathway dimly showed.

With a little sob of sorrow, quick she threw away her tears, And alone she bravely started down the dusty Concord road.

And for many a mile she struggled, full of weariness and pain, Calling loudly for her father, that her voice he might not miss;

Till at last, among a number of the wounded and the slain, Was the white face of the soldier, waiting for his daughter's kiss.

> Softly to his lips she crept, Not to wake him as he slept; Then, with her young heart at rest, Laid her head upon his breast;

And upon the dead face smiling, with the living one near by, All the night a golden streamlet of the moonbeams gently flowed;

One to live a lonely orphan, one beneath the sod to lie,—
They found them in the morning on the dusty Concord
road.

NIGHTFALL.—W. W. ELLSWORTH.

Alone I stand;
On either hand
In gathering gloom stretch sea and land;
Beneath my feet,
With ceaseless beat,
The waters murmur low and sweet.

Slow falls the night:
The tender light

Of stars grows brighter and more bright.
The lingering ray
Of dying day
Sinks deeper down and fades away.

Now fast and slow
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low,
With gentle grace
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.

Where one pale star,
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar,
A faint light gleams,
A light that seems
To grow and grow till nature teems

With mellow haze; And to my gaze Comes rising, with its rays No longer dim, The moon; its rim

In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

I watch it gain The heavenly plain; Behind it trails a starry train.— While low and sweet The wavelets beat Their murmuring music at my feet.

Fair night of June! Yon silver moon Gleams pale and still. The tender tune Faint floating, plays

In moonlit lays A melody of other days.

'Tis sacred ground-A peace profound Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound, Save at my feet The ceaseless beat Of waters murmuring low and sweet.

A MYSTERIOUS DUEL.

The following incoherent account of a duel was furnished to HARPER'S WEEK. LY, by a correspondent of that journal.

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott. which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott or, as accidents with fire-arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

THE SINGLE HEAD OF WHEAT.

MRS. L. C. ELDRED.

All my daily tasks were ended;
And the hush of night had come,
Bringing rest to weary spirits,
Calling many wanderers home.
"He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing golden grains of wheat,
Shall return again, rejoicing,
Laden with the harvest sweet."

This I read, and deeply pondered
What of seed my hand had sown,
What of harvest I was reaping
To be laid before the throne.
While my thoughts were swiftly glancing
O'er the paths my feet had trod,
Sleep sealed up my weary eyelids,
And a vision came from God.

In the world's great field of labor,
All the reapers' tasks were done;
And each hastened to the Master
With the sheaves that he had won.
Some, with sheaves but poor and scanty,
Sadly told the number o'er;
Others staggered 'neath the burden
Of the golden grain they bore.

Gladly then the pearly gateways
Opening wide gave entrance meet,
As they sought the Master's presence,
Laid their burdens at his feet.
Slowly, sadly, with the reapers
Who had labored long and late,
Came I at the Master's bidding,
And was latest at the gate.

Then, apart from all the others,
Weeping bitterly, I stood;
I had toiled from early morning,
Working for the others' good.
When one friend had fallen fainting
By his piles of golden grain,

With a glass of cooling water
I revived his strength again.

And another, worn and weary,
I had aided for awhile,
Till, her failing strength returning,
She went onward with a smile.
Thus the others I had aided,
While the golden moments fled,
Till the day was spent, and evening
On the earth her tear-drops shed.

And I to the Master's presence
Came, with weary, toil-worn feet,
Bearing as my-gathered harvest
But a single head of wheat.
So with tearful eyes I watched them,
As, with faces glad and bright,
One by one they laid their burdens
Down before the throne of light.

Ah! how sweetly then the blessing
Sounded to my listening ear:
"Nobly done, my faithful servants,
Rest now in your mansions here."
Then I thought, with keenest sorrow,
Words like these are not for me;
Only those with heavy burdens
Heavenly rest and blessings see.

Yet I love the Master truly,
And I've labored hard since dawn;
But I have no heavy burden,
Will he bid me to begone?
While I questioned thus in sadness,
Christ the Master called for me,
And I knelt before Him saying,
"I have only this for Thee.

"I have labored hard, O Master!
I have toiled from morn till night;
But I sought to aid my neighbors,
And to make their labor light.
So the day has passed unnoticed,
And to-night, with shame, I come,
Bringing, as my gathered harvest,
But a single wheat-head home."

Then I laid it down with weeping,
At his blessed, piercéd feet;
And he smiled upon my trembling,—
Ah! his smile was passing sweet.
"Child, it is enough," he answered,
"All I asked for thou hast brought,
And, among the band of reapers,
Truly, bravely, hast thou wrought.
"This was thine appointed mission:
Well hast thou performed thy task;
Have no fear that I will chide thee,

Have no fear that I will chide thee,
This is all that I would ask."
Then I woke; but long the vision
In my heart I pondered o'er,
While I tried to see what meaning
Hidden in its depths it bore.

And, at length, this lesson slowly
Dawned upon my wondering mind;
Never mind what others gather,
Do whate'er thy hand can find.
If it be thy lotted mission
Thus to serve the reaper-band,
And the evening find thee weary,
With an empty, sheafless hand,
Let thy heart be never troubled;
Since thou hast fulfilled thy task,
Have no fear that He will chide thee,
Heavy sheaves He will not ask.

A GENTLEMAN.

'Tis he whose every thought and deed By rule of virtue moves; Whose generous tongue disdains to speak The thing his heart disproves.

Who never did a slander forge, His neighbor's fame to wound; Nor hearken to a false report, By malice whispered round.

Who vice, in all its pomp and power, Can treat with just neglect; And piety, though clothed in rags, Religiously respect. Who to his plighted word and truth Has ever firmly stood; And though he promise to his loss, He makes his promise good.

Whose soul in usury disdains His treasures to employ;

Whom no rewards can ever bribe The guiltless to destroy.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—JOSEPH HOLT.

Next to the worship of the Father of us all, the deepest and grandest of human emotions is the love of the land that gave us birth. It is an enlargement and exaltation of all the tenderest and strongest sympathies of kindred and of home. In all centuries and climes it has lived, and defied chains and dungeons and racks to crush it. It has strewed the earth with its monuments, and has shed undying lustre on a thousand fields on which it has battled. Through the night of ages, Thermopylæ glows like some mountain peak on which the morning sun has risen, because twenty-three hundred years ago, this hallowing passion touched its mural precipices and its crowning crags.

It is easy, however, to be patriotic in piping times of peace, and in the sunny hour of prosperity. It is national sorrow,—it is war, with its attendant perils and horrors, that tests this passion, and winnows from the masses those who, with all their love of life, still love their country more. We honor commerce with its busy marts, and the workshop with its patient toil and exhaustless ingenuity, but still we would be unfaithful to the truth of history did we not confess that the most heroic champions of human freedom and the most illustrious apostles of its principles have come from the broad fields of agriculture.

There seems to be something in the scenes of nature, in her wild and beautiful landscapes, in her cascades, and cataracts, and waving woodlands, and in the pure and exhilarating airs of her hills and mountains, that unbraces the fetters which man would rivet upon the spirit of his fellow-man.

It was at the handles of the plow, and amid the breathing

odors of its newly-opened furrows, that the character of Cincinnatus was formed, expanded and matured. It was not in the city full, but in the deep gorges and upon the snow-clad summits of the Alps—amid the eagles and the thunders—that William Tell laid the foundations of those altars to human liberty, against which the surging tides of European despotism have beaten for centuries, but, thank God, have beaten in vain. It was amid the primeval forests and mountains, the lakes and leaping streams of our own land; amid fields of waving grain; amid the songs of the reaper and the tinkling of the shepherd's bell, that were nurtured those rare virtues which clustered, star-like, in the character of Washington, and lifted him in moral stature a head and shoulders above even the demi-gods of ancient story.

CHURCH REVERIES OF A SCHOOL-GIRL. Mrs. Enoch Taylor.

I have a new bonnet; I'll go up to church To hear the new preacher, young Jonathan Birch; He's single and handsome, but they say he's so shy, And that his sermons are long and dreadfully dry; But, being a bachelor, I'll try for his sake To look interested, and keep wide awake.

What a good congregation; I'm glad that I came; That face is familiar, but what is her name? Ah, yes! at the social she sang through her nose; I wonder if Murray will ever propose? The choir has finished its opening hymn, The preacher's too pale and awfully prim.

His prayers I think tedious, and prosy, and long; They say that he thinks even dancing is wrong. What beautiful mantles the Burton girls wear; I wonder if they really do bleach their hair? They dress awful stylish and have a front pew; They say that their father's as rich as a Jew.

Ah! there goes the sermon,—I must listen with care; Oh, hasn't Frank Fields got beautiful hair? I must catch, if I can, the drift of the text; I wonder what beau Belle Laws will have next? Ah, me! how I wish the choir would sing; I'd give something nice for a new diamond ring.

Oh, why don't the preachers all preach to the point? I have sat here till every bone's out of joint, I've a crick in my neck and a pain in my back. I declare, Mary Riley has got a new sack, And all lined through with the finest of fur, I never could see what folks fancied in her.

Well, the sermon's progressing, I must listen and learn, How I wish he'd warm up and not look so stern. Mary Gray is in mourning, I wonder who's dead, She'd look well in black if her hair wasn't red. In the pew right behind me is old Deacon Moore; I don't mind his sleeping, but why does he snore?

Just hear that cross baby; I know Mr. Birch Must hate so to have it disturbing the church; And how can he preach and pray through it all? They say Maggie Ross was "belle of the ball;" That her dress was just lovely, her dancing divine, But I won't believe it was better than mine.

The sermon is finished, the Bible is closed,
The "collection" has wakened the deacons that dozed;
I must feel in my pocket and get out my dime,
Those boys in the gallery have a good time.
Why, there's Mary Martin! what a beautiful hat,
How pretty she'd be if she wasn't so fat!

And now we will have a tune from the choir; I think that their singing lacks feeling and fire; I wonder if Murray will be at the door Or if he will join that pert Minnie Moore? She's so proud of her eyes, with their sleepy old lids, I do wish I had some six-button kids.

"Old Hundred" is finished and I'll get my muff, I think for to-day I've had preaching enough. The aisle is so crowded we'll have to go slow; Ah! there's Minnie Moore gone off with my beau! See how she struts in her new polonaise; I always did hate her impudent ways.

I'll pretend not to see her and turn up my nose, And show how indifferent I am to the beaus; There's Jennie Jones opposite waiting to see If I had a gentleman come home with me. Ah, me, I just know pa and ma will be vexed For I have forgotten every word of the text.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost; the timest seed
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after-hour.

So with our words: or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot:
They have their influence on the mind,
Pass on—but perish not.
So with our deeds: for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will,
To make them rife with good!

SAXON GRIT.—Robert Collyer.

At the New England dinner, given in New York on the 22nd of December, 1879, the toast, "The Saxon Grit—which, in New England as in Old England, has made a race of men to be honored, feared and respected. It is as positive as the earth is firm," was responded to by the Rev. Robert Collyer, in the following poem:—

Worn with the battle, by Stamford town,
Fighting the Normans by Hastings Bay,
Harold the Saxon's sun went down,
While the acorns were falling one Autumn day.
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land;
By tenor of conquest here I sit:

will rule you now with the iron hand;"
But he had not thought of the Saxon grit-

He took the land, and he took the men,
And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne,
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen,
Eat up the corn and drank the wine,
And said to the maiden, pure and fair,
"You shall be my leman, as is most fit,
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair;"
But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To his merry green wood went bold Robin Hood,
With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray.
Driving the arrow into the marrow
Of all the proud Normans who came in his way,
Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
Winning by valor, or foiling by wit,
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,
This merry old rogue, with the Saxon grit.

And Kett, the tanner, whipt out his knife;
And Watt, the smith, his hammer brought down
For Ruth, the maid he loved better than life,
And by breaking a head, made a hole in the crown,
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
"Our life shall not be by the king's permit;
We will fight for the right, we want no more,"
Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown
From the acorns falling that Autumn day,
So the Saxon manhood in thorp and town
To a nobler stature grew alway.
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Standing by law and the human right,
Many times failing, never once quailing,
So the new day came out of the night.

* * * * * *

Then rising afar in the western sea,

A new world stood in the morn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free,
Who could wrench out the heart and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land
Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and hand—
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering, Trusting in God, your fathers came, Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts all aflame.
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter
And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,
Fearless as ever of what might befall;
Pouring out life for the nurture of men;
In faith that by manhood the world wins all.
Inventing baked beans and no end of machines;
Great with the rifle and great with the ax,
Sending their notions over the oceans,
To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar, Yet open of hand when the dollar is made, Maintaining the meetin', exalting the scholar, But a little too anxious about a good trade. This is young Jonathan, son of old John, Positive, peaceable, firm in the right, Saxon men all of us, may we be one, Steady for freedom, and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have grown
From the acorns that fell on that old dim day,
So this new manhood, in city and town,
To a nobler stature will grow alway;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Slow to contention, and slower to quit,
Now and then failing, but never once quailing,
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

DOT LEEDLE LOWEEZA.—CHARLES F. ADAMS.

How dear to dis heart vas mine grandshild, Loweezat Dot shveet leedle taughter off Yawcob mine son! I nefer vas tired to hug und to shqueeze her Vhen home I gets back und der day's vork vas done. Vhen I vas avay, oh, I know dot she miss me, For vhen I come homevards she rushes bell-mell, Und poots oup dot shveet leedle mout' for to kiss me—Her "darling oldt gampa," dot she lofe so vell.

Katrina, mine frau, she could not do mitoudt her,
She vas sooch a gomfort to her day py day;
Dot shild she make efry von habby aboudt her,
Like sunshine she drife all dheir droubles avay;
She holdt der vool yarn vhile Katrina she vind it,
She pring her dot camfire bottle to shmell;
She fetch me mine bipe, too, vhen I don'd can find it,
Dot plue-eyed Loweeza dot lofe me so vell.

How shveet, vhen der toils off der veek vas all ofer,
Und Sunday vas come mit its quiet und rest,
To valk mit dot shild 'mong der daisies und clofer,
Und look at der leedle birds building dheir nest!
Her pright leedle eyes how dhey shparkle mit bleasure,
Her laugh it rings oudt shust so clear as a pell;
I dink dhere vas nopody haf sooch a treasure
As dot shmall Loweeza, dot lofe me so vell.

Vhen vinter vas come, mit its coldt, shtormy veddher, Katrina und I ve musd sit in der house
Und dalk off der bast, by de fireside togedder,
Or play mit dot taughter off our Yawcob Strauss.
Oldt age mit its wrinkles pegins to remind us
Ve gannot shtay long mit our shildren to dwell;
But soon ve shall meet mit der poys left pehind us,
Und dot shveet Loweeza, dot lofe us so vell.

UNCLE TOM AND THE HORNETS.

There is an old woman down town who delights to find a case that all the doctors have failed to cure and then go to work with herbs and roots and strange things and try to effect at least an improvement. A few days ago she got hold of a girl with a stiff neck, and she offered an old negro named Uncle Tom Kelly fifty cents to go to the woods and bring her a hornet's nest. This was to be steeped in vinegar and applied to the neck. The old man spent several days along the Holden road, and yesterday morning he secured his prize and brought it home in a basket. When he reached the Central Market he had a few little purchases to make and after getting some few articles at a grocery he placed his basket on a barrel near the stove and went out to look for a beef bone.

It was a dull day for trade. The grocer sat by the stove rubbing his bald head. His clerk stood at the desk balancing accounts, and three or four men lounged around talking about the new party that is to be founded on the ruins of the falling ones. It was a serene hour. One hundred and fifty hornets had gone to roost in that nest for the winter. The genial atmosphere began to limber them up. One old veteran opened his eyes, rubbed his legs and said it was the shortest winter he had ever known in all his hornet days. A second shook off his lethargy and seconded the motion, and in five minutes the whole nest was alive and its owners were ready to sail out and investigate. You don't have to hit a hornet with the broadside of an ax to make him mad. He's mad all over all the time, and he doesn't care a picayune whether he tackles a humming-bird or an elephant.

The grocer was telling one of the men that he and General Grant were boys together, when he gave a sudden start of surprise. This was followed by several other starts. Then he jumped over a barrel of sugar and yelled like a Pawnee. Some smiled, thinking he was after a funny climax, but it was only a minute before a solemn old farmer jumped three feet high and came down to roll over a job lot of washboards. Then the clerk ducked his head and made a rush for the door. He didn't get there. One of the other men who had been looking up and down to see what could be the matter, felt suddenly called upon to go nome. He was going at the rate of forty miles an hour when he collided with the clerk. and they rolled on the floor. There was no use to tell the people in that store to move on. They couldn't tarry to save 'em. They all felt that the rent was too high, and that they must vacate the premises. A yell over by the cheese-box was answered by a war-whoop from the show-case. A howl from the kerosene barrel near the back door was answered by wild gestures around the show window.

The crowd went out together. Uncle Tom was just coming in with his beef bone. When a larger body meets a smaller one, the larger body knocks it into the middle of next week. The old man lay around in the slush until everybody had stepped on him all they wanted to, and then he at up and asked:

"Hev dey got de fiah all put out yit?"

Some of the hornets sailed out of doors to fall by the wayside, and others waited around on top of barrels and baskets and jars to be slaughtered. It was half an hour before the last one was disposed of, and then Uncle Tom walked in, picked up the nest, and said:

"Mebbe dis will cure de stiffness in dat gal's neck, jist de same, but I tell you I'ze got banged, an' bumped, an' sot down on till it will take a hull medical college all winter

long to git me so I kin jump off a street kyar!"

-Detroit Free Press.

THE OLD MAN IN THE PALACE CAR.

JOHN H. YATES.

Well, Betsey, this beats everything our eyes have ever seen We're ridin' in a palace fit for any king or queen; We didn't go as fast as this, nor on such cushions rest, When we left New England years ago to seek a home out West.

We rode through this same country, but not as we now ride, You sat within a stage-coach, while I trudged by your side; Instead of ridin' on a rail, I carried one, you know, To pry the old coach from the mire through which we had to go.

Let's see; that's fifty years ago,—just arter we were wed; Your eyes were then like diamonds bright, your cheeks like roses red.

Now, Betsey, people call us old, and push us off one side, Just as they have the old slow coach in which we used to ride.

I wonder if young married folks to-day would condescend To take a weddin' tour like ours, with a log house at the end? Much of the sentimental love that sets young cheeks aglow, Would die to meet the hardships of fifty years ago.

Our love grew stronger as we toiled; though food and clothes were coarse,

None ever saw us in the courts a-huntin' a divorce; Love leveled down the mountains and made low places high; Love sang a song to cheer us when clouds and winds were nigh. I'm glad to see the world move on, to hear the engine's roar, And all about the cables stretchin' now from shore to shore. Our mission is accomplished; with toil we both are through; The Lord just let us live awhile to see how young forks do.

Whew! Betsey, how we're flyin'! See the farms and towns

It makes my gray hair stand on end; it dims my failin' eye. Soon we'll be through our journey and in the house so good, That stands within a dozen rods of where the log one stood.

How slow—like old time coaches—our youthful years went by!—

The years when we were livin' 'neath a bright New England sky:

Swifter than palace cars now fly, our later years have flown, Till now we journey hand in hand, down to the grave alone.

I hear the whistle blowin' on life's fast flyin' train; Only a few more stations in the valley now remain. Soon we'll reach the home eternal, with its glorics all untold, And stop at the best station in the city built of gold.

MEMORY.—James A. Garfield.

The following poem was written by the late President, during his senior year in Williams College, Mass., shortly before his graduation. It was published in the Williams Quarterly for March, 1856. Viewed in the light of recent events the concluding lines of the poem seem almost prophetic.

'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow. No light gleams at the windows, save my own, Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me. And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes And leads me gently through her twilight realms. What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung, Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells? It has its valleys, cheerless, lone, and drear, Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree; And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed In Heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs, Robed in the dreamy light of distant years, Are clustered joys serene of other days. Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust Of dear departed ones; yet in that land,

Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore, They that were sleeping rise from out the dust Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand As erst they did before the prison tomb Received their clay within its voiceless halls. The heavens that bend above that land are hung With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill. Surcharged with sorrow, cast their somber shade Upon the sunny, joyous land below. Others are floating through the dreamy air, White as the falling snow, their margins tinged With gold and crimsoned hues; their shadows fall Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes, Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing. When the rough battle of the day is done, And evening's peace falls gently on the heart. I bound away, across the noisy years, Unto the utmost verge of memory's land, Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet, And memory dim with dark oblivion joins: Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell Upon the ear in childhood's early morn; And, wandering thence along the rolling years, I see the shadow of my former self Gliding from childhood up to man's estate. The path of youth winds down through many a vale, And on the brink of many a dread abyss, From out whose darkness comes no ray of light, Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf And beckons toward the verge. Again the path Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall: And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom, Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

IMPRESSIONS OF NIAGARA.—CHARLES DICKENS.

We were at the foot of the American fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or anything but vague immensity.

When I was seated in the little ferry boat, and was crossing the swollen river immediately before both cataracts, I

bows made!

began to feel what it was; but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked—Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright, green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing the first effect and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was peace. Peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever.

Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance, during the memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rain-

I never stirred in all that time from the Canadian side. whither I had gone at first. I never crossed the river again; for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such a place it is natural to shun strange company. To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the great Horseshoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below, watching the river, as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and gray as evening slowly

fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice,—this was enough.

I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk-cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid,—which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God

THE OLD-TIME SLEIGH-RIDE.

Ho, girls, for a frolic! The sleigh's at the gate; And, all tricked for her bridal, the world is elate. The steeds paw the snow as they tug at the reins, And the dewdrops of music are tossed from their manes. Shawl, sealskin, and boa snatch up for the fray, Swift toilets are only in order to-day. Now, in with you, Molly, Meg, Fanny, and Ma, Settle down in the robes; put your feet in the straw; Here, Nell, Sue, and Kitty, the middle seat take. Hurrah! Now the whip; give them head, Uncle Jake! Hurrah! Did you ever such jollity know As a sleigh full of girls and a first coat of snow?

Bump! bump! swish and swish! Now we glide like a ship. What sounds are the gayest,—from sleighbell or lip? How the whitecaps of hedge, fence, and hay-stack so brave Rise, gleam, and are gone, like the foam of the wave! Like petrels, the snow-buntings flash on our lee, And the pine woods awake, like the roar of the sea, Hold hard, or you're overboard! Ha! what a lurch! Hug the hedge, Captain Jake, or we're foul of that church! The toll-gate is open, the pennies are tossed, The portals are sundered, the barriers crossed. Hurrah! Was there ever such voyaging free Since Arion rode, dolphin-back, o'er the sea?

Swish, swish! now the runners their polish have got, How we leap on the wings of this time-scorning trot! Our steeds snort amain, and their breath as they go Is blent with the spray of the hoof-beaten snow. Barn, farm-house, and arbor flit by, like a dream; Vails and tippets flaunt wildly, the girls laugh and scream: The skaters are thick upon river and pond— Look out for yon bridge and the gully beyond! By jingo, we're in for it! Stop 'em! Hallo! Don't yell so,—no danger—there! over we go! Hurrah! Was there ever such holiday gift As a roll down a hill to alight in a drift?

Set them up, grab the leaders! Who ever yet heard Of an old-fashioned ride where no upset occurred? Here, Molly, Sue, Kitty! where are you, my dears? Meg's the first out of bed, and there's Fanny in tears! Tush! here is your bonnet; Nell, help your mamma! So—in once again'mong the robes and the straw! All aboard! Not a rivet is loose in the sleigh; Let them go, Uncle Jake! we've enough for one day. Cold feet and cold noses, red cheeks and bright eyes, Are trophies the gods of the hearth ne'er despise. Hurrah for the sports over which they preside! The zest of young life is the old-time sleigh-ride!

I WONDER.

I wonder if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!

I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the meter!

I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
'Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!

Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found
And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground,
And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never on earth shall we find the best!
But it waits for us in the land of rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
Till we pass the portal of shining gold.

CRIPPLE BEN.-GEORGE L. CATLIN.

Down in a street by the river's side, Where ebbs and flows the hurrying tide Of city life, in a squalid den, Hungry and poor, dwelt "Cripple Ben." So they called him; no other name He e'er had boasted since first he came. Unknown, unnoticed, his care to hide, In that wretched home by the river's side. Ragged, one-legged, deformed was he; His age not over twenty-and-three. All day long on his crutch he'd go Through the streets with a painful gait and slow Vending matches, and pins, and soap, Ever cheery and full of hope, Never complaining, never sad. With an eye so bright, and a face so glad, In spite of his cares, that folks would pause In passing, to buy from his little stores; And children would see his cheery smile Reflected back in their own the while. And even the rough, blunt sailor-men Had always a word for "Cripple Ben." Yet oft on the pier where the great ships lav He'd sit and rest on a summer's day, And peering over the moss-grown brink On the seething tide below, would think And wonder if in you current there He could bury forever his weight of care. "Nobody cares for me," he'd say; "I'm weary of toiling every day. By night a hard and narrow bed, By day a beggarly crust of bread. Why not finish it all? And then Nobody'll miss poor Cripple Ben." Yet something within him said: "Live on: Though thy heart be lonely, thy features wan Even for thee it rests in store To do some good ere thy life is o'er." So, then, with a sigh of silent pain, He'd hobble away on his crutch again, And take up his burden of life once more. Bravely and patiently as before.

One day last June, in an eager hunt For a friend's place, down by the river front, 1 suddenly heard a piercing cry,— A cry of grief from the pier hard by; And half a hundred hurrying feet Were speeding across the rough-paved street. I joined the crowd. At the pier-head, lo! A woman, wringing her hands in wo, Screamed, "Oh! my child!" while men did shout, And out in the current, out, far out, A man was struggling to keep affoat A baby form. "A boat! a boat!" Then stalwart arms and brave We shouted. Pulled hurriedly forth, two lives to save. Twas not in vain, for, quicker than thought, Those dripping two to the pier they brought. "The child's alive!" they cried with zest, And the babe was clasped to its mother's breast But what of him—the other one— With his face upturned to the noonday sun Lifeless they lifted him up, and then A bystander said: "Why, it's Cripple Ben!"

EARTH'S NOBLEMEN.

The noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil.
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods, and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows kings' or warriors' fame.

The working men, whate'er their task,
Who carve the stone or bear the hod,
They bear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main:
God bless them! for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

DIFFICULT LOVE-MAKING.

The boy who sells fruit and confectionery on the train is usually a very vigorous sort of boy, with an eye strictly to business, and with no romantic thoughts running through his active brain. One of them came very near ruining the happiness of two souls for life, the other day. A young man sat in the seat with a pretty girl; and, though the passengers couldn't distinguish their conversation from the noise made by the cars, it was pretty evident that what was being said was of great interest to the young couple. He was saying "Jenny, darling! I have long been wishing an opportunity to tell you of my great regard for—"

"Peanuts?" inquired the fruit-and-confectionery boy,

thrusting his basket in front of the pair.

"No!" exclaimed the young man in an annoyed tone, and waving his hand to one side. "As I was saying, Jenny," he continued, when the boy had passed on, "I have long wanted to tell you of my regard for you. You are everything to me; and always, in your absence, my thoughts are constantly dwelling upon—"

"Nice candy! Prize in every box!" interrupted the boy, totally ignorant of the interesting conversation he was interrupting. The young man shook his head, while the girl looked mad enough to bite a hairpin in two. When the boy

had left, the young man resumed:

"I do not think you are entirely insensible to my-regard, and I feel certain that you in some degree reciprocate. Tell me, darling, if I have a right to think that you are fond of——"

"Nice, fresh figs-ten cents a-"

The boy saw by the countenance of the pair that he could make no sale, and moved ahead with the basket. The young man finished with his eyes the sentence he had commenced, and waited for an answer. It came, murmured in his ear, that no other person might learn its import:

"Oh, Charlie! you've no idea how happy you make me by your avowal! You know that I care for you only, and that

my regard for you is as lasting as-"

"Maple candy—very nice!" said the boy, displaying a tempting array of the delicacy.

"Clear out!" ejaculated the young man, between his teeth in a savage tone; and, as the boy cleared out, he turned to his sweetheart for the continuation of her answer.

"As lasting as eternity! I have always cared more for you than for anybody else. All our folks think you are just splendid; and mother says you are as good as—"

"Pop corn—fresh this morning!"

The young man arose hastily and lifted the boy several seats down the aisle, and the girl fell to crying in her hand-kerchief. The young man resumed his seat, and sat in a moody silence until the train stopped at his station, when in company with the young lady, he alighted; while the boy went on with his business, in utter ignorance of the fact that he had, perhaps, broken up a most interesting and happy courtship.

LITTLE NELLIE IN THE PRISON.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

The eyes of a child are sweeter than any hymn we have sung, And wiser than any sermon is the lisp of a childish tongue!

Hugh Falcon learned this happy truth one day; ('Twas a fair noontide in the month of May)— When, as the chaplain of the convicts' jail, He passed its glowering archway, sad and pale, Bearing his tender daughter on his arm. A five years' darling she! The dewy charm Of Eden star-dawns glistened in her eyes, Her dimpled cheeks were rich with sunny dyes.

"Papa!" the child that morn, while still abed, Drawing him close toward her, shyly said: "Papa! oh, wont you let your Nellie go To see those naughty men that plague you so, Down in the ugly prison by the wood? Papa, I'll beg and pray them to be good." "What, you, my child?" he said, with half a sigh. "Why not, papa? I'll beg them so to try."

The chaplain, with a father's gentlest grace, Kissed the small ruffled brow, the pleading face; "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings still, Praise is perfected," thought he; thus his will Blended with hers, and through those gates of sin, Black, even at noontide, sire and child passed in.

Fancy the foulness of the sulphurous lake, Wherefrom a lily's snow-white leaves should break, Flushed by the shadow of an unseen rose! So, at the iron gate's loud clang and close, Shone the drear twilight of that place defiled, Touched by the flower-like sweetness of the child!

O'er many a dismal vault, and stony floor, The chaplain walked from ponderous door to door. Till now beneath a stair-way's dizzy flight He stood, and looked up the far-circling height; But risen of late from fever's torture-bed, How could he trust his faltering limbs and head?

Just then, he saw, next to the mildewed wall, A man in prisoner's raiment, gaunt and tall, Of sullen aspect, and wan, downcast face, Gloomed in the midnight of some deep disgrace; He shrank as one who yearned to fade away, Like a vague shadow on the stone-work gray, Or die beyond it, like a viewless wind; His seemed a spirit faithless, passionless, blind To all fair hopes which light the hearts of men,—A dull, dead soul, never to wake again!

The chaplain paused, half doubting what to do. When little Nellie raised her eyes of blue. And, nowise daunted by the downward stir Of shaggy brows that glowered askance at her. Said, putting by her wealth of sunny hair,— "Sir, will you kindly take me up the stair? Papa is tired, and I'm too small to climb." Frankly her eyes in his gazed all the time, And something to her childhood's instinct known So worked within her, that her arms were thrown About his neck. She left her sire's embrace Near that sad convict heart to take her place, Sparkling and trustful!—more she did not speak; But her quick fingers patted his swart cheek Caressingly,—in time to some old tune Hummed by her nurse, in summer's drowsy noon! Perforce he turned his wild, uncertain gaze
Down on the child! Then stole a tremulous haze
Across his eyes, but rounded not to tears;
Wherethrough he saw faint glimmerings of lost years
And perished loves! A cabin by a rill
Rose through the twilight on a happy hill;
And there were lithe child-figures at their play
That flashed and faded in the dusky ray;
And near the porch a gracious wife who smiled,
Pure as young Eve in Eden, unbeguiled!

Subdued, yet thrilled, 'twas beautiful to see With what deep reverence, and how tenderly, He clasped the infant frame so slight and fair, And safely bore her up the darkening stair! The landing reached, in her arch, childish ease, Our Nellie clasped his neck and whispered:

"Please.

For I like you so, Wont you be good, sir? And you are such a big, strong man, you know-With pleading eyes, her sweet face sidewise set. Then suddenly his furrowed cheek grew wet With sacred tears—in whose divine eclipse Upon her nestling head he pressed his lips As softly as a dreamy west-wind's sigh,— What time a something, undefined but high, As 'twere a new soul, struggled to the dawn Through his raised eyelids. Thence, the gloom withdrawn Of brooding vengeance and unholy pain, He felt no more the captive's galling chain; But only knew a little child had come To smite despair, his taunting demon, dumb: A child whose marvelous innocence enticed All white thoughts back, that from the heart of Christ Fly dove-like earthward, past our clouded ken, Child-like to bless, or lives of child-like men!

Thus he went his way,
An altered man from that thrice blessed day;
His soul turned ever to the soft refrain
Of words once uttered in a sacred fane:
"The little children, let them come to me;
Of such as these my realm of heaven must be;"
But most he loved of one dear child to tell,
The child whose trust had saved him, tender Neil!

die.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

What time is it?
Time to do well;
Time to live better;
Give up that grudge;
Answer that letter;

Speak that kind word, to sweeten a sorrow; Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

Time to try hard
In that new situation;
Time to build up on
A solid foundation.

Giving up needlessly changing and drifting; Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?
Time to be thrifty;
Farmers take warning—
Plough in the springtime;
Sow in the morning;

Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing; Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing.

> Time to count cost; Lessen expenses; Time to look well

To the gates and the fences: Making and mending, as good workers should; Shutting out evil and keeping the good.

What time is it?
Time to be earnest,
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;

Loving stern justice—of truth being fond;
Making your word just as good as your bond.

Time to be happy, Doing your best; Time to be trustful, Leaving the rest;

Knowing in whatever country or clime, Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.--CHAS. H. FOWLER, D.D. LL.D.

An extract from an oration delivered at the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, August 29, 1876, at the request and by the appointment of his Excellency, Hon. J. L. Beveridge, Governor of the State of Illinois.

One name from Illinois comes up in all minds, embalmed in all hearts, that must have the supreme place in this story of our glory and of our nation's honor; that name is Abraham Lincoln.

The analysis of Mr. Lincoln's character is difficult on account of its symmetry. Its comprehension is to us impossible on account of its immensity, for a man can be comprehended only by his peers. Though we may not get its altitude, nor measure its girth, nor fathom its depths, nor estimate its richness, we may stretch our little selves up against it, and get somewhat of the impress of its purity, the inspiration of its heroism, and the impulse of its power. was centered about a few strong points. His moral sense, his reason, and his common sense, were the three fixed points through which the perfect circle of his character was drawn—the sacred trinity of his great manhood. Had he lacked either of these he would have failed, and we would have been buried in the ruins of the Republic. Without the first, he would have been a villain; without the second, a bigot or a fool; without the third, a fanatic or a dreamer. With them all, he was Abraham Lincoln.

He was the representative character of this age. He incarnated the *ideal* Republic. No other man ever so fully embodied the purposes, the affections, and the power of the people. He came up among us. He was one of us. His birth, his education, his habits, his motives, his feelings, and his ambitions, were all our own. Had he been born among hereditary aristocrats he would not have been our President. But born in the cabin, and reared in the field and in the forest, he became the Great Commoner. The classics of the schools might have polished him, but they would have separated him from us. But trained in the common school of adversity, his calloused palms never slipped from the poor man's hand. A child of the people, he was as accessible in the White House as he had been in the cabin.

His practical wisdom made him the wonder of all lands. With such certainty did Mr. Lincoln follow causes to their ultimate effects, that his foresight of contingencies seemed almost prophetic. While we in turn were calling him weak and stubborn and blind, Europe was amazed at his statesmanship, and awed into silence by the grandeur of his plans. Measured by what he did, Mr. Lincoln is a statesman without a peer. He stands alone in the world. He came to the government by a minority vote. Without an army, without a navy, without money, without munitions, he stepped into the midst of the most stupendous, most wide-spread, most thoroughly equipped and appointed, most deeply planned and infameus rebellion of all history. He stamped upon the earth, and two millions of armed men leaped forward-He spoke to the sea, and the mightiest navy the world ever saw crowned every wave. He breathed into the air, and money and munitions rained upon the people.

Taken all and in all, he rises head and shoulders above every other man of six thousand years. I would not pluck one laurel from the statues of the noble dead; I would rather place in their midst another statue that shall adorn and honor their glorified company. We are, indeed, too near Mr. Lincoln to award him the glory he deserves. We remember too well his long, lank form, his awkward movements, to realize that this man, standing among us like a father, yet looms above us like a monarch. I turn to the past; I see behind me a noble company. There is Napoleon, the man of destiny. Armies move at his bid as if they were the muscles of his body; kings rise and fall at his nod; but he lived for himself. His entire life was a failure. He did not accomplish one of his great purposes. I see a Wellington; great as a military chieftain, competent to command armies against a foreign and hereditary foe. I see Marlborough; but on every stone of his monument and in every page of his history I see the frauds by which he enriched himself from the plunder of his country. There is Cromwell—a fine old man, England's noblest son: but his arena was small, the work he undertook limited, the work he accomplished ephemeral. The revolution from the hereditary kingdom of the Stuarts to the hereditary dictatorship of the Cromwells was

not so great as the change from executing the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston to the Constitutional Emancipation of the slave in Maryland. Yet upon his death the Government reverted to the Stuarts. But upon the death of Abraham Lincoln, freedom rears a monument, and for new conquests marches boldly into the future. I do see a Cæsar yonder; but his power is the purchase of fraud and crime, and falls about his grave like withered weeds. And away down yonder in the dark vortex of history, looking out upon the centuries, is old Pericles. But the thirty thousand citizens of Athens are lost in some inland town of America, with her thirty millions of citizens. There are many noble heroes who illumine the darkness behind us with the radiance of some single virtue: but among them all I see no Lincoln. He is radiant with all the great virtues, and his memory shall shed a glory upon this age that shall fill the eyes of men as they look into history. An administrator, he saved the nation in the perils of unparalleled civil war. A statesman, he justified his measures by their success. A philanthropist, he gave liberty to one race and salvation to another. A moralist, he bowed from the summit of human power to the foot of the cross, and became a Christian. A mediator, he exercised mercy under the most absolute abeyance to law. A leader, he was no partisan. A commander, he was untainted with blood. A ruler in desperate times, he was unsullied with crime. A man, he has left no word of passion, no thought of malice, no trick of craft, no act of jealousy, no purpose of selfish ambition. Thus perfected, without a model and without a peer, he was dropped into these troubled years to adorn and embellish all that is good and all that is great in our humanity, and to present to all coming time the representative of the divine idea of Free Government.

It is not too much to say that away down in the future, when the Republic has fallen from its niche in the wall of time; when the great war itself shall have faded out in the distance like a mist on the horizon; when the Anglo-Saxon language shall be handed only by the tongue of the stranger; then the generations looking this way shall see the great President as the supreme figure in this vortex of history.

NEXT MORNING.

Ten o'clock! Well, I'm sure I can't help it. I'm up—go away from the door! Now, children, I'll speak to your mother If you pound there like that any more. How tired I do feel!—Where's that cushion? I don't want to move from this chair; I wish Marie'd make her appearance! I really can't do my own hair. I wish I'd not danced quite so often-I knew I'd feel tired! but it's hard To refuse a magnificent dancer If you have a place left on your card. I was silly to wear that green satin. It's a shame that I've spotted it so— All down the front breadth—it's just ruined— No trimming will hide that, I know. That's me! Have a costume imported, And spoil it the very first night! I might make an overskirt of it, That shade looks so lovely with white. How horrid my eyes look! Good gracious! I hope that I didn't catch cold Sitting out on the stairs with Will Stacy; If Ma knew that, wouldn't she scold! She says he's so fast—well, who isn't? Dear! where is Marie?—how it rains!— I don't care; he's real nice and handsome, And his talk sounds as if he'd some brains. I do wonder what is the reason. That good men are all like Joe Price, So poky, and stiff, and conceited, And fast ones are always so nice. Just see how Joe acted last evening! He didn't come near me at all, Because I danced twice with Will Stacy That night at the charity ball. I didn't care two pins to do it; But Joe said I musn't,—and so— I just did—he isn't my master, Nor shan't be, I'd like him to know. I don't think he looked at me even, Though just to please him I wore green, 2BBBBB*

And I'd saved him three elegant dances. I wouldn't have acted so mean. The way he went on with Nell Hadley: Dear me! just as if I would care! I'd like to see those two get married, They'd make a congenial pair! I'm getting disgusted with parties; I think I shall stop going out; What's the use of this fussing for people I don't care the least bit about. I did think that Joe had some sense once But, my, he's just like all the men! And the way that I've gone on about him,— Just see if I do it again; Only wait till the next time I see him, I'll pay him back; won't I be cool! I've a good mind to drop him completely— I'll—yes I will—go back to school. The bell! who can that be, I wonder!— Let's sec—I declare! why, it's Joc! How long they are keeping him waiting! Good gracious! why don't the girl go! Yes—say I'll be down in a minute— Quick, Marie, and do up my hair!— Not that bow—the green one—Joe likes it— How slow you are!—I'll pin it—there!

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well, And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."

'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter.

"The well is deep; far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.

To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell; And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set, That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget; That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,

But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.

When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,

Oh! what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell!

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been

Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen, Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear, Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere; That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well: Thus will he think:—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell!

"He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way; He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say; He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,

From the cars where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed.

Hc'll think, when I was sporting so beside this marble well, My pearls fell in:—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same; He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame; But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken, And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token. My ear-rings! my ear-rings! Oh! luckless, luckless well! For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell!

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand
they fell,

And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the

well!"

BABY SLEEPS.

Let every sound be dead—

Baby sleeps;
The Emperor softly tread—

Baby sleeps.

Let Mozart's music stop,

Let Phidias' chisel drop—

Baby sleeps;

Demosthenes be dumb,

Our tyrant's hour has come—

Baby sleeps.

FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

Early on a sunny morning, while the lark was singing sweet, Came, beyond the ancient farm-house, sounds of lightly tripping feet.

'Twas a lowly cottage maiden going,--why, let young hearts

tell,—

With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the well.

Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the quiet lane, And the breezes of the morning moved them to and fro again.

O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed the maiden of the farm,

With a charméd heart within her, thinking of no ill nor harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nodding leaves in vain

Sought to press their bright'ning image on her ever-busy brain.

Leaves and joyous birds went by her, like a dim, half-waking dream;

And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest summer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of water bright, Singing, soft, its hallelujah to the gracious morning light.

Fern-leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it where its silvery droplets fell,

And the fairies dwelt beside it, in the spotted foxglove bell. Back she bent the shading fern-leaves, dipt the pitcher in the tide.—

Drew it, with the dripping waters flowing o'er its glazéd side. But before her arm could place it on her shiny, wavy hair, By her side a youth was standing!—Love rejoiced to see the pair!

Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the morning breeze, Gentle words of heart-devotion whispered 'neath the ancient trees.

But the holy, blessed secrets it becomes me not to tell:

Life had met another meaning, fetching water from the well!

Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the burden-pitcher bore;

She, with dewy eyes downlooking, grew more beauteous than before!

When they neared the silent homestead, up he raised the pitcher light;

Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of wavelets bright:

Emblems of the coming burdens that for love of him she'd bear,

Calling every burden blessed, if his love but lighted there. Then, still waving benedictions, further, further off he drew, While his shadow seemed a glory that across the pathway grew.

Now about her household duties silently the maiden went, And an ever-radiant halo o'er her daily life was blent. Little knew the aged matron, as her feet like music fell, What abundant treasure found she fetching water from the well!

THE JINERS.

She was about forty-five years old, well dressed, had black hair, rather thin and tinged with gray, and eyes in which gleamed the fires of a determination not easily balked. She walked into the Mayor's office and requested a private interview, and having obtained it, and satisfied herself that the law students were not listening at the keyhole, said slowly, solemnly and impressively:

"I want a divorce."

"What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands," said the Mayor.

"I s'pose that's what everybody thinks; but if they knew what I've suffered in ten years, they'd wonder I hadn't scalded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him, though, what he might depend on, and now the time's come; I won't stand it, young ones or no young ones. I'll have a divorce, and if the neighbors want to blab themselves hoarse about it, they can, for I won't stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?" pursued the Mayor.

"We get victuals enough, and I don't know but he's as true and kind as men in general, and he's never knocked any of us down. I wish he had; then I'd get him into jail and know where he was of nights," retorted the woman.

"Then what is your complaint against him?"

"Well, if you must know, he's one of them plaguey jiners."
"A what?"

"A jiner-one of them pesky fools that's always jining something. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden but he jines it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in; and if he had to pay for it he'd go all the We hadn't been married more'n two months suddener. before he jined the Know Nothin's. We lived on a farm then, and every Saturday night he'd come tearing in before supper, grab a fistful of nut eakes, and go off gnawing them, and that's the last I'd see of him till morning. And every other night he'd roll and tumble in his bed, and holler in his sleep, 'Put none but Americans on guard-George Washington; and rainy days he would go out in the corn-barn and jab at a picture of King George with an old bagnet that was there. I ought to put my foot down then, but he fooled me so with his lies that I let him go on and encouraged him in it.

"Then he jined the Masons. P'raps you know what them be, but I don't, 'cept they think they are the same kind of critters that built Solomon's temple; and of all the nonsense and gab about worshipful master and square and compasses and sich like that we had in the house for the next six months, you never see the beat. And he's never outgrowed it, nuther. What do you think of a man, squire, that'll dress himself in a white apron, 'bout big enough for a monkey's bib, and go marching up and down and making motions and talking foolish lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket and an apron covered over with eyes and columns and other queer pictures! Ain't he a loonytick? Well, that's my Sam, and I've stood it as long as I'm goin' to.

"The next lunge the old fool made was into the Odd Fellows. I made it warm for him when he came home and told me he'd jined them, but he kinder pacified me by telling me they are a sort of branch show that took in women, and he'd get me in as soon as he found out how to do it. Well, one night he come home and said I'd been pro-

posed, and somebody had black-balled me. Did it himself, of course. Didn't want me around knowing about his goings on. Of course he didn't and I told him so.

"Then he jined the Sons of Malter. Didn't say nothing to me about it, but sneaked off one night, pretendin' he'd got to sit up with a sick Odd Fellow, and I never found it out, only he come home lookin' like a man who had been through a threshing machine, and I wouldn't do a thing for him until he owned up. And so it's gone from bad to wus, jinin' this and that and t'other, till he's worship minister of the Masons, and goodness of hope of the Odd Fellows, and sword swallower of the Finnegans, and virgin cerus of the Grange, and grand Mogul of the Sons of Indolence, and twoedged tomahawk of the United Order of Red Men, and tale bearer of the Merciful Manikins, and skipper of the Guild-Caratrine Columbus, and big wizard of the Arabian Nights, and pledge passer of the Reform club, and chief bulger of the Irish Mechanics, and purse keeper of the Order of Can-Conscience, and double-barreled dictator of the Knights of the Brass Circles, and standard bearer of the Royal Archangels, and sublime porte of the Onion League. and chief butler of the Celestial Cherubs, and puissant potentate of the Petrified Pollywogs, and goodness only knows what else. I've borne it and borne it, hopin' he'd get 'em all jined after awhile, but 'tant no use, and when he'd got into a new one, and been made grand guide of the Nights of Horror, I told him I'd quit and I will."

Here the Mayor interrupted, saying:

"Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the court will hardly call that a good cause for divorce. The most of the societies you mention are composed of honorable men with excellent reputations. Many of them, though called lodges, are relief associations and mutual insurance companies, which, if your husband should die, would take care of you and would not see you suffer if you were sick."

"See me suffer when I'm sick! Take care of me when he's dead! Well, I guess not; I can take care of myself when he's dead, and if I can't I can get another! There's plenty of 'em! And they needn't bother themselves when I am

sick, either. If I want to be sick and suffer, it's none of their business, especially after all the suffering I've had when I ain't sick, because of their carryin's on. And you needn't try to make me believe it's all right, either. I know what it is to live with a man that jines so many lodges that he don't never lodge at home."

"Oh, that's harmless amusement," quietly remarked the

Mayor.

She looked him square in the eyes and said: "I believe

you are a jiner yourself."

He admitted that he was to a certain extent, and she arose and said: "I would not have thought it. A man like you, chairman of a Sabbath school,—it's enough to make a woman take pisen! But I don't want anything of you. I want a lawyer that don't belong to nobody or nothin'." And she belted out of the office to hunt up a man that wasn't a juncar.

MY LOVE.-W. F. Fox.

I have a love, a bright-eyed love,
The fairest of the fair;
With dimpled cheek and winning smile,
And flowing dark-brown hair.
Her heart is light, and warm, and true
As ever throbbed with life;
Her voice is low and soft, as ever
That of gentle wife.

She stands a queen in form and grace,
Her beauty none may vie,
While the witchery of her charms
Gleams in her dark, bright eye.
Her step is bounding, light and free,
Her greeting warm and true,
Her lips are like the crimson rose,
And her kiss like morning dew.

No flower of earth is half so fair
As my dear love to me,
No voice is half so sweet to hear
Nor full of melody;
I'd rather live an hour with her—
This dark-eyed love of mine,

Than reign a king upon a throne Where royal splendors shine.

But dearer far than all the charms. That live in form and grace,
Is the purity of her young heart
Which beams in her handsome face.
I love my queen, and she loves me,
No truer is the sun;
And through the circle of life's years
Our hearts will beat as one.

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.-JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Where, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones of the Horg, In its little Christian city stands the church of Vordingborg, In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his power, As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his tower.

Out spake the king to Henrik, his young and faithful squire: "Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy desire?" "Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me: As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee."

Loud laughed the king: "To-morrow shall bring another day,*

When I myself will test her; she will not say me nay;"
Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about him stood,
Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as courtiers
should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the ancient town

From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose looks down:

The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind of morn, The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and spins, And, singing with the early birds, her daily task begins. Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her gardenbower,

But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than the flower.

^{*} A common saying of Varietiar; hence his sobriquet ALTERDAY.

About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and, white As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small, round wrists in sight;

Below the modest petticoat can only half conceal The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sunshine warm; But, look! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades it with her arm.

And, hark! a train of horsemen, with sound of dog and horn, Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling down the corn!

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume streamed gay,

As fast beside her father's gate the riders held their way; And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden spur on heel, And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden checked her wheel.

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me!
For weary months in secret my heart has longed for thee!"
What noble knight was this? What words for modest maiden's ear?

She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would seek the door,

Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes crimsoned o'er.

"Nay, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer heart and hand, Bear witness these good Danish knights who round about me stand.

"I grant you time to think of this, to answer as you may, For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day." He spake the old phrase slyly as, glancing round his train, He saw his merry followers seek to hide their smiles in vain.

"The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of golden hair,
I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;
All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a chariot
gay
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of gray.

"And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and brazen lamps shall glow;

On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances to and fro,

At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine, While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink the bloodred wine."

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face to face; A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip found place. Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold she threw, And lifted up her eyes to his steady and clear and blue.

"I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight; I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn to slight. If you would wed me henceforth be a peasant, not a lord; I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty sword."

"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel away, And in its place will swing the scythe and mow your father's hay."

"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can never bear; A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you must wear."

"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you," the rider gayly spoke, "And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet cloak."
"But mark," she said, "no stately horse my peasant love

must ride,

A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he must guide."

The knight looked down upon his steed: "Well, let him wander free:

No other man must ride the horse that has been backed by me.

Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to my oxen talk, If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."

"You must take from out your cellar cask of wine and flask and can;

The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant-man."
"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that mead of thine,
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain my generous
wine."

"Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign and boss, Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly knee across, And pull me down your castle from top to basement wall, And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of your hall!" Then smiled he with a lofty pride; right well at last he knew The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troih-plight true.

"Ah, roguish little Elsie! you act your part full well: You know that I must bear my shield and in my castin dwell!

"The lions ramping on that shield between the heartsæflame Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and guard her ancient name.

For know that I am Volmer; I dwell in yonder towers, Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this goodly home of ours!

"I tempt no more, fair Elsie! your heart I know is true; Would God that all our maidens were good and pure as you! Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall wel! repay;

God's peace! Farewell! To-morrow will bring another day!"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good steed then, And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his gallant men. The steel hoofs beat the rocky path; again on winds of morn The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful!" the listening Henrik cried; And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood by Elsie's side. None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from afar, The Golden Goose that watched them from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark! of all the flowers that throng Her vales of spring the faircst, I sing for you my song; No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's skill; Thank God! of maids like Elsie the land has plenty stil!!

GOLDEN GRAINS.—James A. Garfield. SELECTED FROM VARIOUS ORATIONS.

Not a man of iron, but of live oak.

The life and light of a nation are inseparable.

Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing.

Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.

Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

Heroes did not make our liberties, they but reflected and illustrated them.

We confront the dangers of suffrage by the blessings of universal education.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

True art is but the anti-type of nature,—the embodiment of discovered beauty in utility.

It is no honor or profit merely to appear in the arena. The wreath is for those who contend.

Great ideas travel slowly and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.

There is a fellowship among the virtues by which one great, generous passion stimulates another.

We no longer attribute the untimely death of infants to the sin of Adam, but to bad nursing and ignorance.

Eternity alone will reveal to the human race its debt of gratitude to the peerless and immortal name of Washington.

That man will be a benefactor of his race who shall teach us how to manage rightly the first years of a child's education.

Many books we can read in a railroad car and feel a harmony between the rushing of the train and the haste of the author.

Our national safety demands that the fountains of political power shall be made pure by intelligence and kept pure by vigilance.

Occasion may be the bugle-call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle can never make soldiers or win victories.

The privilege of being a young man is a great privilege, and the privilege of growing up to be an independent man in middle life is a greater.

There is deep down in the hearts of the American people a strong and abiding love of our country which no surface storms of passion can ever shake.

In order to have any success in life, any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge,—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency.

If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man,—it is a man who dares look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil. I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. 1 never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat.

As a giant tree absorbs all the elements of growth within its reach and leaves only a sickly vegetation in its shadow, so do towering great men absorb all the strength and glory of their surroundings and leave a dearth of greatness for a whole generation.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving.

There are times in the history of men and nations, when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals and immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beatings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite.

Power exhibits itself under two distinct forms—strength and force—each possessing peculiar qualities and each perfect in its own sphere. Strength is typified by the oak, the rock, the mountain. Force embodies itself in the cataract the tempest, the thunderbolt.

We hold reunions, not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory—we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but forever and forevermore we need them.

Imagine if you can what would happen if to-morrow morning the railway locomotive and its corollary, the telegraph, were blotted from the earth. To what humble proportions mankind would be compelled to scale down the great enterprises they are now pushing forward with such ease.

He who would understand the real spirit of literature should not select authors of any one period alone, but rather go to the fountain-head, and trace the little rill as it courses along down the ages, broadening and deepening into the great ocean of thought which the men of the present are exploring.

Individuals may wear for a time the glory of our institutions, but they carry it not to the grave with them. Like raindrops from heaven, they may pass through the circle of the shining bow and add to its lustre, but when they have sunk in the earth again the proud arch still spans the sky and shines gloriously on.

I look forward with joy and hope to the day when our brave people, one in heart, one in their aspirations for freedom and peace, shall see that the darkness through which we have traveled was but a part of that stern but beneficent discipline by which the Great Dispenser of Events has been leading us on to a higher and nobler national life.

From the genius of our Government, the pathway to honorable distinction lies open to all. No post of honor so high but the poorest boy may hope to reach it. It is the pride of every American that many cherished names, at whose mention our hearts beat with a quicker bound, were worn by the sons of poverty, who conquered obscurity and became fixed stars in our firmament.

There is no horizontal stratification of society in this country like the rocks in the earth, that hold one class down below forevermore, and let another come to the surface to stay there forever. Our stratification is like the ocean, where every individual drop is free to move, and where from the sternest depths of the mighty deep any drop may come up to glitter on the highest wave that rolls.

The scientific spirit has cast out the demons and presented us with nature, clothed in her right mind and living under the reign of law. It has given us for the sorceries of the alchemist, the beautiful laws of chemistry; for the dreams of the astrologer, the sublime truths of astronomy; for the wild visions of cosmogony, the monumental records of geology; for the anarchy of diabolism, the laws of God.

THE APOTHECARY MAN.

"Now John," says apothecary Jones, "I'm going home to tea,

And soon there'll be a bearded man come in and ask for me. Then say, 'Are you the gentleman that ordered pills to-day?' And, if he says, I am the man, tell him what he's to pay."

Then Jones went home and John athlist some seds water.

Then Jones went home and John athirst some soda water drew,

Tried ginger syrup, then drank hock and sars'parilla too, Steered clear of pills, no powders took, abjured the tinc-

tures all,

But filled his mouth with that black stuff known as the lic'rice ball.

Then came the bearded gentleman for pills to make him well,

And asked for Jones and asked for pills, asked John the price to tell.

"Four-fifty's marked upon the box, which master said you'd pay."

"Four-fifty!" quoth the gentleman, "four-fifty did you say! Well now my lad, these pills must be compounded all of gold;

I'd like to know what's in 'em, if I may be so bold?"

"Don't know," says John, "tart. antim's up and ipecac. will rise,

You can't keep those things down you know and up must go the price."

"Good gracious! boy, no antim's in that recipe—just smell; But here are fifteen cents, my lad, you know 'twill pay you well."

John scratched his head, the man was gone, the profit sure is lost.

"Too big a discount," muttered John, "don't b'lieve we've got the cost."

John feeling somewhat down in mouth, more soda water drew,

And from the glycyrrhiza drawer he took another chew.

To brace his nerves, and stiffen up against the coming muss, Took spiritus vini rect. cum oleum juniperus.

Now Jones came in, with mind intent on what he was to make,

John saw him come and felt that now 'twas time for him to quake.

"The man," said he, "found fault with the price and wished some discount made,

So I took off four thirty-five, was that too much?" he said.
"Too much! why John, but let me see—the jalap cost a cent,
And half a cent for calomel, and something more for rent—
The box and label—well, not much, I guess I'm a leetle
ahead—

Five cents will cover all the cost, so we've made ten," he said.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.*—JOHN F. WALLER.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning; Close by the window young Eileen is spinning; Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting, Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting,— "Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping." "Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping." "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."

"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring, Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring; Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing, Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun'?"
There's a form at the casement,—the form of her true-love,—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring, Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring: Sprightly, and lightly, and airly ringing, Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers, Steals up from her seat,—longs to go, and yet lingers; A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother, Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

^{*}In rendering this poem, a fine effect may be produced by imitating the whire lng of the spinning-wheel.

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Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round; Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound; Noiseless and light to the lattice above her The maid steps,—then leaps to the arms of her lover. Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings; Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings; Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving— Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

HE CAME TOO LATE! A PARODY.

He came too late! the toast had dried
Before the fire too long;
The cakes were scorched upon the side,
And everything was wrong!
She scorned to wait all night for one
Who lingered on his way,
And so she took her tea alone,
And cleared the things away!

He came too late! at once he felt
The supper hour was o'er;
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
She closed the pantry-door:
The table-cloth had passed away,—
No dishes could he see:
She met him, and her words were gay,—
She never spoke of tea!

He came too late! the subtle ehords
Of patience were unbound;
Not by offense of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.
She knew he would say nothing now
That could the past repay;
She bade him go and milk the cow,
And coldly turned away!

He came too late! the fragrant steam
Of tea had long since flown;
The flies had fallen in the cream,
The bread was cold as stone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried
His hungry state to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And never deigned to move!

LITTLE BAREFOOT.

The Christmas is coming, the fairies are humming
And singing and whispering soft in my ear;
The bright Christmas morning, so sweetly adorning
The frost-woven crown of the poor dying year.
The bells will be chiming their glad, merry rhyming,
Gay feet will be dancing, the halls will be bright,
The rich roll in splendor, so dainty and tender,
But poor Little Barefoot, where art thou to-night?

Oh! little ones flocking to hang up their stocking,
Puffed out with the pressure of dear, dimpled feet,
Will rouse from their dreaming to find them all teeming
With treasures so costly, so rare, and so neat;
Bright eyes will be brighter, light hearts will be lighter,
But oh! 'mid the tumult of each new delight,
Remember—forget not—that poor Little Barefoot
Hath never a stocking to hang up to-night.

Rich gifts will be lavished, bright eyes will be ravished,
And fashion, false goddess, so fickle and vain,
Will bear with her sweet smiles and hide with her gay wiles
The head of the "Hydra" that lurks in her train;
Sweet lips will be pressing, white arms soft caressing,
Rich banquets will glitter with silver and gold,
Warm garments will cover, but oh! who will cover
The poor little barefooted ones from the cold?

The pale, drooping mother, with love like no other, Is striving to warm, with her own feeble breath, The little ones hovering, with no other covering Than rags, oh! so scant, freezing, starving to death; O God, will Thy peoples build churches and steeples, And deck them like Solomon's Temple of old, And know not nor care not that poor Little Barefoot Is freezing and starving with hunger and cold?

Will Christians remember this eve of December,
When Jesus, the dear little Bethlehem Babe,
Was pillowed by stranger, in humblest manger—
No fashion was there, neither pride nor parade;
No robes richly molded around Him were folded,
Yet angels from heaven's own mansions so bright
Were there in that manger, by that little stranger,
Who was poor as the barefoot that wanders to-night.

THE AUTOMATIC CRADLE.

Major Schottguhn had been prowling around the stores and had prospected all the places on his way to the office for more than a week, looking for a cradle. He saw none of the old-fashioned ones which rock on rockers; they were all of the new-fangled kind, with the bodies suspended on pivots and swinging between two uprights at the ends. The only thing the Major was in doubt about was whether he should buy a plain swinger or a swinger with a clockwork attachment, and finally he decided to buy one with clockwork.

The cradle came home on Friday night. It was a very pretty cradle, but the clockwork was not an ornamental appendage. The machinery was encased in a circular box of the circumference of a cheese-box and half the thickness of an ordinary cheese. Along with the cradle came a clockkey, which was about the size and shape of the bed wrenches they used in the days when bedsteads were corded and put together with immense screws. The Major wound up the clockwork. Mrs. Schottguhn laid in the baby, and off went the cradle, click-click, click-click, click-click, click-click-

"There," said the Major, "there's a cradle, Cynthia, that will rock the baby without taking up your time. All you've got to do is to put in the baby and start the machinery, and then you can keep right along with your sewing or reading."

"Ves, Philip," said Mrs. Schottguhn, "yes that's a very pretty cradle;" and yet somehow she didn't seem to like it.

Early yesterday morning the Major was aroused by a tremendous clatter that sounded like the going off of a monster It was rattlety-slam-bang-jangerang-debangalarm clock.

bang-whang-

The Major was out of bed in an instant to find the watchful Mrs. Schottguhn already up and staring horrified at the cradle, which was performing the most extraordinary antics. The clockwork had got loose somehow in the night and was going off at a most alarming gait, swinging the cradle over and over, about one complete revolution a second, round and round and round on the pivots with such astounding velocity that it held the baby safely glued to the bottom of the cradle by centrifugal force, reminding the Major, for one brief instant, of the great discovery he made when a small boy, that he could keep water in a pail with the pail bottom up by swinging it rapidly over and over at the end of a string, but even this brief reminiscence was blurred in his mind by the startling spectacle before him and the whir-rr of the revolving cradle and the clockwork's slam-bang burr-r-rang-flamde-whang-jang-jang-flopperty-whoopty-bang—

"Oh! Philip! Stop it! stop it!"

The Major jumped in gallantly, but at exactly the wrong moment, and the cradle struck him square on the forehead and laid him sprawling on the floor. He was on his feet again in an instant, but just before he reached the cradle one of the pivots gave way, the end of the cradle broke from the upright and the baby shot through the air, followed closely by the alert Major, who caught it safely in his arms as it ricocheted from the mantelpiece and answered its morning crow with an exultant shout:

"Aha-a! caught on the flew!"

"John, where's the axe?"

It was the Major's voice, low, but solemn. He had crept noiselessly down stairs and was exploring the cellar.

"Here it is," said John, "but I don't believe there's much

edge on it."

"Never mind about the edge, John," said the Major, "what it lacks on the edge I'll make up on the handle," and he crept up stairs as noiselessly as he had gone down.

Wh-ish! Wh-ish!

Two blows of the axe were enough to send the clockwork flying.

"There, Cynthia, I don't believe we want any more cradles

with clockwork."

"No, Philip, we do not;" and then the Major discovered why she hadn't exactly liked it—she didn't want to confide to any dumb clockwork the loving task of rocking her own baby; and she tucked the blanket snugly around it, laid her hand softly on the rail and gently swayed the cradle, singing as she rocked the sweet song that will be fresh and tuneful long after all the cogged wheels of Yankeeland are worn out and toothless:

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed!

AUX ITALIENS.—ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
Non ti scordar di me?

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat Together, my bride betrothed and I; My gaze was fixed on my opera hat, And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;—
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then Of her former lord, good soul that he was, Who died the richest and roundest of men, The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven, Through a needle's eye he had not to pass; I wish him well for the jointure given To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(Oh the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower)
And the one bird singing alone in his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over:
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked: she was sitting there, In a dim box over the stage; and drest In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair, And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:—
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast, And over her primrose face the shade, (In short, from the future back to the past,) There was but a step to be made. To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain, Or something which never will be exprest, Had brought her back from the grave again, With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!

But she loves me now, and she loved me then;
And the very first word that her sweet lips said.

My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her well, we'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But on the smell of that jasmine flower!

And on that music! and on the way

That voice rang out from the donjon tower,

Non ti scordar di me,

Non ti scordar di me!

SLY THOUGHTS .- COVENTRY PATMORE.

"I saw him kiss your cheek!"—
"Tis true."

"O modesty!"—"'Twas strictly kept:
He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept."

THE STRUGGLE ON THE PASS.

A deadly feud existed, almost from time immemorial, between the families of Macpherson of Bendearg, and Grant of Cairn, and was handed down unimpaired even to the close of the last century. In earlier times the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having moistened it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies.

But, in our own day, the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries, the heart of the North Highlands, although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds; and the feud of Macpherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away, or, at least, to exist only in some vexatious lawsuit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property.

It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame, which had burned for so many centuries, seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts, aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence.

The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length, by the persuasions of their friends—not friends by blood—and the representations of the magistrate, they shook hands, and each pledged his honor to forget—at least never again to remember in speech or action—the ancient feud of his family.

This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country-side in that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies, of which every Highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood; and on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance, some of the young men, who

had begun already to be tainted with the heresies of the Lowlands, were seen to shake their heads, as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors; but the gravheaded seers shook theirs still more wisely, and answered with the motto of a noble house,—"I bide my time."

There is a narrow pass between the mountains, in the neighborhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveler who ventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm, but, on nearer approach, is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger, who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet.

The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of two persons passing alongside; and, indeed, none but natives, accustomed to the scene from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens that two travelers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down, while the other crawls over his body.

One day, shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a Highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass, sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below, and sometimes detaching a fragment from the top to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its rebound echoing the while like a human voice and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom.

When he had gained the highest part of the arch, he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite side, and, being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to halt and lie down: the person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg! the two hereditary

enemies, who would have gloried and rejoiced in mortal strife with each other on a hill-side. They turned deadly pale at this fatal rencontre. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first, 'Lie down that I may pass over in peace.'"

"When the Grant prostrates himself before Macpherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword driven through his body." "Turn back then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like," replied Grant; "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the Macpherson."

This was their short conference, and the result exactly as each had anticipated;—they then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced, with slow and cautious pace, closer to each other; they were both unarmed; and stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fierce and watchful cyes on each other, stood there prepared for the onset.

They both grappled at the same moment; but being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position,—standing fixed on a rock with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the "top of their heart," like statues carved out of solid stone. At length Macpherson, suddenly removing his right foot, so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body and bent his enemy down with him by main strength till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss.

The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy,—but at this moment Macpherson sank slowly and firmly on his knee, and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. Macpherson himself fell backward, his body hanging partly over the rock; a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sank farther, till catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing.

There was a pause of death-like stillness, and the bold heart of Macpherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death-grip by the rugged point of a rock,—his enemy was almost within his reach!—his face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair, but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold, and the next his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe! The mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. Macpherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a continuision in the army, and fell in the wars of the Peninsula.

RORY O'MORE.—Samuel Lover.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn;
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike; The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"—
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go:
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear, For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.
Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die, And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough; Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff; And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste, So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck, So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light, And he kissed her sweet lips—Don't you think he was right? "Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more,— That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure, For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,— The ship was still as she might be; Her sails from heaven received no motion; Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock, The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock; So little they rose, so little they fell, They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape rock;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell, The mariners heard the warning bell; And then they knew the perilous rock, And blessed the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay,—All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen, A darker speck on the ocean green; Sir Ralph, the rover, walked his deck, And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,— It made him whistle, it made him sing; His heart was mirthful to excess; But the rover's mirth was wickedness. His eye was on the bell and float; Quoth he, "My men, pull out the boat; And row me to the Inchcape rock, And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row, And to the Inchcape rock they go; Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound; The bubbles rose, and burst around. Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock Won't bless the priest of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph, the rover, sailed away,—
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky They could not see the sun on high; The wind had blown a gale all day; At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand; So dark it is they see no land. Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon, For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar? For yonder, methinks, should be the shore. Now where we are I cannot tell, But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong; Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along: Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—Alas! it is the Incheape rock!

Sir Ralph, the rover, tore his hair; He beat himself in wild despair. The waves rush in on every side; The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,—A sound as if with the Inchcape bell he evil spirit was ringing his knell.

JENNY MALONE.

It is but a short time since poor Jenny Malone Had a heart and a future as glad as my own. We were classmates and roommates together, for years, And now—I can't speak of her, hardly, for tears.

She was winsome and bright, such a loving young thing. With a voice that you thought was made only to sing, And a look in her eyes that—well, now it's so sad That I wonder it ever was merry and glad.

When she married Rob Reech she was only nineteen, Far too young to be certain what marriage might mean; As for him—there was never so handsome a beau Who made love in so winning a fashion, I know.

True, he drank. Jenny knew it. "That's nothing," she said With a light little toss of her foolish young head; "It's the way of young men. He'll be steadier grown When we're wed, or my name is not Jenny Malone."

They were wed—a gay wedding. I stood by the bride When she pledged him her all, let whatever betide; When he vowed to support her, to cherish, defend Against evil and danger, till death and the end.

I was with her last night, and I sobbed at the sight Of her pitiful face, now so pallid and white, Of her eyes that have lost all the light of their smile And seem brimming with trouble and tears all the while

It is just the old story. Poor Rob has gone down Till his ruin and shame are the talk of the town; But she clings to him yet, as a brave woman clings To the love of her life, though it wasteth and stings.

I could see her look down in her little one's face, With a sigh—it might be for the father's disgrace; I could feel her heart throb as I kissed her good-bye—And I knew there are harder things yet than to die.

She's a brave little body, but still she must shrink From the end that is certain, when stopping to think. Just a wreck of two lives, and it may be of more, And a loss of all treasure they carelessly bore! May God pity the girl who thus finds that her fate Is to suffer in patience, and patiently wait!—
To whom womanhood brings only sorrows and cares, Only longing, and hunger, and pleadings, and prayers!

"But we choose for ourselves," do you say? Yes, I know; We must reap in our harvest as now we may sow; If we run any risks, then the blame is our own Do we bitterness gather with Jenny Malone.

It is better to journey alone through the years Than to wed only bitterest grieving and tears; So I say to young men who are fond of their wine That the lips that taste liquor can never touch mine.

ECHO.-John G. SAXE.

I asked of Echo, t'other day,
(Whose words are few and often funny,)
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony?
Quoth Echo, plainly,—"Matter-o'-money!"

Whom should I marry?—should it be A dashing damsel gay and pert, A pattern of inconstancy; Or selfish, mercenary flirt? Quoth Echo, sharply, —"Nary flirt!"

What if, aweary of the strife
That long has lured the dear deceiver,
She promise to amend her life,
And sin no more; can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, very promptly,—"Leave her"

But if some maiden with a heart
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray, should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure, or forego it?
Quoth Echo, with decision,—"Go it!"

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vow she means to die a maid,
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly,—"Let her

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear delicious chain
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly,—"Get out!"

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest
Till envious death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (sotto voce),—" Take her!"

AWFULLY LOVELY PHILOSOPHY.

A few days ago a Boston girl, who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived in Brooklyn, on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum-drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire the nature of the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in philosophy! How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's perfectly lovely! It's about science, you know, and we all just dote on science."

"It must be nice. What is it about?"

"It's about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy it's molecules."

"Tell me about them, my dear. What are molecules?"

"Oh, molecules! They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know, there ain't anything but what's got molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson too. They explain everything so beautifully."

"How I'd like to go there!" said the Brooklyn girl, envi-

ously.

"You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm, too, and if there is one thing perfectly heavenly it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best protoplasm or molecules."

"Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."

"'Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science."

"Oh, I almost forgot about differentiation. I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it. I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him, just on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

" What is it, anyway?"

"This is mull, trimmed with Languedoc lace-"

"I don't mean that,—that other."

"Oh, differentiation! Ain't it sweet? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians too. They are the divinest things! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian of my own I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."

"What do they look like, dcar? Did you ever see one?"

asked the Brooklyn girl, deeply interested.

"Oh, no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson; but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."

"Do you learn anything clse besides?"

"Oh, yes. We learn about common philosophy and logic, and those common things like metaphysics; but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiations and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasms, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't

see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody beside Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly, awfully mean." And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend.

PATIENCE WITH LOVE.—GEORGE KLINGLE.

They are such tiny feet:
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands:
Be kind. Things are so new, and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so
The hands are tempted hard, you know.

They are such new, young lives: Surely their newness shrives Them well of many sins. They see so much That, being mortal, they would touch, That if they reach We must not chide, but teach.

They are such fond, clear eyes
That open wide to surprise
At every turn; they are so often held
To suns or showers,—showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face.
Love asks, for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts;
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky—
They may not be he'e by and by;
Give them not love, but more—above
And harder—patience with the love.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND GIL BLAS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I don't think I feel much older; I'm aware I'm rather gray, But so are many young folks; I meet 'em every day.

I confess I'm more particular in what I eat and drink,
But one's taste improves with culture; that is all it means, I think.

"Can you read as once you used to?" Well, the printing is so bad,

No young folks' eyes can read it like the books that once we had.

"Are you quite as quick at hearing?" Please to say that once again.

"Don't I use plain words, your Reverence?" Yes, I often use a cane,

But it's not because I need it,—no, I always liked a stick; And as one might lean upon it, 'tis as well it should be thick; Oh, I'm smart, I'm spry, I'm lively,—I can walk, yes, that I can,

On the days I feel like walking, just as well as you, young man!

"Don't you get a little sleepy after dinner every day?"
Well, I doze, a little, sometimes, but that always was my way.
"Don't you cry a little easier than some twenty years ago?"
Well, my heart is very tender, but I think 'twas always so.

"Don't you find it sometimes happens that you can't recall a name?"

Yes,—I know such lots of people,—but my memory's not to blame.

What! you think my memory's failing! Why it's just as bright and clear—

I remember my great-grandmal She's been dead these sixty year!

"Is your voice a little trembly?" Well, it may be, now and then,

But I write as well as ever with a good old-fashioned pen; It's the Gillotts make the trouble,—not at all my fingerends,—

That is why my hand looks shaky when I sign for dividends.

"Don't you stoop a little, walking?" It's a way I always had—

I have always been round-shouldered ever since I was a lad.

- "Don't you hate to tie your shoe-strings?" Yes, I own it—that is true.
- "Don't you tell old stories over?" I am not aware I do.
- "Don't you stay at home of evenings? Don't you love a eushioned seat
- In a corner by the fireside, with your slippers on your feet?
- Don't you wear warm fleecy flannels? Don't you muffle up your throat?
- Don't you like to have one help you when you're putting on your coat?
- "Don't you like old books you've dog's-eared, you can't remember when?
- Don't you eall it late at nine o'elock and go to bed at ten? How many cronies ean you count of all you used to know That called you by your Christian name some fifty years ago?
- "How look the prizes to you that used to fire your brain? You've reared your mound—how high is it above the level plain?

You ve drained the brimming golden cup that made your fancy reel,

You've slept the giddy potion off,—now tell us how you feel?

"You've watched the harvest ripening till every stem was eropped,

You've seen the rose of beauty fade till every petal dropped, You've told your thought, you've done your task, you've tracked your dial round,"

-I backing down! Thank Heaven, not yet! I'm hale and brisk and sound,

And good for many a tussle, as you shall live to see;
My shoes are not quite ready yet—don't think you're rid
of me!

Old Parr was in his lusty prime when he was older far, And where will you be if I live to beat old Thomas Parr?

"Ah well,—I know,—at every age life has a certain charm—You're going? Come, permit me, please, I beg you'll take my arm."

I take your arm! Why take your arm? I'd thank you to be told;

I'm old enough to walk alone, but not so very old!

DAMASCUS.—SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham,—a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in a desert. "a predestined capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light from heaven. above the brightness of the sun. The street which is called Straight, in which it was said he prayed, still runs through the city. The carayan comes and goes as it did three thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass, and the waterwheel: the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy these with the multitudes of their waters."

The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height and was afraid to enter because it was given to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world, is to this day what Julian called "the eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, or damascene, or blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called the damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground: the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and the beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of Mosaic, engraving and sculpture united-called damaskeening-with which boxes, swords, guns, and bureaus are ornamented.

It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the "rivers of Damascus," the "streams from Lebanon," the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian Gardone."

The early history of Damascus is shrouded in the hoary mists of antiquity. Leave the matters written of it in the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament out, and no recorded event had occurred in the whole to show that Damascus was in existence to receive it. Go back as far as you will into the vague past, there was always a Damascus. In the writings of every country for more than four thousand years, its name has been mentioned and its praises sung. To Damascus years are only moments: decades, only flitting trifles of time. She measures time not by days and months, but by the empires she has seen rise and prosper, then crumble to ruin. She is a type of immortality. She saw the foundation of Baalbec and Thebes and Ephesus laid; she saw them grow into mighty cities, and amaze the world with their grandeur, and she has lived to see them desolate, deserted, and given to the owls and the bats. She saw the Israelitish empire exalted and she saw it annihilated. She saw Greece rise and flourish for two thousand years, and die. In her old age she saw Rome built; she saw it overshadow the world with its power; she saw it perish. The few hundred years of Genoese and Venetian might and splendor were, to grave old Damascus. only a scintillation hardly worth remembering. Damascus has seen all that has occurred on earth and still lives. has looked upon the dry bones of a thousand empires, and she will live to see the tomb of a thousand more before she dies. Though another claims the name, old Damascus is, by right, the Eternal City.

THE CHINESE EXCELSIOR.

That nightee teem he come chop-chop One young man walkee, no can stop: Maskee snow, maskee ice; He cally flag with chop so nice—. Top-side Galah!

He muchee solly: one piecee eve Lookee sharp—so fashion—my; He talkee large, he talkee stlong, Too muchee culio; allee same gong.— Top-side Galah! 159

Insidee house he can see light, And evly loom got fire all light, He lookee plenty ice more high, Insidee mout'h he plenty ely— Top-side Galah!

Ole man talkee, "No can walk, Bimeby lain come, velly dark; Have got water, velly wide!" Maskee, my must go top-side,— Top-side Galah!

"Man-man" one girlee talkee he:
"What for you go top-side look—see?"
And one teem more he plenty cly,
But allee teem walk plenty high—
Top-side Galah!

"Take care t'hat spilum tlee, young man, Take care t'hat ice, must go man-man." One coolie chin-chin he good-night; He talkee, "My can go all light"— Top-side Galah!

T'hat young man die: one large dog see
Too muchee bobbly findee he,
He hand b'long coldee, all same like ice,
He holdee flag, wit'h chop so nice—
Top-side Galah!

CRADLE SONG.

Low in the troubled west,
Storm clouds are trailing,
And from the woodland nest,
Night birds are wailing.

Ah, baby: soft and warm,
On my breast lying,
What do I care for storm,
Or daylight dying,—

What for the night so drear,
Waking or sleeping,
While thou art folded here
Safe in my keeping.

AT THE LAST.-MRS. J. M. WINTON.

"Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor, until the evening.—PSALM wiv: 23.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide, And flowers are sweetest at the even-tide, And birds most musical at close of day, And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm, And weary man must ever love her best, For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer; Footsteps of angels follow in her trace, To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose; There is a calm, a beauty, and a power. That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toil, Plow life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil, Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way, And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide, Like summer evening, down the golden tide; And leave behind us, as we pass away, Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

THE TWO BEGGARS.

A beggar stood at the rich man's door—
"I'm homeless and friendless, and faint, and poor,"
Said the beggar boy, as the tear-drop rolled
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.
"Oh! give me a crust from your board to-day,
To help the beggar boy on his way!"
"Not a crust, not a crust," the rich man said;
"Be off, and work for your daily bread."

The rich man went to the parish church, His face grew grave as he trod the porch, 2DDDDD And the thronging poor, and untaught mass. Drew back to let the rich man pass. The service began, the choral hymn Arose and swelled through the long aisles dim; Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said Were "Give us this day our daily bread!"

TWO ABSENT-MINDED MEN.

Several passengers were sitting in the waiting-room of the railroad station one evening. Two of them were men who did not appear to be acquainted with any one, and who were sitting apart, each busily engaged with his own thoughts. Both of them happening to look up at the same time, they caught each other's glances. A look of mutual recognition immediately followed, and they rose and shook hands.

"How are you?" anxiously inquired No. 1.

"Pretty good. How are you?" said No. 2, in a tone of solicitude.

"Pretty good. Waiting for the train?"

"Yes, Are you?"

"Yes."

Then they both sat down, and in a moment were again absorbed in their respective thoughts. In a moment they caught each other's glance again. A look of recognition followed. Both rose and grasped hands.

"How are you?" inquired No. 1, with considerable anxiety.

"Pretty good. How are you?" asked No. 2, auxiously.

"Pretty good. Waiting for the train?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"Yes."

This matter having been settled to the satisfaction of both, they sank back in their seats, and again fastened their gaze abstractedly on the floor between them. With that appreciation of every trivial circumstance peculiar to people waiting for a train, the companions of the two took especial notice of the first recognition. On the second performance, they stared with all-absorbing avidity at the performers, and exchanged glances among themselves, while two or three of them significantly tapped their forcheads and looked meaningly at the two acquaintances. This caused considerable uneasiness among the others, and one very nervous woman

got up and went out on the platform. The objects of this sentiment, oblivious to it, sat gazing intently at the floor. Finally one of them raised his eyes, and they rested on the other. He looked quite hard at him. Then the other raised his eyes, and the glances of both met. A look of recognition stole into the faces of the two men. Impulsively they rose to their feet, and grasped each other by the hand.

"How are you?" asked No. 1, with deep interest.

"Pretty good. How are you?" inquired No. 2, with intense anxiety.

"Pretty good. Waiting for the train?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"Yes."

This last exhibition had such a marvelous effect on the other people that No. 1 was prompted to issue an extra to the regular edition in the shape of:

"Has the train come?"

As soon as they rose to shake hands for the third time, a woman with two children hastily transferred them to the outside platform. She was immediately followed by a heavy woman with a band-box, who had a sharp struggle at the door, as to precedence, with a short, slim, pale man carrying a valise; but owing to her preponderance of weight, got the victory. They were promptly followed by a weak-looking couple who had been industriously nursing each other's hands. The last in number was a large man with a pair of pompous side whiskers. He was at first disposed to maintain his ground, but weakened at the last moment and skipped out as lightly as the others, and made a compromise with his dignity by stationing himself at the window, where he could peer in upon the lunatics. Left alone, the two acquaintances sank back in their seats and fell to staring at the floor before them as abstractedly as before. Thus they remained until the train approached, when, both lifting their eyes, they impulsively rose to their feet, a movement which prompted the large man at the window to excitedly exclaim:

"They are at it again, by Jove!"

It subsequently transpired that the two men were prominent residents down the road, and both of them noted for their absent-mindedness, which probably explains the singularity of their conduct.

PHAIDRIG CROHOORE.

Oh! Phaidrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy, and he stood six feet eight;

And his arm was as round as another man's thigh—'tis Phaidrig was great:

And his hair was as black as the shadows of night, And hung over the scars left by many a fight;

And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong, and loud, And his eye like the lightnin' from under the cloud. And all the girls liked him, for he could speak eivil And sweet when he chose it,—for he was a divil.

An' there wasn't a girl, from thirty-five under, Niver a matter how eross, but he could come round her. But of all the sweet girls that smiled on him, but one Was the girl of his heart, an' he loved her alone.

An' warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure Was the love of the heart of Phaidrig Crohoore; An' he'd die for one smile from his Kathleen O'Brien, For his love, like his hatred, was strong as a lion.

But Michael O'Hanlon loved Kathleen as well As he hated Crohoore,—deep as old ocean's swell! But O'Brien liked Hanlon, for they were the same parties, The O'Briens, O'Hanlons, an' Murphys, and Carthys—

An' they all went together an' hated Crohoore, For it's many's the batin' he gave them before: An' O'Hanlon made up to O'Brien, an' says he; "I'll marry your daughter if you'll give her to me."

An' the match was made up, an' Shrovetide came on, The company assimbled, three hundred if one—
There was all the O'Hanlons and Murphys and Carthys An' the young boys an' girls av all o' them parties.

An' the O'Briens, av coorse, gathered sthrong on that day, An' the pipers an' fiddlers were tearin' away; There was roarin', an' jumpin', an' jiggin', an' flingin', An' jokin', an' blessin', an' kissin', an' singin'.

An' they all were a-laughin'—why not, to be sure? How O'Hanlon came inside of Phaidrig Crohoore! An' they all talked and laughed the length of the table, Aitin' an' drinkin' the while they were able; An' with pipin', an' fiddlin', an' roarin' like thunder, Your head you'd think fairly was splittin' asunder. And the priest called out—"Silence, ye blackguards agin!" An' he took up his prayer-book, just goin' to begin.

And they all held their tongues from their funnin' and bawlin';

So silent you'd notice the smallest pin fallin'!
And the priest just beginnin' to read—when the door
Sprung back to the wall, and in walked Crohoore.

Oh! Phaidrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy, an' he stood six feet eight,

An' his arm was as round as another man's thigh—'tis Phaidrig was great!

An' he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye, As a black cloud moves on through the stars of the sky.

An' none strove to stop him, for Phaidrig was great, Till he stood all alone, just opposite the sate Where O'Hanlon and Kathleen, his beautiful bride, Were sittin' so illigant out side by side.

An' he gave her one look that her heart almost broke, An' he turned to O'Brien, her father, and spoke; An' his voice, like the thunder, was deep, sthrong an' loud, An' his eyes shoue like lightnin' from under the cloud:

"I didn't come here like a tame crawlin' mouse, But I stand like a man in my inimy's house; In the field, on the road, Phaidrig never knew fear Of his foemen, an' God knows he'll not show it here.

"So lave me at aise for three minutes or four To spake to the girl I'll never see more." An' to Kathïeen he turned, and his voice changed its tone For he thought of the days when he called her his own.

An' his eye blazed like lightnin' from under the cloud On his false-hearted girl, reproachful and proud. An' says he, "Kathleen bawn, is it thrue what I hear, That you marry of free choice, without threat or fear?

"If so, spake the word, and I'll turn and depart, Chated once, and once only, by woman's false heart." Oh! sorrow and love made the poor girl quite dumb, An' she tried hard to spake, but the words wouldn't come; For the sound of his voice, as he stood there formint her, Wint cold on her heart as the night wind in winther; An' the tears in her blue eyes stood tremblin' to flow, An' pale was her cheek as the moonshine on snow.

Then the heart of bould Phaidrig swelled high in its place, For he knew, by one look in that beautiful face, That the strangers an' foemen their pledged hands might sever,

Her true heart was his, and his only, forever!

An' he lifted his voice, like the eagle's hoarse call, An' says Phaidrig, "She's mine still, in spite of ye all!" Then up jumped O'Haulon, an' a tall boy was he, An' he looked on bould Phaidrig as fierce as could be;

An' says he, "By the hokey, before ye go out, Bould Phaidrig Crohoore, you must fight for a bout." Then Phaidrig made answer, "I'll do my endeavor;" An' with one blow he stretched out bould Hanlon forever.

In his arms he took Kathleen an' stepped to the door, An' he leaped on his horse, and flung her before; An' they all were so bothered that not a man stirred, Till the gallopin' hoofs on the pavement was heard.

Then up they all started, like bees in the swarm, An' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm, An' they roared, an' they ran, an' they shouted galore; But Kathleen and Phaidrig they never saw more.

LORRAINE.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The line Barum', Barum', Barum', Barum', Barum', Barum', Barum', Baree', in the following poem, is simply a refrain and is supposed to be carelessly hummed to the music of the instruments which are being played for the performances in the circus ring.

"Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree. You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee, You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see, To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me.

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree."

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.

'I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see, And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee; He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?"

'Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree, Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee, And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for

me,

It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,

"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;

But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me, And be killed across a fence at last, for all the world to see?"

She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the gallant lass was she!—

And she kept him straight, and won the race, as near as near could be;

But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree, Oh! he killed her at the brook—the brute!—for all the world to see,

And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree.

OLD DADDY TURNER.

This was the picture in front of "Old Daddy Turner's" cabin in the "Kaintuck" quarter the other afternoon: Two colored men sitting on a wash-bench, silent and sorrowful; an old dog, sleeping in the sun at their feet, and a colored woman calling to a boy who was on the fence: "Now, Jeems Henry, you git right down from dat! Doan you know dat Daddy Turner am jist on de p'int of dyin' and gwine up to Hebben?"

Here was the picture inside: The poor old white-headed man lying on his dying bed, flesh wasted away and strength departed. Near him sat his faithful old wife, rocking to and fro and moaning and grieving. Further away was a colored man and woman, solemn-faced and sad-hearted, and shaking their heads as they cast glances toward the bed. For a long time the old man lay quiet and speechless, but at length

he signed to be propped up. A sun as warm as springtime poured into the room. He took notice of it, and a change came to his face as his eyes rested upon his grieving wife.

"Ize bin gwine back in my mind!" he whispered, as he reached out his thin hand for her to clasp. "Fur ober fo'ty y'ars we's trabbled 'long de same path. We sarved de same master as slaves 'way back in de dim past. We sang de same songs—we prayed de same prayers—we had hold of han's when we 'listed in de Gospel ranks an' sot our faces to'rds de golden gates of Hebben. Ole woman, Ize gwine to part wid you! Yes, Ize gwine ter leave yer all alone!"

"Oh! Daddy! Daddy!" she wailed as she leaned over him. "Doan't take on so, chile! It's de Lawd's doin's, not mine. In morrow de sun may be as bright an' warm, but de ole man won't be healn. All de arternoon Ize had glimpses of a shady path leadin' down to de shor' of a big, broad ribber. Ize seen people gwine down dar to cross ober, an' in a leetle time I'll be wid 'em."

She put her wrinkled face on the pillow beside his and sobbed, and he placed his hand on her head and said:

"It's de Lawd, chile—de bressed Lawd! Chile, Ize tried to be good to yer. You has been good to me. We am nuffin but ole cull'd folks, po' in eberyting, but tryin' to do right by eberybody. When dey tole me I'd got to die, I wasn't sartin if de Lawd wanted a po' ole black man like me up dar in His golden Hebben 'mong de angels, but He'll take me—yes, ehile, He will! Dis mawnin' I heard de harps playin', de rustle of wings, an' a eloud sorter lifted up an' I got a el'ar view right frew de pearly gates. I saw ole slaves an' nayburs dar, an' dey was jist as white as anybody, an' a hundred han's beckoned me to come right up dar 'mong 'em."

"Oh, Daddy! I'll be all alone-all alone!" she wailed.

"Hush, chile! Ize gwine to be lookin' down on ye! Ize gwine to put my han' on yer head an' kiss ye when yer heart am big wid sorrow, an' when night shets down an' you pray to de Lawd, I'll be kneelin' long side of ye. Ye won't see me, but I'll be wid ye. You's old an' gray. It won't be long before ye'll git de summons. In a little time de eloud will lif' fur ye, an' I'll be right dar by de pearly gates to take ye in my arms."

"But I can't let you go--I will hold you down heah wid me!"

"Chile! Ize sorry for ye, but Ize drawin' nigh dat shady path! Hark! I kin h'ah de footsteps of de mighty parade of speerits marchin' down to de broad ribber! Dey will dig a grave an' lay my ole bones dar, an' in a week all de world but you will forgit me. But doan' grieve, chile. De Lawd isn't gwine to shet de gates on me cause I'm ole an' po' an' black. I kin see dem shinin' way up dar—see our boy at de gate—h'ah de sweetest music dat angels kin play!—Light de lamp, chile, 'cause de night has come!"

"Oh! he's gwine—he's gwine!" she wailed, as her tears fell

upon his face.

"Chile! hold my han'! Ober heah am de path! I kin see men an' women an' chil'en marchin' 'long! Furder down am de sunlight. It shines on de great ribber! Ober de ribber am—de—gates—of—"

Of Heaven! On earth, old and poor and low—beyond the gates, an angel with the rest.

—Detroit Free Press.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

Och, Katie's a rogue, it is thrue;
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
She dazed an' she bothered me too.

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride;
Whin demure as a bride, by my side
The darlint she sat,
Wid the wickedest hat
Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah thin how it bate;
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate
Wid cheeks like the roses,
An' all the red posies
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,
2DDDDD*

"If I'd known that to-day, Ye'd have nothing to say, I'd have gone wid my cousin instead." Thin I felt myself grow very bold; For I knew she'd not scold if I told Uv the love in my heart, That would niver depart, Though I lived to be wrinkled an old. An' I said, "If I dared to do so, I'd lit go uv the baste an' I'd throw Both arms round your waist, An' be stalin' a taste Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so." Thin she blushed a more illegant red. As she said widout raisin' her head, An' her eyes lookin' down Neath her lashes so brown. "Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted?"

THE FIRST TE DEUM,-MARGARET J. PRESTOR

'Twas Easter night in Milan, and before
The altar in the great Basilica
St. Ambrose stood. At the baptismal font
Kneeled a young neophyte, his brow still wet
With the symbolic water, and near by—
The holy Monica, her raised eyes strained
As with unearthly ecstasy she breathed
Her Nunc dimittis Domine! The words
Of comfort spoken, "Be sure the child for wnom
Thy mother-heart hath poured so many prayers,
Shall not be lost," had full accomplishment,
And her tired heart found peace.

St. Ambrose raised
His hands to heaven and on his face there shone
Such light as glorified the prophet's when
An angel from the altar bare a coal
And touched his lips. With solemn step and slow
He turned to meet Augustine as he rose
Up from the pavement and thereon he brake
Forth in ascriptive chant:

"We praise Thee, God, And we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!" Augustine on the instant caught the tone Of answering exultation:

"All the earth

Doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting!"
And from the altar rail came back again
The antiphony:

"To Thee all angels cry

Aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein."
And from the font

"To Thee the cherubim

And seraphim continually do cry
'Oh, Holy, Holy, Holy, Thou Lord God
Of Sabaoth!' Heaven and earth are full of all
The glory of Thy majesty!"

And then

With upward gaze, as if he looked upon The infinite multitude about the throne, St. Ambrose uttered with triumphant voice,

"The glorious company of the Apostles"—
"Praise Thee!" burst reverent from Augustine's lips.

"The goodly fellowship of all the prophets"—

"Praise Thee!" "The noble army of the martyrs"—

"Praise Thee!"

Thus back and forth responsive rolled The grand antiphonal, until the crowd That kneeled throughout the vast Basilica Rose to their feet, and toward the altar pressed With one strong impulse drawn. The breath of God Had, to their thought, inspired these mortal tongues To which they listened, as beneath a spell Vatic and wonderful.

Response was reached, and the rapt speakers stood With eyelids closed,—as those who had seen God And could not brook at once a mortal face,— Awe-struck the people bowed their heads and wept. Then uttered with acclaim one long Amen.

And when the last

RIDING DOWN.—NORA PERRY.

Oh, did you see him riding down, And riding down while all the town Came out to see, came out to see, And all the bells rang mad with glee? Oh, did you hear those bells ring out, The bells ring out, the people shout? And did you hear that cheer on cheer That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags, The fluttering flags, the tattered flags? Red, white, and blue, shot through and through Baptized with battle's deadly dew.

And did you hear the drums' gay beat, The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet, The cymbals' elash, the cannons' crash That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there, Just waiting there and watching there? One little lass amid the mass That pressed to see the hero pass.

And did you see him smiling down? And smiling down, as riding down With slowest pace, with stately grace, He eaught the vision of a face,—

My face uplifted, red and white,— Turned red and white with sheer delight To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh, did you see how swift it came, How swift it came like sudden flame,— That smile to me, to only me The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along, Oh, all along a lovely throng Of faces fair beyond compare Beamed out upon him riding there.

Each face was like a radiant gem,— A sparkling gem, and yet for them No swift smile came like sudden flame; No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace, From all that grace of perfect face; He turned to me, to only me,— The little lass who blushed to see.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.-HOMER GREENE.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall wet grass with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass but he made no room,
Oh, I tried,—but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red
With my face bent down above it;
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the clover in bloom,—how I love it!

In the high wet grass went the path to hide;
And the low wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself when I vainly tried
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me:
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughs overhead
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!

Had he moved aside but a little way
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
How the pure sweet wind grew still instead
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh, the whispering wind around us!

I am sure he knew when he held me fast
That I must be all unwilling,
For I tried to go and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dews at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,

And his soul came out from his lips and said— How the stars crept out when the white moon led To listen to all that my lover said, Oh, the moon and stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell;
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover;
And the moon and the stars that look over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

A FAMILY JAR.

A STORY OF LOVE AND HOME.

Philemon Hayes and Fanny Ray had been just three weeks married.

They sat at breakfast in their cosy dining-room one fine morning in summer, totally infatuated with each other. Never such happiness as theirs before! The felicity of Adam and his lady before they made the acquaintance of the serpent, was not to be mentioned in the same breath.

They kissed each other between every cup of coffee, and embraced twice—sometimes thrice during every meal. Just now they were speaking of disagreements. Some friends of theirs had fallen out and refused to fall in again.

"We will never disagree, will we, Phil, dear?" asked Mrs. Fanny.

"Disagree! will the heavens fall?" returned Phil.

"I sincerely hope not. It would be decidedly disagreeable," laughed Fanny; "but if I thought we should ever quarrel and have harsh thoughts toward each other, I should be tempted to terminate my existence."

"My precious Fanny!" cried Phil, springing up and upsetting the toast plate on the carpet, of which he was perfectly oblivious in his eagerness to get his arms around Fanny—

"My foolish little darling! as if we should ever be so absurd! (a kiss.) May I be quartered (another kiss) if I ever speak one word that shall cause a tear to fill the divine eyes of my dearest (a third explosion) Fanny!"

"Oh, how happy you make me, Phil. I shall try so hard to be just the faithful, loving wife you deserve. Now finish your breakfast, deary. The toast will be growing cold. And oh, Phil! did you notice Mrs. Smith's horrid new bonnet last night? I declare it destroyed all my pleasure in the music. I do wish people who wear such untasteful bonnets would stay at home from these delightful concerts!"

"So do I, Fanny. I noticed the ugly thing the moment we entered the hall. Blue flowers and pink ribbons, and she as dark as a Creole!"

"No, my love; the flowers were green. Green and blue look so much alike by gas light."

"I know they do, but I noticed it so particularly that I tould not be deceived. Blue—especially light blue—looks fearfully on a dark-complected woman."

"So it does, Phil; I quite agree with you, dear. But the flowers were not blue, they were green. I saw them at Mrs. Gray's shop before they were purchased."

"My dearest Fanny, of course you think yourself right, love, but I have a very good eye for color, and noticed those flowers with great attention. Blue anemones with yellow centres."

"Green hibiscus with white centres, my dear Phil. Very pretty for a light-skinned woman, but horrid for a brunette."

"Why, Fanny, how absurd! As if I could not determine a color when I studied it half the evening!"

"But it was by gas-light, my love. It would look altogether different by daylight. It was such a pale green."

"It was such a pale blue. I remember, I thought of the sky before a storm."

"And I thought of the sea. It was nearly sea-green."

"Why, Fanny, ridiculous! It was sky-blue."

"How you do contradict me, my Philemon. It was a very light green."

"And I insist it was blue."

"Do you mean to tell me I lie?"

- "I mean to tell you, you are mistaken."
- "Which amounts to the same thing."
- "You make the application, Mrs. Fanny Hayes."
- "Mr Philemon Hayes."
- "Fanny!"
- "I say it was green, sir."
- "I say it was blue, so there!"
- "You are a wretch, Phil, a real mean, heartless wretch!" and Fanny pushed back her plate angrily.
- "And you are an opinioned, self-willed woman!" and Phil, in his agitation, upset the coffee, scalding the cat's back and himself at the same time. "The deuce!" cried he, rubbing his red hands with his handkerchief. "I wish I had never seen a woman!"
- "What's that, sir! You brute!" cried Mrs. Hayes, now thoroughly incensed—"take that," and seizing the plate of muffins she took aim at Phil's head, but, being a woman, her aim was not so accurate as it might have been, and the plate went through the window, smashing the tile of Fitz James Jones, who was passing, and the muffins were scattered in wild confusion about the room.

Phil was indignant. He laid his hand on the poker.

"Oh, strike!" exclaimed Fanny. "It will be in place with your other conduct. Don't let any notions of honor restrain you, because you never had any."

"Fanny, beware, you try me too far."

"I'll go home to pa, that I will. You inhuman monster you,—I'll be divorced from you this very day. So there!" and the platter of ham made a journey after the muffins.

Just at that moment Phil's Uncle John, a shrewd old fellow, appeared on the scene. He surveyed the group with an anxious twinkle of the eye.

- "What's the matter, Fanny? Anything gone wrong?" he inquired.
- "Gone wrong! Matter enough! Oh, Uncle John, he's a wretch, and set out to strike me with a poker."
 - "And she threw a plate of muffins and the ham at me."
- "He's a monster, Uncle John. I'll be divorced from him this very day. He is worse than a savage."
 - "So he is," cried Uncle John, entering warmly into the

spirit of the tning, "so he is,"—stripping off his coat,—"and I'll settle the matter at once. You stand back, Fanny; I'll give him such a thrashing as he'll be likely to remember. Striking his wife with a poker, indeed! I'll rectify matters;" and Uncle John grasped the long-handled duster and flourished it threateningly around the head of his nephew. "There, sir, take that! and that! and that!" exclaimed he, bringing down the feathers on the shoulders of the amazed Phil. "Fanny, my dear, I'll not leave a bone of him whole."

Fanny's round blue eyes had been growing larger and

larger-and now her indignation broke.

"John Hayes!" she cried, "you're a heathen and an old, meddling vagabond! Let Phil alone! He's my dear, dear husband, and you've no right to touch him. He's an angel. He never intended to strike me. Be still striking him, or you'll be sorry!" and Fanny seized the broom from behind the door, and prepared to do battle.

"Stand back!" cried Uncle John, "he's a monster, and deserves death. The man who would threaten to strike a woman ought to be hung."

Fanny's eyes blazed. She flew at Uncle John with the spite of a tigress, and the way the trio went round the room was worth witnessing. Uncle John after Phil with the duster, and Fanny after Uncle John with the broom.

Phil made a spring for the window, but there was a whatnot in the way, and getting his leg entangled in that, he brought the whole concern to the floor. Ambrotypes, books, vases, rare china, and a hundred cherished curiosities, all were involved in a direct ruin.

Phil went down with the other things, Uncle John stumbled over him, and Fanny only saved herself by seizing the bell-rope, which brought her two servants to the spot.

Of course they took Phil and Uncle John for house-breakers, and if Fanny's explanation had not been enforced by sundry touches of her broomstick, the consequences might have been serious.

The first moment of calm was seized upon by the young couple to embrace each other.

[&]quot;My angel Fanny!"

[&]quot;My precious Phil!"

And then followed an explanation like the bursting of beer bottles.

Uncle John left the house during this interesting performance, still firmly of the opinion that the surest way of reconciling a wife to her husband is to get a third person to help abuse him.

UNITED AT LAST.

"O mother! what do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?"
Was heard from the lips of a little child
As she bounded in from play.
The mother's eyes filled up with tears;
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the sunny brow
Its treasure of golden hair.

"Why, mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,
And grandpa's hair is gray,

And the love we bear our darling child Grows stronger every day."

"But what did they mean?" persisted the child; "For I saw two cripples to-day,

And one of them said he fought for the blue, The other, he fought for the gray.

"Now, he of the blue had lost a leg, And the other had but one arm,

And both seemed worn and weary and sad, Yet their greeting was kind and warm.

They told of the battles in days gone by,
Till it made my young blood thrill;

The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight, And the arm on Malvern Hill.

"They sat on the stone by the farm-yard gate, And talked for an hour or more,

Till their eyes grew bright and their hearts seemed warm With fighting their battles o'er;

And they parted at last with a friendly grasp,

In a kindly, brotherly way,

Each ealling on God to speed the time Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the mother thought of other days,—
Two stalwart boys from her riven;

How they knelt at her side and lispingly prayed,
"Our Father which art in heaven;"
How one wore the gray and the other the blue;
How they passed away from sight,
And had gone to the land where gray and blue
Are merged in colors of light.

And she answered her darling with golden hair,
While her heart was sadly wrung
With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour
By her innocent prattling tongue:
"The blue and the gray are the colors of God,
They are seen in the sky at even,
And many a noble, gallant soul
Has found them a passport to heaven."

ONLY A GLOVE.

It is only a glove, Ted, a lady's glove;
It has lain in the desk where I found it
For twenty long years, but the freshness of love
And the glory of youth cling around it.

Yes, there comes, Ted, whenever I see that glove A vision of music and dancing; And again, in my mind, the eyes of a dove Into mine are tenderly glancing.

And I clasp once again in this hand of mine
That glove and the soft hand within it;
And I feel in the waltz through the glare and the shine
That it throbs like a new-caught linnet.

I feel her ambrosial breath on my cheek,
Like the scent of the linden blossom;
And I know that she loves, though she does not speak.
By the rise and fall of her bosom.

Well, I went to the Indies in '60, Ted, And—and—tush! 'tis the brandy-and-water— Why when I came back she was dead, she was dead; And I married Robinson's daughter.

Just hand me a light and a fresh cigar,
It is foolish to keep such a token
When the girl who gave it is sleeping afar
In a land where the rest is unbroken.

TAMMY'S PRIZE.

"Awa' wi' ye, Tammy man, awa' wi' ye to the schule, aye standin' haverin'," and the old shoemaker looked up through his tear-dimmed spectacles at his son, who was standing with his cap on and his book in his hand.

Tammy made a move to the door. "An' is't the truth, Tammy? and does the maister say't himsel'? Say't ower again."

The boy turned back, and stood looking on the ground.

"It wasna muckle he said, fayther. He just said, 'It'll be Tammy Rutherford that'll get the prize i' the coontin.'"

"He said you, did he?" said the old man, as if he had heard it for the first time, and not for the hundredth.

Again Tammy made a move for the door; and again the fould father would have called him back, had not the schoolbell at that instant rung out loud and clear.

"Ay, ay!" said he to himself, after his son had gone, "a right likely lad, and a credit to his fayther;" and he bent again to the shoe he was working at, though he could scarcely see it for the tears that started in his eyes.

The satisfied smile had not worn off his face when the figure of a stout woman appeared at the door. The shoemaker took off his spectacles, and wiped them, and then turned to the new-comer.

"A bra' day till ye, Mistress Knicht. An' hoo'll ye be keepin'?"

"Oh! brawly, Maister Rutherford. It's the shoon I've come about for my guidman; the auld anes are sare crackit."

"Aweel, mistress, the new anes'll be deen the morn. Set yersel' doon;" and, complying with this invitation, she sat down. "An' hoo's yere Sandie gettin' on at the schule, Mistress Knicht?"

"'Deed, noo ye speak on't, he's a sare loon; he'll niver look at's lessons."

"He winna be ha'in' ony o' the prizes, I'm thinkin' at that gait."

"Na, na; he'll niver bother his heed aboot them. But he's sayin' yer Tam'll ha'e the coontin' prize."

"Ye dinna say sae! Weel, that is news." And he looked

up with ill-concealed pride. "The lad was talkin' o't himsel'; but 'deed I niver thocht on't. But there's nae sayin'."

"Aweel, guid-day to ye; and I'll look in the morn for the shoon."

"An' are they sayin' Tam'll ha'e a prize?" continued the old man.

"Ay, ay; the laddie was sayin' sae." And she went away. The shoemaker seemed to have fallen on a pleasant train of thought; for he smiled away to himself, and occasionally picked up a boot, which he as soon let drop. Visions of Tammy's future greatness rose before his mind. Perhaps of too slight a fabric were they built; but he saw Tammy a great and honored man, and Tammy's father leaning on his son's greatness. . . .

"Presairve us a'! it's mair nor half-six!" (half-past five.) And he started up from his revery. "Schule'll hae been oot an 'oor, an' the laddie's no hame." And he got up, and moved towards the door. The sun was just sinking behind the horizon, and the light was dim in the village street. He put up his hand to his eyes, and peered down in the direction of the school.

"What in a' the world's airth's keepin' him?" he muttered; and then turning round he stumbled through the darkness of his workshop to the little room behind. He filled an antiquated kettle, and set it on the fire. Then he went to the cupboard, and brought out half a loaf, some cheese, a brown teapot, and a mysterious parcel. He placed these on the table, and then gravely and carefully unrolled the little parcel, which turned out to be tea.

"Presairve us, I can niver min' whaur ye put the tea, or hoo muckle. It's an awfu' waicht on the min' to make tea."

His wife had died two years before; and his little son, with the assistance of a kindly neighbor, had managed to cook their humble meals. Porridge was their chief fare; but a cup of tea was taken as a luxury every evening.

"I'm jist some fear't about it. I'll waicht till Tammas comes in;" and he went out again to the door to see what news there was of his son.

The sun had completely disappeared now; and the village would have been quite dark had it not been for the light in the grocer's window, a few doors down.

The shoemaker leaned against his cottage, and tried to see if any one were in sight; but not a soul seemed about, aithough now and then a sound of laughter was borne up the street.

The door of his next neighbor's house was wide open. He looked in, and saw a woman standing at the fire, superintending some cooking operation, with her back to him.

"Is yer Jim in, mistress?"

"Na," she said, without turning her head. "He'll be doon at some o' his plays. He's nae been in frae the schule yet."

"It's the same wi' Tam. Losh! I'm wunnerin' what's keefin' him."

"Keepin' him, say ye? What wad keep a laddie?"

Half satisfied, the shoemaker went back to his house, and found the kettle singing merrily on the fire. He felt a little anxious. The boy was always home in good time. He crept round again to his neighbor's.

"I'm gettin' feart about him," he said; "he's niver been sae late's this."

"Hoot, awa' wi' ye! he'll be doon, maybe, at the bathin wi' the lave, but I'll gang doon the village wi' ye, an' we'll soon fin' the laddie."

She hastily put her bonnet on her head, for the night air was cold, and they both stood together outside the cottage.

He clutched her arm. What was that? Through the still night air, along the dark street, came the sound of muffled feet and hushed voices, as of those who bore a burden. With blanched face the old man tried to speak, but he could not. A fearful thought came upon him. . . .

They are coming nearer. They are stopping and crowding together, and whispering low. The two listeners crept up to them; and there in the middle of the group lay Tammy dead,—drowned.

With a loud shriek, "Tammy, my Tammy!" the old man fell down beside the body of his son.

They carried both in together into the little room behind the shop, and went out quietly, leaving one of their number who volunteered to stay all night.

The shoemaker soon revived. He sat down on one side of the are, and the man who watched with him sat on the

other. The kettle was soon on the fire, and he watched its steam rising with a half-interested indifference. Then at times he would seem to remember that something had happened; and he would creep to the side of the bed where the body lay, and gaze on the straight, handsome features and the bloodless cheeks, quiet and cold in death. "Tammy, my man; my ain Tammy, speak to me ance—jist ance—I'm awfu' lonesome-like." Then the watcher would lead him quietly to his seat by the fire; and there they sat the whole night long, till the stir of the outer world aroused them. . . .

The school is filled with happy, pleasant faces. The prize day has come. There stands the minister, looking very important, and the schoolmaster very excited. The prizes are all arranged on a table before the minister, and the forms for the prize-winners are before the table. And now every thing is ready. The minister begins by telling the parents present how he has examined the school, and found the children quite up to the mark; and then he addresses a few words to the children, winding up his remarks by telling them how at school he had thought that "multiplication is a vexation," etc., but that now he found the use of it. And then the children laughed, for they heard the same speech every year; but it made the excitement greater when they had the prizes to look at, as they shone on the table in their gorgeous gilding, during the speech. And now the schoolmaster is going to read out the prize-winners, and the children are almost breathless with excitement, - you might have heard a pin drop,—when from the end of the room, a figure totters forward, the figure of an old man, white-headed, and with a strange, glassy look in his eve. He advances to where the children are sitting, and takes his place among them. Every one looks compassionately towards him, and women are drying their eyes with their aprons. The schoolmaster hesitates a moment, and looks at the minister. The minister nods to him, and he begins the list. It is with almost a saddened look that the children come to take their prizes, for they think of the sharp, bright, active playmate who was so lately with them; and they gaze timidly toward his father who sits in their midst.

"Thomas Rutherford," reads out the master, "gained the prize for arithmetic."

"I'll tak' Tam's prize for him. The laddie's na weel. He's awa'. I'll tak' it;" and the shoemaker moved hastily up to the table.

The minister handed him the book; and, silently taking it, he made his way to the door. . . .

A quiet old man moves listlessly about the village. He does nothing, but every one has a kind word for him. He never walks towards the river, but shudders when its name is mentioned. He sits in his workshop often, and looks up expectantly when he hears the joyous shout of the boys as they come out of school, and then a look of pain flits across his face. He has one treasure,—a book, which he keeps along with his family Bible, and he is never tired of reading through his blurred spectacles the words on the first page:—

BARNES SCHOOL.
FIRST CLASS.
PRIZE FOR ARITHMETIC
AWARDED TO
THOMAS RUTHERFORD.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR. -R. H. NEWELL.

Miss Dora Delaine of West Livingston Place— A rose in her bloom and a lily in grace— Fell sick, in an hour, of what none could define, But wiseacres called going into decline.

It happened this way: on the night of the ball To Russia's Grand Duke, young Alexis, the tall, While music and mirth, fairy twins as they are, Were paying their court to the son of the Czar, And lights sparkled endless, and jewels and flowers Lent lustre and hue to the wings of the hours,— Ere yet her proud eyes lost the fire of their glance, Our Dora turned faint in a pause of the dance.

The heat, or the crowd, or excitement, 'twas said, Thus made in a moment her cheeks like the dead; And ices, and essences pungent, and fans Were proffered and fluttered, and various plans Were hinted for gaining more air; but she sighed The single word "Home!" and would not be denied.

Papa and mamma, when the carriage was called, Bore homeward poor Dora, all muffled and shawled, And not from that night was she ever the same Bright spirit of health; but as languid and tame And dull as a bird that refuses to sing, And droops in his cage with his head in his wing.

At first it was thought the affection was slight, Some freak of a chill, or of lacing too tight; But when to her face there returned not its bloom, And listless and pale she remained in her room, The family doctor was summoned to see Whatever the matter could possibly be.

To humor her mood—which was rather ill-bred—He came as her friend, not physician, he said; And having first talked of the weather and news, Remarked that he feared Miss Delaine had "the blues." And hoped for the sake of herself and her friends, She'd take a prescription of tincture, which tends To fuse with its iron the blood, and give tone—"O, pshaw!" exclaimed Dora, "Do leave me alone! I hate your old drugs!" and the pointed rebuff Offended the doctor, who left in a huff

Two other practitioners, stately and grave,
Appeared in their turns, and their evidence gave:
"Digestive inertia," said one; "and for you
Some acid sulphuric, diluted, will do."
"It's nervous pulmonic," the other observed;
"Take Jink's Hypophosphates and don't be unnerved."
"I'm well!" Dora cried, in hysteric revulse,
"I won't show my tongue, and you shan't feel my pulse!"

Her father, perplexed, between anger and pain, Bethought him at last of young Doctor Migraine, Who came from the South when the fighting was done To practice in Gotham, where fortunes are won; And, calling him in, laid a hand on his knee, And said, "You will find, sir, my daughter to be Convinced she is well, spite of all you can say; Yet dwindling and peaking and pining away."

"I've heard of the case, and have seen Miss Delaine, And went to the ball," answered Dr. Migraine;

Nor spoke any more till he entered the room Where Dora was drooping in silenee and gloom.

"A doctor again!" was her sigh of despair—
"Oh, when will it end?" He selected a chair,
And, seating himself with his face to her own,
Replied: "You can tell that yourself, and alone!
My words shall be few, and as plain as my art;
You're sick, Miss Delaine, with disease of the heart."

Twas rather the tone than the language that made Miss Dora breathe quick, as she said, half afraid, "Why, what do you mean?" He was swift to reply, "That night at the ball very near you was I."

She stared and grew white, and the speaker went on: "I can't say I saw, but I heard what was done; One moment you beamed—('But Montgomery Sill 'S engaged to 'Bel Vaughn')—in the next you were ill!"

She started to rise, with the tears on her face—
"Your words are insulting!" He bowed from his place—
"One moment," he begged, "till I've said what I may;
Then chide, if you choose, and I'll hasten away.

"The words I o'erheard with yourself at the ball,
Are not more for me than for you to reeall
With pride or delight—(if indeed you are still
Inclined to waste thought on Montgomery Sill);
For Isabel Vaughn, with a friend of my heart
Once played such a cruel, perfidious part,
That now, even now, when his care's at an end,
I feel, and am spurned, and betrayed with my friend!

"A guest from the South at the Springs, in a time When fortune was his in his own sunny clime, He bowed to her charms, nor resisted the spell That urged him to woo her, the fair Isabel! His suit was accepted; they parted, to meet No more, until war, like a tempest of sleet, Had blighted his fortunes, with others, ah me! When Sherman passed through on his march to the sea. And then, when he offered release, in his pride, To her who had promised her hand as his bride, She answered the note with this stab of the pen—
''Twas but a flirtation—'tis ages since then!'

"And now she is pledged to Montgomery Sill!— The friend of my heart, lives he under it still? He does; and confides to Miss Dora Delaine He shares her disease, and his name is Migraine!"

You see how it was; they were surely a pair, This Southron ill-used, and the sorrowful fair; And all that remains for a mortal to guess This hint from a letter may briefly express:

"My friends in the Scuth" (wrote the doctor one day),
"You know I'm an Allopath, hot in my way,
And that, hitherto, I've belonged to the school
Esteeming my rival a knave or a fool;
But, lately, I've had such a wonderful case,
That, sooner than lose it, I've dared the disgrace
Of making the point, beyond questioning, sure,
That like is for like an infallible cure!
My patient, the loveliest queen of a girl
That ever drew kings in the chain of a curl,
Was fading away with that exquisite smart
I'd carried for years in my own weary heart;
And after due visits, by no means for pelf,
For life I've prescribed—wish me joy in't!—Myself!"

AN EVENING IDYL.

The evening star its vesper lamp
Above the west had lit,
The dusky curtains of the night
Were following over it.

He seized her waist and clasped her hand And told his tale of love; He called her every tender name, "My darling," "duck," and "dove."

A tremor shook her fairy form, Her eyes began to blink; Her pulse rose to a hundred, and She cried. "I think—I think—"

He sighed: "You think you love me?" for His soul was on the rack; "Oh, no!" she yelled; "I think a bug Is crawling down my back!"

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY.—WILL CARLETON. ABRIDGED FOR PUBLIC READING.

It ain't the funniest thing a man can do— Existing in a country when it's new; Nature, who moved in first—a good long while— Has things already somewhat her own style, And she don't want her woodland splendors battered. Her rustic furniture broke up and scattered, Her paintings, which long years ago were done By that old splendid artist-king, the sun, Torn down and dragged in civilization's gutter, Or sold to purchase settlers' bread and butter. She don't want things exposed from porch to closet. And so she kind o' nags the man who does it. She carries in her pockets bags of seeds, As general agent of the thriftiest weeds; She sends her blackbirds, in the early morn, To superintend his fields of planted corn; She gives him rain past any duck's desire— Then maybe several weeks of quiet fire; She sails mosquitoes—leeches perched on wings— To poison him with blood-devouring stings; She loves her ague-muscle to display, And shake him up—say every other day; With thoughtful, conscientious care she makes Those travelin' poison-bottles, rattlesnakes; She finds time, 'mongst her other family cares, To keep in stock good wild-cats, wolves, and bears.

Well, when I first infested this retreat,
Things to my view looked frightful incomplete;
But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
And brought my wife and plunder right along;
I hadn't a round-trip ticket to go back,
And if I had there wasn't no railroad track;
And drivin' East was what I couldn't endure:
I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good, And helped me every blessed way she could; She seemed to take to every rough old tree, As sing'lar as when first she took to me. She kep' our little log-house neat as wax, And once I caught her fooling with my axe.

She learned a hundred masculine things to do: She aimed a shot-gun pretty middlin' true, Although, in spite of my express desire, She always shut her eyes before she'd fire. She hadn't the muscle (though she had the heart) In out-door work to take an active part: Though in our firm of Duty and Endeavor She wasn't no silent partner whatsoever. When I was logging, burning, choppin' wood, She'd linger round and help me all she could, And kept me fresh-ambitious all the while, And lifted tons just with her voice and smile. With no desire my glory for to rob, She used to stan' around and boss the job; And when first-class success my hands befell, Would proudly say, "We did that pretty well!" She was delicious, both to hear and see— That pretty wife-girl that kep' house for me.

Well, neighborhoods meant counties in those days; The roads didn't have accommodating ways; And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see— And much less talk with—any one but me. The Indians sometimes showed their sun-baked faces, But they didn't teem with conversational graces; Some ideas from the birds and trees she stole, But 'twasn't like talking with a human soul: And finally I thought that I could trace A half heart-hunger peering from her face. Then she would drive it back and shut the door; Of course that only made me see it more. Twas hard to see her give her life to mine, Making a steady effort not to pine: Twas hard to hear that laugh bloom out each minute, And recognize the seeds of sorrow in it. No misery makes a close observer mourn Like hopeless grief with hopeful courage borne; There's nothing sets the sympathies to paining Like a complaining woman uncomplaining. It always draws my breath out into sighs To see a brave look in a woman's eyes.

Well, she went on, as plucky as could be, Fighting the foe she thought I did not see, And using her heart-hortical tural powers. To turn that forest to a bed of flowers.

You can not check an unadmitted sigh,
And so I had to soothe her on the sly,
And secretly to help her draw her load;
And soon it came to be an up-hill road.
Hard work bears hard upon the average pulse,
Even with satisfactory results;
But when effects are scarce, the heavy strain
Falls dead and solid on the heart and brain.
And when we're bothered, it will oft occur
We seek blame-timber; and I lit on her;
And looked at her with daily lessening favor,
For what I knew she couldn't help, to save her.
And Discord, when he once had called and seen us,
Came round quite often, and edged in between us.

One night, when I came home unusual late, Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate, Her supper struck me wrong (though I'll allow She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow); And when I went to milk the cows, and found They'd wandered from their usual feeding ground, And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em, Which I must copy, if I meant to find 'em, Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke, And in a trice these hot words I had spoke: "You ought to've kept the animals in view, And drove 'em in; you'd nothing else to do. The heft of all our life on me must fall; You just lie round, and let me do it all."

That speech—it landn't been gone a half a minute Before I saw the cold black poison in it; And I'd have given all I had, and more, To've only safely got it back in-door. I'm now what most folks "well-to-do" would call: I feel to-day as if I'd give it all, Provided I through fifty years might reach And kill and bury that half-minute speech.

She handed back no words, as I could hear; She didn't frown; she didn't shed a tear; Half proud, half crushed, she stood and looked me o'er, Like some one she had never seen before! But such a sudden anguish-lit surprise I never viewed before in human eyes. (I've seen it oft enough since in a dream; It sometimes wakes me like a midnight scream.)

Next morning, when, stone-faced, but heavy-hearted, With dinner pail and sharpened axe I started Away for my day's work--she watched the door, And followed me half way to it or more; And I was just a-turning round at this, And asking for my usual good-by kiss; But on her lip I saw a proudish curve, And in her eye a shadow of reserve; And she had shown—perhaps half unawares— Some little independent breakfast airs; And so the usual parting didn't occur, Although her eyes invited me to her; Or rather half invited me, for she Didn't advertise to furnish kisses free; You always had—that is, I had—to pay Full market price, and go more'n half the way. So, with a short "Good-by," I shut the door, And left her as I never had before. But when at noon my lunch I came to eat, Put up by her so delicately neat— Choicer, somewhat, than yesterday's had been, And some fresh, sweet-eyed pausies she'd put in— "Tender and pleasant thoughts," I knew they meant— It seemed as if her kiss with me she'd sent; Then I became once more her humble lover, And said, "To-night I'll ask forgiveness of her."

I went home over-early on that eve,
Having contrived to make myself believe,
By various signs I kind o' knew and guessed,
A thunder-storm was coming from the west.
('Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,
How many honest ones will take its part:
A dozen first-class reasons said 'twas right
That I should strike home early on that night.)

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung, With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue; But all within looked desolate and bare:
My house had lost its soul,—she was not there!
A penciled note was on the table spread,
And these are something like the words it said:
"The cows have strayed away again, I fear;

I watched them pretty close; don't scold me, dear. And where they are, I think I nearly know: I heard the bell not very long ago. . . . I've hunted for them all the afternoon; I'll try once more—I think I'll find them soon. Dear, if a burden I have been to you, And haven't helped you as I ought to do, Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead; I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed. Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack, And have kind words for me when I get back."

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue— Some swift-blown rain-drops to the window clung, And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded: My thunder-storm had come, now 'twasn't needed. I rushed out-door. The air was stained with black: Night had come early, on the storm-cloud's back: And everything kept dimming to the sight, Save when the clouds threw their electric light: When, for a flash, so clean-cut was the view, I'd think I saw her-knowing 'twas not true. Through my small clearing dashed wide sheets of spray. As if the ocean waves had lost their way; Scarcely a pause the thunder-battle made, In the bold clamor of its cannonade. And she, while I was sheltered, dry, and warm, Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm! She who, when storm-frights found her at her best. Had always hid her white face on my breast!

My dog, who'd skirmished round me all the day,
Now crouched and whimpering, in a corner lay;
I dragged him by the collar to the wall,
I pressed his quivering muzzle to a shawl—
"Track her, old boy!" I shouted; and he whined,
Matched eyes with me, as if to read my mind,
Then with a yell went tearing through the wood.
I followed him, as faithful as I could.
No pleasure-trip was that, through flood and flame;
We raced with death: we hunted noble game.
All night we dragged the woods without avail;
The ground got drenched—we could not keep the trail.
Three times again my cabin home I found,
Half hoping she might be there, safe and sound;

But each time 'twas an unavailing care: My house had lost its soul; she was not there!

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning-sun Laughed at the ruin that the night had done, Bleeding and drenched, by toil and sorrow bent, Back to what used to be my home I went.
But as I neared our little clearing-ground—
Listen!—I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound.
The cabin door was just a bit ajar;
It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star.
"Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form!
She made them guide her homeward through the storm!"
Such pangs of joy I never felt before.
"You've come!" I shouted, and rushed through the door.

Yes, she had come—and gone again. She lay With all her young life crushed and wrenched away—Lay, the heart-ruins of our home among, Not far from where I killed her with my tongue. The rain-drops glittered 'mid her hair's long strands, The forest thorns had torn her feet and hands, And 'midst the tears—brave tears—that one could trace Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face, I once again the mournful words could read, "I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed."

And now I'm mostly done; my story's o'er; Part of it never breathed the air before. 'Tisn't over-usual, it must be allowed, To volunteer heart-history to a crowd, And scatter 'mongst them confidential tears, But you'll protect an old man with his years; And wheresoe'er this story's voice can reach, This is the sermon I would have it preach:

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds: You can't do that way when you're flying words. "Careful with fire," is good advice we know: 'Careful with words," is ten times doubly so. Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead, But God himself can't kill them when they're said! You have my life-grief: do not think a minute Twas told to take up time. There's business in it. It sheds advice: whoe'er will take and live it, 's welcome to the pain it costs to give it,

THE RABBI'S VISION.-FRANCES BROWN.

Ben Levi sat with his books alone
At the midnight's solemn chime,
And the full-orbed moon through his lattice shone
In the power of autumn's prime:
It shone on the darkly learned page,
And the snowy locks of the lonely sage,—
But he sat and marked not its silvery light,
For his thoughts were on other themes that night.

Wide was the learn'd Ben Levi's fame
As the wanderings of his race:
And many a seeker of wisdom came
To his lonely dwelling-place;
For he made the darkest symbols clear,
Of ancient doctor and early seer.
Yet a question asked by a simple maid
He met that eve in the linden's shade,
Had puzzled his matchless wisdom more
Than all that ever it found before;
And this it was—" What path of crime
Is darkliest traced on the map of time?"

The Rabbi pondered the question o'er
With a calm and thoughtful mind,
And searched the depths of the Talmud's lore—
But an answer he could not find;
Yet a maiden's question might not foil
A sage inured to wisdom's toil,
And he leant on his hand his aged brow,
For the current of thought ran deeper now:

When lo! by his side, Ben Levi heard
A sound of rustling leaves—
But not like those of the torest stirred
By the breath of summer eves,
That comes through the dim and dewy shades
As the golden glow of the sunset fades,
Bringing the odors of hidden flowers
That bloom in the greenwood's secret bowers—

But the leaves of a luckless volume turned By the swift impatient hand Of student young, or of critic learned In the lore of the Muse's land. The Rabbi raised his wondering eyes, Well might he gaze in mute surprise For, opened wide to the moon's cold ray, A ponderous volume before him lay!

Old were the characters, and black
As the soil when seared by the lightning's track,
But broad and full that the dimmest sight
Might clearly read by the moon's pale light;
But oh! 'twas a dark and fearful theme
That filled each crowded page,—
The gathered records of human crime
From every race and age;

All the blood that the earth had seen Since Abel's crimsoned her early green; All the vice that had poisoned life Since Lamech wedded his second wife! All the pride that had mocked the skies Since they built old Babel's wall; But the page of the broken promises Was the saddest page of all.

It seemed a fearful mirror made
For friendship ruined and love betrayed,
For toil that had lost its fruitless pain,
And hope that had spent its strength in vain;
For all who sorrowed o'er broken faith—
Whate'er their fortunes in life or death—
Were there in one ghastly pageant blent
With the broken reeds on which they leant.

And foul was many a noble crest
By the natious deemed unstained;
And, deep on brows which the church had blessed,
The traitor's brand remained.
For vows in that blackened page had place
Which time had ne'er revealed,
And many a faded and furrowed face
By death and dust concealed,
Eyes that had worn their light away
In weary watching from day to day,
And tuneful voices which time had heard
Grow faint with the sickness of hope deferred.

The Rabbi read till his eyes grew dim With the mist of gathering tears, For it woke in his soul the frozen stream
Which had slumbered there for years;
And he turned, to clear his clouded sight,
From that blackened page to the sky so bright—
And joyed that the folly, crime, and care
Of earth could not cast one shadow there.

For the stars had still the same bright look
That in Eden's youth they wore;
And he turned again to the ponderous book—
But the book he found no more;
Nothing was there but the moon's pale beam—
And whence that volume of wonder came,
Or how it passed from his troubled view,
The sage might marvel, but never knew!

Long and well had Ben Levi preached
Against the sins of men,
And many a sinner his sermons reached
By the power of page and pen:
Childhood's folly, and manhood's vice,
And age with its boundless avarice,
All were rebuked, and little ruth
Had he for the venial sins of youth.

But never again to mortal ears
Did the Rabbi preach of aught
But the mystery of trust and tears
By that wondrous volume taught.
And if he met a youth and maid
Beneath the linden boughs,—
Oh, never a word Ben Levi said,
But—"Bewarc of broken vows!"

SAM'S LETTER.

I wonder who w-wote me this letter. I thuppose the b-best way to f-find out ith to open it and thee. (Opens letter.) Thome lun-lunatic hath w-witten me this letter. He hath w-witten it upthide down. I wonder if he th-thought I wath going to w-wead it thanding on my head. Oh, yeth, I thee; I had it t-t-turned upthide down. "Amewica." Who do I know in Amewica? I am glad he hath g-given me hith addwess anyhow. Oh, yeth, I thee, it ith from Tham. I alwaths know Tham's handwithing when I thee hith name

at the b-bottom of it. "My dear bwother-" Tham alwayths called me bwother. I-I thuppose iths because hith m-mother and my mother wath the thame woman, and we never had any thisters. When we were boyths we were ladths together. They used to ge-get off a pwoverb when they thaw uth com-coming down the stweet. It ith vewy good, if I could only think of it. I can never weedlect anything that I can't we-wemember. Itlis-it iths the early bir-bird-iths the early bir-bird that knowths iths own father. What non-nonthense that iths! How eo-could a bir-bird know iths own father? Iths a withe-iths a withe ehild-iths a withe child that geths the wom. T-that's not wite. What non-nonthense that iths! No pa-pawent would allow hiths child to ga-gather woms. Iths a wyme. Iths fish of-of a feather. Fish of a fea— What non-nonthense! for fish don't have feathers. Iths a bir-bird—iths b-birds of a feather—b-birds of a feather flock together. B-birds of a feather! Just as if a who-who-whole flock of b-birds had only one f-feather. They'd all catch cold, and only one bbird e-could have that f-feather, and he'd fly sidewithse. What con-confounded nonthense that iths! Flock to-together! Of courthse th-thev'd flock together. Who ever her-heard of a bird being such a f-fool as to g-go into a ccorner and flo-flock by himself? "I wo-wote you a letter thome time ago—" Thath's a lie; he d-didn't wi-wite me a letter. If he had witten me a letter he would have posted it, and I would have g-got it; so, of courtlise, he didn't post it, and then he didn't wite it. Thath's easy. Oh, yeths, I thee: "but I dwopped it into the potht-potht-office forgetting to diwect it." I wonder who the d-dic-dickens got that letter. I wonder if the poth-pothman iths gwoin' awound inquiring for a f-fellow without a name. I wonder if there iths any fel-fellow without any name. If there iths any felfellow without any name, how doeths he know who he iths himthelf? I-I wonder if thuch a fellow could get mayaid. How could he ask hiths wife to take hiths name if he h-nad no name? Thath's one of thothse things no fellow can ffind out. "I have just made a startling dithcovery." Tham's alwayths d-doing thomthing. "I have dithcovered that my mother iths-that m-my mother iths not my m-mother;

that a-the old nurse iths my m-mother, and that you are not my b-bwother, and a-tha-that I was changed at my birth." How c-can a fellow be changed at hith b-birth? If he iths not himthelf, who iths he? If Tham's m-mother iths not hith m-mother, and the nurthse iths hith mother. and Tham ithu't my bwother, who am I? That's one of thothse things that no fel-fellow can find out. "I have po purchased an ethstate som-somewhere—" Dothn't the ididiot know wh-where h-he has bought it? Oh, yeths: "on the bankths of the M-M-Mithithippi." Wh-who iths M-Mithithippi? I g-gueth ith's Tham's m-mother-in-l-law. Tham's got mawaid. He th-thavths he felt v-vcwv nernervous. He alwayths waths a lucky fellow getting ththings he didn't want, and hadn't any use for. Threaking of mother-in-lawths. I had a fwiend who had a mother inlaw, and he didn't like her pwetty well; and she f-felt the thame way towards him; and they went away on a ststeamer acwoths the ocean, and they got wecked, catht away on a waft, and they floated awound with their feet in the water and other amuthements, living on thuch things ath they could pick up-thardinths, itheweam, owanges, and other c-canned goodths that were floating awound. When that waths all gone, everybody atc cycrybody else. F-finally only himthelf and hiths m-mother-in-law waths left, and they pl-played a game of c-cards to thee who thould be eaten up-himthelf or hith mother-in-law. mother-in-law lotht. H-he treated her handthomely, only he strapped h-her flat on her back, and c-carved her gently, H-h-he thays that waths the f-first time that he ever weally enjoyed a m-mother-in-law.

JENNY KISSED ME.—Leigh Hunt.

Jenny kissed me when wc mct,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

BLUEBEARD.-J. G. HOLLAND.

Centuries since there flourished a man,—
A cruel old Tartar as rich as the Khan,—
Whose eastle was built on a splendid plan,
With gardens and groves and plantations;
But his shaggy beard was as blue as the sky,
And he lived alone, for his neighbors were shy,
And had heard hard stories, by the by,
About his domestic relations.

Just on the opposite side of the plain
A widow abode with her daughters twain;
And one of them—neither cross nor vain—
Was a beautiful little treasure;
So he sent them an invitation to tea,
And, having a natural wish to see

And, having a natural wish to see His wonderful castle and gardens, all three Said they'd do themselves the pleasure.

As soon as there happened a pleasant day,
They dressed themselves in a sumptuous way,
And rode to the castle as proud and gay
As silks and jewels could make them;
And they were received in the finest style,
And saw everything that was worth their while
In the halls of Bluebeard's grand old pile,
Where he was so kind as to take them.

The ladies were all enchanted quite,
For they found old Bluebeard so polite
That they did not suffer at all from fright,
And frequently called thereafter;
Then he offered to marry the younger one,
And as she was willing the thing was done
And celebrated by all the ton
With feasting and with laughter.

As kind a husband as ever was seen
Was Bluebeard then for a month, I ween;
And she was as proud as any queen,
And as happy as she could be, too;
But her husband called her to him one day,
And said, "My dear, I am going away;
It will not be long that I shall stay;
There is business for me to see to.

"The keys of my castle I leave with you;
But if you value my love, be true,
And forbear to enter the Chamber of Blue!
Farewell, Fatima! Remember!"
Fatima promised him; then she ran
To visit the rooms with her sister Ann;
But when she had finished the tour, she began
To think about the Blue Chamber.

Well, the woman was curiously inclined, So she left her sister and prudence behind (With a little excuse), and started to find The mystery forbidden.

She paused at the door;—all was still as night! She opened it; then through the dim blue light There blistered her vision the horrible sight That was in that chamber hidden.

The room was gloomy and damp and wide,
And the floor was red with the bloody tide
From headless women, laid side by side,
The wives of her lord and master!
Frightened and fainting she dropped the key,
But seized it and lifted it quickly; then she
Hurried as swiftly as she could flee
From the scene of the disaster.

She tried to forget the terrible dead,
But shricked when she saw that the key was red,
And sickened and shook with an awful dread
When she heard Bluebeard was coming.
He did not appear to notice her pair:

He did not appear to notice her pain; But he took his keys, and, seeing the stain, He stopped in the middle of the refrain That he had been quietly humming.

"Mighty well, madam!" said he,—"mighty well! What does this little blood-stain tell? You've broken your promise; prepare to dwell With the wives I've had before you! You've broken your promise, and you shall die." Then Fatima, supposing her death was nigh,

Fell on her knees and began to cry,
"Have mercy, I implore you!"

"No!" shouted Bluebeard, drawing his sword;

*You shall die this very moment," he roared.

"Grant me time to prepare to meet my Lord,"
The terrified woman entreated.
"Only ten minutes," he roared again;
And, holding his watch by its great gold chain,
He marked on the dial the fatal ten,
And retired till they were completed.

"Sister, O sister, fly up to the tower!
Look for release from this murderer's power!
Our brothers should be here this very hour;
Speak! Does there come assistance?"
"No; I see nothing but sheep on the hill."
"Look again, sister!" "I'm looking still,
But naught can I see whether good or ill,
Saye a flurry of dust in the distance.

- "Time's up!" shouted Bluebeard, out from his room;
 "This moment shall witness your terrible doom,
 And give you a dwelling within the room
 Whose secrets you have invaded."
- "Comes there no help for my terrible need?"
 "There are horsemen twain riding hither with speed."
 "Oh, tell them to ride very fast indeed,

Or I must meet death unaided!"

"Time's fully up! Now have done with your prayer, Shouted Bluebeard, swinging his sword on the stair; Then he entered, and, grasping her beautiful hair, Swung his glittering weapon around him; But a loud knock rang at the castle gate, And Fatima was saved from her horrible fate, For, shocked with surprise, he paused too late; And then the two soldiers found him.

They were her brothers, and, quick as they knew
What the fiend was doing, their swords they drew,
And attacked him fiercely, and ran him through,
So that soon he was mortally wounded.
With a wild remorse was his conscience filled
When he thought of the hapless wives he had killed;
But quickly the last of his blood was spilled,
And his dying groan was sounded.

'Twas a private funeral Bluebeard had;
For the people knew he was very bad,
And, though they said nothing, they all were glad
For the fall of the evil-doer;

But Fatima first ordered some graves to be made, And there the unfortunate ladies were laid, And after some painful months, with the aid Of her friends, her spirits came to her.

Then she cheered the hearts of the suffering poor, And an acre of land around each door, And a cow, and a couple of sheep, or more,

To her tenantry she granted.
So all of them had enough to eat,
And their love for her was so complete
They would kiss the dust from her little feet,
Or do anything she wanted.

IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER.—CHARLES B. LEWIS.

I sat and watched him as he softly rocked to and fro. It was an old-fashioned fire-place, and he was rocking in an old-fashioned splint-bottomed chair, which was likewise a veteran in years.

There was something so good, so kind and tender in his face that I could not turn my eyes away. His hair was white as snow, his eyes weak, and the hand resting on the arm of the chair trembled with the helplessness of age.

The logs burned brightly on the andirons, and as the old man sat and gazed into the flame, he must have compared his life to it. It rose and fell, wavered and struggled to climb up, fell back and rose again, just as men struggle against fate. There were charred brands to remind him of crushed hopes—ashes to make him remember his dead. I saw his face brighten at times, and then again it was covered with a shade of sadness, and the hand shook a little faster as he remembered the graves on the hill-side and those who had slept in them for so many long years.

By and by the flames fell, and the old room was filled with shadows, which ran over the floor, climbed the walls and raced along the ceiling. Sometimes they covered the old man's face, but leaped away again, as if fcaring rebuke. Sometimes they drew together in a corner and whispered to each other, and the fall of an ember would send them dancing around.

I was but a child, and the shadows made me afraid. I wished the old man would lift his eyes and speak to me, telling me his life's story, but he kept his gaze on the burning logs as if they were a magnet to draw him closer and closer. I watched the shadows until I fell asleep. Strange, sweet music came to my ears, and the shadows were replaced by a golden light and a sky so blue and pure that I tried to reach up and grasp it. Soft voices chanted in harmony with the music, and by and by I saw an angel leading an old man and helping him over the rugged path which stretched out before me until it touched the golden gates of heaven. They went on and on, and when they were lost to view I suddenly awoke.

The fire had burned still lower, and there were more shadows in the room; the old man sat there yet, but the chair no longer moved, and his hand had ceased to tremble. I crept softly over to him and laid my hand on his. It was cold. I shook him gently, but he did not answer.

The old man was dead! While I slept the shadows had brought an angel to lead him into heaven.

THE CROSS-EYED LOVERS .-- JOHN H. JOHNSTON

Two cross-eyed lovers in a horse-car sat, Thinking they were looking each other at. But she looked at me as plain as could be. And wasn't a looking at all at he. He seemed to think she was looking at him. And she seemed to think he was looking at her: But the glassy look of her eyeball dim Shied over to me, while the conduct-or Thought he was the object of her attention, And was about the name of the street to mention: But when he saw the crook in her eye, He laughed till you'd thought he was ready to cry. And going forward to collect a fare, He turned around and saw the same stare In the eye of her lover then and there. With the sight of two lovers with both eyes crossed, He seemed for a moment dazed and lost, And he gave his bell a double ring, And in his excitement pulled the string,

And by the time the driver had turned his brake The passengers all began to take A decided interest in the case, And each in the others began to trace The taking in of the situation: And long before we reached the station The feeling sprang up all through the car That this was the oddest looking pair They had ever hearn tell of in all their lives. And one man said "The more she strives To look with one eye at her lover, She's looking at me all the time with the other, And if I was a feller who had a girl That double glances could unfurl. I'll bet I wouldn't more'n once Try on the feelin's of a dunce. While I my love was tryin' to tell her, Some ignoramus of a feller Might think it was he she was lookin' at, And consider me a regular flat. Fur—with one of her eyes she could smile on me. And let the other light on him, So that both of us might easily be Made to fee' decidedly slim."

One of the friends of this troubled gent. Who seemed on fun and frolic bent, Said he'd willingly give a dime To see them try to walk a bee line; The more they tried to toe the mark, Twould be like walking in the dark, If the line was the equator they'd see the poles. Why if we were as blind as bats or moles, It seemed to him we could find our way Better than with eves that were crossed that wav. And he wondered how the words would look If they should attempt to read a book; The lines would certainly be all crossed, And the words so jumbled the sense would be lost Why to them the book of Common Prayer Would be no more sacred than Vanity Fair; And a divine command of "Thus saith the Lord," Might read like the jokes of Artemus Ward; While Webster's unabridged to them would be As senseless as it is to a heathen Chinee.

A Teuton with a gallon of lager aboard,
At the sight of our lovers for a moment was floored,
"Mein cracious goodness! Vat's dis dat I zee,
Four eyes wrongside out like ein big bumble bee;
Do dese beeple on deir heads schtand ven dey vant to see sdraight,

Or do dev turn round ven dey undertake To zee somedings right like oder folks do; Mit dem eyes, ein lager must look shust like two." And if such were the fact it seemed plain to me, He'd like to be cross-eyed two days out of three.

Now as I sat and listened to all that was said, I called on the Muses to come to my aid, And teach me a moral worth learning by all, And they came in a flash at my very first call.

The cross in our own eye we never can see, While the cross in our neighbor's is plain as can be; And the cross in ourselves may be oftentimes worse Than that which in others we're ready to curse.

NORA M'GUIRE'S LOVERS .- WM. WHITEHEAD.

Young Nora McGuire in humble attire, One sweet summer day in the morning, Gazed wistfully shy, with a tear in her eye, O'er the waves that the sun was adorning.

She was seated, ochone, on her trunk all alone, On the quay of Liverpool harbor; And her eloquent face had as lovely a grace, As though she had bloomed in an arbor.

Her poor heart was beating at thought of her meeting
The rough world of places and strangers;
A life yet to know on the treacherous flow
Of ocean and all its wild dangers.

Tom Timmins, galore, and Will Jackson, ashore, Had been rollicking off to the leeward; And jollier tars never gazed at the stars, Or cast up their reckonings seaward.

They were true sons of Mars, and had been in the wars
When Britain for volunteers pressed men;
Till the craft was a wreck they had fought the main deca,
As if the Old Harry possessed them.

'Mid volley and rattle and crises of battle, They had met all the phases of war; Stood by Nelson and Hardy who never were tardy, Through the horrors of red Trafalgar.

It is said, on a time, in a gale on the line,
Their good ship careened on the billows;
And they floated for days o'er the perilous waves,
With the foremast and jib for their pillows.

Long friendship still found them as true as it bound them When they sailed their first voyage together, All fresh with their blarney from verdant Killarney, And hopeful of fair wind and weather.

As Nora was sitting and moments were flitting
In primitive sadness apast her;
And thoughts of the mornings with beautified dawnings
At home, brought the tears all the faster,—

Our messmates came down from the Anchor and Crown To board the good ship they were seeking; They spied the fair Nora, with none to adore her, And crowds pushing on without greeting.

Old women were worrying, and porters were scurrying With their trunks and their traps to the fore; As though the whole town was about to dump down All the plunder it e'er had in store.

The friends Nora greeted as thus she was seated, Who offered their services freely, To take her big chest to where she might rest Aboard of the waiting Cybele.

The ship was eased off from the well crowded wharf, With cheers from the true and good hearted; And 'mid the commotion and breezes from ocean, Sweet Nora from loving hearts parted.

There's a meddlesome tot, full of mischief and plot, That oft plays the dickens with men; To pack them with trouble he don't care a bubble, Nor does he mind who, where, or when.

'Mid the scepes of departure, this villainous archer Drew his missiles on poor Tom and Will; Disregarding what's fair, for what does he care?—
He punctured their hearts with a will.

'Tis well said love is blind, for it oft leaves the mind In a muddle of cross-cutting pains; And Nora McGuire its passionate fire Had kindled in both of their brains.

Though Timmins and Bill had succumbed to no will That woman ere this might have wielded; And stood quite aloof, and seemingly proof, As though from her blandishments shielded—

They now were quite mastered and sore flabbergasted By a cherry-faced maid with black eyes; And their friendship's strong chain had a terrible strain In maneuvers to grapple the prize.

So to keep all things square 'twixt this strong loving pair, Twas agreed pretty nigh the beginning They'd all malice belay whene'er fortune should play Her pranks in the chances of winning.

Now Jackson could dance, or shuffle, or prance Through a reel, or a minuet measure; And when on his watch, whether Irish or Scotch Was the jig, it was just for her pleasure.

But Timmins could sing like a lark on the wing, And he knew all the ditties of Erin; So he thought, the young sly, as he caught her sweet eye,

That straight for her heart he was steering.

With dancing and song sure it could not be long Ere things would become very tender; At least so it appeared to each one as he veered To compel the neat craft to surrender.

They palayered the cook and the steward, and took All their insolence, worry, and banter; Did them all kinds of chorcs to get delicate stores, For smiles of the lovely enchanter.

Tom wove her a mat of fanciful plait, With initials of blue in the centre; And this, with each ditty, and many things witty, He put in love's debit anent her.

But Will went one better with something that met her Sweet fancy, at least for the nonce; Twas a flery red cushion to put pins and such in,

Which she pronounced lovely at once.

Somewhat taken aback Tom still held on his tack, And rummaged for treasures more stunning; He fished up whale's teeth, deftly carved in relief, With fancies and colors becoming.

In this rivalrous way turn about was fair play,
And Will, who had roved in Japan,
Brought forth his jimeracks and cunning nicknacks,
And kickshaws, with slippers and fan.

And so this fine play bowled along every day

To the laughing delight of the crew;

Jesting freely went round, and the gay wags were found

Betting lively on who should pull through.

All the passengers too as well as the crew, Took a jocular share in the zeal; Some flattered Tom's singing, some Will's lively swinging His neat legs around in the reel.

Now to keep matters trim they took up the whim Of slipping our tars many a notion; Many brooches and rings and hosts of neat things Were heaped on the scales of devotion.

Though Nora was reaping a harvest, and heaping
Her kerchief with treasures quite naively;
No sigh of surrender came forth,—'gainst the tender
Of love's gifts her heart held out bravely.

It was wonderful, too, to the captain and erew,
That our heroes' good will hadn't altered;
No matter what chance each one's hopes could enhance,
Their faith in each other ne'er faltered.

Orestes and Pylades abandoned the ladies
To roam through the wild world together,
And Pythias and Damon were known to all laymen
As ready to die for each other.

But I vow through all time there is naught in the line Of true friendship like this we are citing; E'en Jonathan and David, so strongly paraded, Would hardly be worth the inditing

When compared with the case of two tars without grace, And both loving the same black-eyed maid, Yet keeping in view their affection so true, Without taint or true honor betrayed.

Meanwhile the old ship, without falter or trip,
Unwitting of love or love making,
Was fast speeding her way through the silvery spray,
And seas from her cutwater shaking.

She at last settled down at gay New Orleans town, And folded her wings at the pier; And they who had parted from Erin's warm-hearted, Were hailed with kind hands and good cheer.

Tom and Will flew about to get Nora's traps out, Her baubles and every fine notion; And they tried to repeat all the blarney so sweet, That had often expressed their devotion,

But Nora had turned where an anxious eye burned In search of a form and a face, That with beautiful truth had the dreamland of youth Blest with visions of innocent grace.

From the taffrail there sprung a lithe form, and young,
That dived through the groups on the deck;
Ah! yes—Nora was there, and Terence Adair
Felt a choking at fortune's kind beck.

She rushed to his arms with all her sweet charms—
The kisses were scores to the letter;
And 'twas plainly avowed by the cynical crowd,
None there could have managed them better.

Then he gathered his rose in her loveliest pose, And bore her away in his ardor; While she waved an adieu to the wild laughing crew, With the love she ever did harbor.

THE SOLUTION .- JOHN W. RYAN.

To-day a cripple passed me on the way, A hideous blot upon the summer day, And, as he sidled by with idiot leer, I said, "What earthly purpose serve you here?"

To-night beside a chasm's yawning lips, Like star beam struggling through a cloud eclipse, A hunchback swings a lantern far and wide— A warning light that will not be denied.

TANTALUS: TEXAS .-- JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain (so called from the means taken by the Mexicans to mark a track for travelers), is a large table-land to the west of the State of Texas, and is without a stream in its extent.

"If I may trust your love," she cried,
"And you would have me for a bride,
Ride over yonder plain, and bring
Your flask full from the Mustang spring;
Fly, fast as western eagle's wing,
O'er the Llano Estacado!"

He heard, and bowed without a word, His gallant steed he lightly spurred; He turned his face, and rode away Towards the grave of dying day, And vanished with its parting ray On the Llano Estacado.

Night came, and found him riding on, Day came, and still he rode alone. He spared not spur, he drew not rein, Across that broad, unchanging plain, Till he the Mustang spring might gain, On the Llano Estacado.

A little rest, a little draught,
Hot from his hand, and quickly quaffed,
His flask was filled, and then he turned.
Once more his steed the maguey spurned
Once more the sky above him burned
On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed!
His brain seemed boiling as he rode,—
Was it a dream, a drunken one,
Or was he really riding on?
Was that a skull that gleamed and shone
On the Llano Estacado?

"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried, So often true, so often tried, Bear up a little longer yet!"
His mouth was black with blood and sweat—Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet!
On the Llano Estacado.

And still, within his breast, he held The precious flask so lately filled. Oh, for a drink! But well he knew
If empty it should meet her view,
Her scorn—— But still his longing grew
On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down. He wandered on, Giddy, blind, beaten, and alone.
While upon cushioned couch you lie, Oh, think how hard it is to die,
Beneath the cruel, unclouded sky,
On the Llano Estacado.

At last he staggered, stumbled, fell, His day was done, he knew full well. And raising to his lips the flask, The end, the object of his task, Drank to her,—more she could not ask.

Ah! the Llano Estacado!

That night in the Presidio,
Beneath the torchlights' wavy glow,
She danced—and never thought of him,
The victim of a woman's whim.
Lying with face upturned and grim,
On the Llano Estacado.

THE WOMAN WHO LINGERS.

She stands on the corner, with a squad of female friends, and smiles at the car driver, at the same time signaling him with her parasol. As soon as he begins to slacken his pace, she opens out in a conversation with her friends. The car stops, and the conductor waits. She glances around at him, steps down from the curbstone, and branches off into a fresh lot of talk. The conductor looks mad. He requests her to hurry up. She rushes at the car, seizes the iron hand-rail to make sure that she has got that car all safe and certain, and then determines that she will have her talk out or perish on the flag-stones then and there. She has more last words than the Indian chief who refused to die and go to the happy hunting-grounds until he had said the Ten Commandments and the Constitution of the United States, including the Fifteenth Amendment backwards three times in his native tongue. She holds on to that rail grimly, plants one foot

on the step, and yells out, "Give my love to Maria! Tell Arabella she owes me a call! Dou't forget to bring William Henry and the children up to tea on Tuesday night! And tell Aunt Sarah I'd have that bombazine dved black and trimmed with bugles!" Conductor looks like a man who would commit unjustifiable homicide upon slight provocation. In wrath he pulls the bell; the woman mounts the step, smiles at her friends, waves her parasol at them, and when she has sailed about a hundred yards up the street she calls out, "Be sure to tell Arabella, and don't let Georgie suck the yellow paint off of his mouth organ!" When she is seated, the conductor waits awhile, and then he asks for her fare. She feels in her pocket. Good gracious! she hopes she hasn't lost her purse! She dives into her satchel: it isn't there! Perhaps the tickets are under her glove; she removes it slowly; but they can't be found! She trics her pocket again, and finds the purse there after all. Conductor looks as indignantly melancholy as an aristocratic undertaker at a funeral at which there are only four carriages and a yellow pine coffin. The woman unfolds a bundle of notes slowly; but as she doesn't find the one she wants, she puts them all back, and hunts around in her satchel for five minutes for a ten cent piece. Conductor gives her back four cents change and goes out on the platform, when he tears his hair, kicks a small newsboy off the step, and tells his sorrowful tale to a passenger who is smoking a cigar. Meanwhile the woman has found an acquaintance, to whom she is talking as briskly as if this was the first chance she had since last summer. She wants to get out at Twentieth street. Conductor stops the car; but the woman, half rising, continues her able remarks to her acquaintance. Conductor says, "Please hurry up, madam!" and she jumps to her feet, shakes hands with her friend. saying, "Oh! I forgot to ask after John!" John is well, but the woman thinks it necessary to offer some extended sanitary suggestions in reference to John's health, and to declare that she will be abjectly miserable unless Mary Jane brings the twins up to spend the day. More objurgations on the part of the degraded outcast on the back platform. The woman at last starts for the door, and is about to step off.

when she misses her purse. She goes back into the car to look for it, moves all the passengers, overturns all the hay, at last finds the purse in her pocket, says "Good-by; come up to see me" again to her friend, and gets out. Conductor rattles a volley of imprecations down the street after her, pulls the strap savagely, and transfers twenty-five cents worth of fares from his business pocket into his private exchequer as a balm to soothe his lacerated feelings.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.-FATHER RYAN.

I walk down the valley of silence,—
Down the dim voiceless valley,—alone;
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save God's and my own,
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hours when angels have flown!

Long ago, was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago, I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din.
Long ago, was I weary of places
Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said: "In the world each ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is tossed on the shore of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought not the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of the blue.
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human,
And I mourned not the mazes of men;
Till I knelt long ago at an altar,
And heard a voice call me; since then
I walk down the valley of silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
"Tis my trysting-place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said, "Be mine."
Then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo: "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses of May;
And my prayer like a perfume from censers
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing
That to men, like the dove of the deluge,
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech.
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wore holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

THE OLD CHURCH-YARD TREE.

There is an old yew tree which stands by the wall in a dark quiet corner of the church-yard.

And a child was at play beneath its wide-spreading branches, one fine day in the early spring. He had his lap full of

flowers, which the fields and lanes had supplied him with, and he was humming a tune to himself as he wove them into garlands.

And a little girl at play among the tombstones crept near to listen; but the boy was so intent upon his garland, that he did not hear the gentle footsteps, as they trod softly over the fresh green grass. When his work was finished, and all the flowers that were in his lap were woven together in one long wreath, he started up to measure its length upon the ground, and then he saw the little girl, as she stood with her eyes fixed upon him. He did not move or speak, but thought to himself that she looked very beautiful as she stood there with her flaxen ringlets hanging down upon her neck. The little girl was so startled by his sudden movement, that she let fall all the flowers she had collected in her apron, and ran away as fast as she could. But the boy was older and taller than she, and soon caught her, and coaxed her to come back and play with him, and help him to make more garlands; and from that time they saw each other nearly every day, and became great friends.

Twenty years passed away. Again, he was seated beneath

the old yew tree in the church-yard.

It was summer now; bright, beautiful summer, with the birds singing, and the flowers covering the ground, and scent-

ing the air with their perfume.

But he was not alone now, nor did the little girl steal near on tiptoe, fearful of being heard. She was seated by his side, and his arm was round her, and she looked up into his face, and smiled as she whispered: "The first evening of our lives we were ever together was passed here: we will spend the first evening of our wedded life in the same quiet, happy place." And he drew her closer to him as she spoke.

The summer is gone; and the autumn; and twenty more summers and autumns have passed away since that evening

in the old church-yard.

A young man, on a bright moonlight night, comes reeling through the little white gate, and stumbling over the graves. He shouts and he sings and is presently followed by others like unto himself, or worse. So they all laugh at the dark solemn head of the yew tree, and throw stones up at the place where the moon has silvered the boughs.

Those same boughs are again silvered by the moon, and they droop over his mother's grave. There is a little stone which bears this inscription:—"HER HEART BRAKE IN SILENCE."

But the silence of the church-yard is now broken by a voice—not of the youth—nor a voice of laughter and ribaldry.

"My son! dost thou see this grave? and dost thou read the record in anguish, whereof may come repentance?"

"Of what should I repent?" answers the son; "and why should my young ambition for fame relax in its strength because my mother was old and weak?"

"Is this indeed our son?" says the father, bending in

agony over the grave of his beloved.

"I can well believe I am not;" exclaimeth the youth. "It is well that you have brought me here to say so. Our natures are unlike; our courses must be opposite. Your way lieth here,—mine yonder!"

So the son left the father kneeling by the grave.

Again a few years are passed. It is winter, with a roaring wind and a thick gray fog. The graves in the church-yard are covered with snow, and there are great icicles in the church-porch. The wind now carries a swath of snow along the tops of the graves, as though the "sheeted dead" were at some melancholy play; and hark! the icicles fall with a crash and jingle, like a solerun mockery of the echo of the unseemly mirth of one who is now coming to his final rest.

There are two graves near the old yew tree; and the grass has overgrown them. A third is close by; and the dark earth at each side has just been thrown up. The bearers come; with a heavy pace they move along; the coffin heaveth up and down, as they step over the intervening graves.

Grief and old age had seized upon the father, and worn out his life; and premature decay soon seized upon the son, and gnawed away his vain ambition, and his useless strength, till he prayed to be borne, not the way yender that was most opposite to his father and his mother, but even the same way they had gone,—the way which leads to the old thurch-yard tree.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night;
Little by little, and day by day.

CONEY ISLAND DOWN DER PAY.

HENRY FIRTH WOOD.

Vonce I dook a trib to Coney,
Coney Island down der pay.
On der poat I eat some grullers
Vor to pass der dime avay;
Bud I tole you, dem same grullers
Dey vas so rich, dey vould not sthay;
So I lefd dem down to Coney,
Coney Island down der pay.

Dhen I dook a schwim ad Coney,
I dook a bath vile I vas dhere;
Und der first ding dot dey tole me,
Vas to jump und vet mine hair;
So I dook me py dose billows
Dot game ribbling ub dot vay,
Und said, "Id's nice to pe ad Coney,
Coney Island down der pay."

Dey hafe nice bath-clothes down ad Coney,
Bud mine, dey would not fid at all;
I heard a feller say pehind me,
"Fids like der paber on der vall!"
I dought me dot I'd dake a reef in,
Und tied a knot I dought vould sthay;
Den I dook a dive ad Coney,
Coney Island down der pay.

Maype you have schwimmed ad Coney,
Und knows yust how id vas yourself;
Ven I gum up—I dought I'd nefer—
I vanted to lay on a shelf.
Und my clothes—dey most forsook me;
Dey really, almost got avay,
Ven I vas oud of sight ad Coney,
Coney Island down der pay.

Jo I dought me down ad Coney,
I dinks dot I hafe got enuff;
I don'd fancy dhem schmall vavelets
Ven dhey handle me so rough.
So I settled for my bath-clothes,
Der clothes dot almost vent asthray,
2FFFFF*

Und said, "I could not schwim at Coney, Coney Island down der pay."

Dhen I watched der folks ad Coney;
Dey dought dot I vas General Grant;
Dey said, "Come ub, und have some dinner;"
Bud I had to say, "I can't."
For you see I vas unsettled;
I couldn't gife der grub fair play;
Yust see vot I lost ad Coney,
Coney Island down der pay.

I set me on der sand ad Coney;
I vas not dinking of der sea,
Ven der vaves, dey dook a tumble,
Dey dook a tumble over me.
Oh, I feld me like der mischief;
I didn't, I couldn't know vat to say.
Dhere I stood, vet through ad Coney,
Coney Island down der pay.

I said, "I'fe got enuff of Coney,"
Und struck a bee line for der train;
Der peoples come out on der platform,
Und dhey all asked me—" Did it rain?"
Ad home, mine frau says, "Vat's der matter
Jakey, vat makes you look dot vay?"
I says, "Katrine, I'fe been to Coney,
Coney Island down der pay."

Äppendix.

NOTE.

The following pages contain the Supplements to the four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" embraced in this volume, which, for greater convenience in arranging, are here grouped together instead of appearing at the end of the Numbers to which they respectively belong.

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 17

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime. &c.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do an interrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness.

Man hath two attendant angels Ever waiting by his side, With him wheresoe'er he wanders, Wheresoe'er his feet abide; One to warn him when he darkleth, And rebuke him if he stray; One to leave him to his nature, And so let him go his way.

Prince.

The heavens declare the glory of God and the *rmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge.

Bible.

Man with fury stern and savage, Persecutes his brother man, Reckless if he bless or ravage, Action, action—still his plan. Now creating, now destroying, Ceaseless wishes tear his breast; Ever seeking ne'er enjoying, Still to be but never blest.

Schiller

A fallen blossom does not return to the twig.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence, Else who could bear it?

Rowe.

પ્રવા

Mirth should be the embroidery of conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

That place that does Contain my books, the best companions, is To me a glorious court, where hourly I Converse with the old sages and philosophers.

Fletcher.

If every man works at that for which nature fitted him, the cows will be well tended.

La Fontaine.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Lyte.

Victories that are cheap are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting. Beecher.

Fade, flowers, fade; nature will have it so; "Tis but what we must in our autumn do. Waller.

Thoughts take up no room. When they are right, they afford a portable pleasure, which one may travel with without any trouble or encumbrance. Collier.

Nay; speak no ill; a kindly word Can never leave a sting behind; And, oh, to breathe each tale we've heard Is far beneath a noble mind; Far oft a better seed is sown By choosing thus a kinder plan; For if but little good we've known, Let's speak of all the good we can.

When a man has seen the woman whom he would have chosen if he had intended to marry speedily, his remaining a bachelor will usually depend on her resolution rather than on his.

George Eliot.

If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend,
Be the last to believe it, the first to defend;
Say to-morrow will come, and then time will unfold,
That "one story's good till another is told!"

The best throw with the dice is to throw them away.

Thus is it over all the earth!

That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest.

J. G. Holland.

The human heart is like heaven: the more angels the more room.

Frederika Bremer.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above:
So let us choose the narrow way
Which leads no traveler astray
From realms of love.

Longfellow.

A man's virtues should not be measured by his occasional exertions, but by his ordinary doings.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Hangford.

Nature has many perfections to show that it is an image of the Deity; and it has defects to show that it is but an image Pascal

Fearless he sees, who is with virtue crowned, The tempest rage, and hears the thunder sound; Ever the same, let fortune sinile or frown: Serenely as he lived resigns his breath, Meets destiny half-way, nor shrinks at death.

Granville.

The bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.

Cervantes.

The day is spent,

And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though, like ours, perchance,
Busy and full of life and circumstance.

Rogers.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds brightness on everything.

There is in life no blessing like affection; It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues, And bringeth down to earth its native heaven:—Life has nought else that may supply its place.

L. E. Landon.

Green.

Temperance is a bridle of gold, and he who uses it rightly, is more like a god than a man.

Burton.

Experience, joined to common sense, To mortals is a providence.

Knowledge is not acquired in a feather bed.

There are no persons more solicitous about the preserva tion of rank than those who have no rank at all. Shenstone

Time well employed, is Satan's deadliest foe, It leaves no opening for the lurking fiend. Wilcox.

Fools measure actions after they are done by the event; wise men beforehand, by the rules of reason and right.

Bishop Hale

Each petty hand

Can steer a ship becalmed; but he that will Govern, and carry her to her end, must know His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails; Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop 'em.

Jonson.

Extremes meet in almost everything: it is hard to tell whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the ploughman at the bottom, labors hardest.

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all.

Whittier.

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

He made the stoutest yield to mercy, When he engaged in controversy, Not by the force of carnal reason, But indefatigable teasing; With volleys of eternal babble, And clamor more unanswerable.

Butler.

Books are the true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. Channing.

Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul
When the long-promised hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!

Mrs. Tighe.

It is good to know a great deal; but it is better to make a good use of what we do know.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. Swift.

What's time, when on eternity we think? A thousand ages in that sea must sink: Time's nothing but a word; a million Is full as far from infinite as one.

Denham.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear Considered singly, or beheld too near, Which but proportioned to their site or place, Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

Pope.

Politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood The crush of thunder and the warring winds, Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time, Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base, And flinty pyramids and walls of brass Descend.

Armstrong.

Our body is a well-set clock, which keeps good time; but if it be too much or indiscreetly tampered with, the alarum runs out before the hour. Bishop Hall.

> O Thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee!

Moore.

Opportunities pass away like clouds.

True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes; Faith evermore looks upward, and descries Objects remote; but reason can discover Things only near,—sees nothing that's above her.

Quarles.

A kind reception is better than a feast.

Honors and great employments are great burdens, And must require an Atlas to support them. He that would govern others, first should be The master of himself. Massinger.

The real difference between men, is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose, an invincible determination, can accomplish almost anything; and in this lies the distinction between great men and little men. Fuller. Poetry is something to make us wiser and better, by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has set in all men's souls.

Lowell.

What is life?

'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air,
Or gaze upon the sun,—'Tis to be free!

Addison.

He that blows the coals in a quarrel he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

Franklin.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye When none but God is near.

Montgomery.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

Colton.

The true and noble way to kill a foe, Is not to kill him,—you, with kindness, may So change him, that he shall cease to be so, And then he's slain.

Ala

Aleyn.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue. Swift.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie: A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

Herbert.

Nature reflects the light of revelation, as the moon does that of the sun.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death, To break the shock blind nature cannot shun, And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore. *Young*.

That writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.

Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies:
Learn this ye men of wealth—a heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

Cumberland.

Romance is the poetry of literature. Madame Necker.

Be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?

Milton.

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady. "A gentleman," said she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

Two ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question:

"Which of us do you think is the elder?"

"Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "yon both look younger than each other."

A dentist who, having labored in vain to extract a tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task, with this felicitous apology: "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth."

A lady being desirous of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman, who was something of a wag in his line. The lady called and asked:—"Are you the dyeing man?"—"No, ma'am; I'm aliving man, but I'll dye for you," promptly replied the man of many colors, putting the emphasis where it was needed.

A fashionable countess asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flowers, roses or tulips, he replied, with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's two lips before all the roses in the world."

A Frenchman wishing to compliment a girl as a "little lamb," called her a "small mutton."

A gentleman told a lady that she was wondrous handsome, who replied, "I thank you for your good opinion, and wish I could say as much of you."—"You might, madam," said he, "if you lie as readily as myself."

A Russian proverb says: "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

Adam, of all husbands, was the least hen-pecked. Whenever Eve would begin to remind him of his shortcomings, he had only to say: "Madam, I hope you haven't forgotten that little affair of the apple."

A story is told of two dogs which fell to fighting in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore-legs continued to fight, and whipped the other dog.

A barber, for a time, kept a spirit lamp to heat the water used in shaving his customers. Finding the lamp rather expensive, he discontinued its use, and sent down to his kitchen for hot water as he might need it. A customer missing the lamp, asked the barber how the water was procured? "Oh, no trouble at all now," replied the tonsorial artist, "my wife keeps me in hot water."

A young man was seen coming hurriedly out of a business house, which he had entered to seek employment as a salesman. "Did the boss engage you as a salesman?" "No, he wanted me to travel," was the ambiguous reply.

A passenger on a Western railroad, being aroused by the whistle of the engine, said: "The train has caught up with those cattle again."

A man with only one eye asked for admission to a show at half price.

"You can't do that again," said a pig to a boy, who had cut off his tail.

It was the mother's voice calling: "Jane, it is eleven o'clock. Tell that young man to please shut the front door from the outside."

A countryman traveling in a street car, pulled the bell strap vigorously, and made the bell ring at each end. "What are you ringing at both ends for?" said the conductor. "Because I wish the thing to stop at both ends."

The daughter of a toll-gate keeper always allowed her lover to pass free; she never tolled her love.

"I go through my work," said a needle to an idle boy. 'But not until you are hard pushed," said the idle boy to the needle.

"And how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired a good man of a little six-year-old boy. "I like goin' well 'nough," replied the boy, ingenously, "but I don't like stayin' after I get there."

In the course of his pastoral visitations, Rev. Mr. Chalmers called upon a worthy shoemaker, who, in recounting his blessings, said that he and his family had lived happily together for thirty years without a single quarrel. This was too much for the doctor, who struck his cane on the floor and exclaimed:—"Terribly monotonous, man! terribly monotonous."

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

What lock must be looked for out of doors and on the ground? Hemlock.

Why is the letter S likely to prove dangerous in argument? Because it turns words into s-words.

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out,
Though hundreds have employed their leisure
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach nor mill
Can move an inch except I wili.

Circle.

Why is twice ten like twice eleven? Because twice ten are twenty, and twice eleven are twenty-two. (too.)

What is the difference between a postage-stamp and a ady? One is a mail fee, and the other is a fe-male.

Why is a baby like wheat? Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

Fifty is my first, nothing is my second,

Five just makes my third, my fourth's a vowel reckoned; Now, to make my whole, put all my parts together,

I die if I get cold, but do not mind cold weather.

L-O-V-E.

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Because it must be ground before using.

Why are fowls the most economical things on a farm? Because for every grain of corn they take they give a peck.

What is the difference between a belle and a burglar? One wears false locks and the other false keys.

We are little airy creatures
All of diff'rent voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
T' other you may see in tin—
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

Vowels.

At what season did Eve eat the apple? Early in the fall

Why will the emblems of America outlive those of England, France, Ireland, or Scotland? Because the rose will fade, the lily will droop, the shamrock will wither, and the thistle will die, but the stars are eternal.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, a buld-headed m n, an orphan, and a gorilla? The prince is an heir apparent, the bald man has no hair apparent, the orphan has nary parent, and the gorilla has a hairy parent.

In what two cases are precisely the same means used for directly opposite purposes? Why, bars, to be sure. They are put on bank windows to keep thieves out, and on jail windows to keep them in.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, which read backwards and forwards the same? "Madam, I'm Adam!"

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest? Because it had no Eve.

Why was Eve made? For Adam's Express Company.

Who was the first man condemned to hard labor for life? Adam.

What is that which is put on the table and cut, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

When a boy falls into the water, what is the first thing he does? He gets wet.

Which is the greater number, six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen? Why, six dozen dozen, of course; six dozen dozen being 864, and half a dozen dozen 72.

A room with eight corners had a cat in each corner, seven cats before each cat, and a cat on every cat's tail. How many cats were there? Eight cats.

If a bee could stand on its hind legs, what blessing would it invoke? A bee-attitude.

Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because it's at the end of pork.

When does a farmer have the best opportunity of over-looking his pigs? When he has a sty in his eye.

Why is a hog in a parlor like a house on fire? Because they both want puttin' out.

What makes a pet dog wag his tail when he sees his master? Because he's got one to wag.

What plant is fatal to mice? Cat-nip.

A girl asked an apothecary for castor oil, to be mixed with something that would disguise the taste. On being asked if she liked soda water she said: "Yes." The apothecary gave her a glass flavored with lemon, and the oil. She lingered, and presently asked for the oil again, when the man told her that she had taken it in the soda water. "Oh, gracious," she said, "I wanted it for my brother."

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure, the Judge asked an unwilling witness: "What was in the barrel?" The reply was: "Well, your honor, it was marked 'whiskey' on one end of the barrel, and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whiskey or Pat Duffy that was in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."

"Did you say you considered Mr. Smith insane?" asked a lawyer of a witness in a criminal case. "Yes, sir, I did." "Upon what grounds did you base that impression?" "Why, I lent him a silk umbrella and five dollars in money, and he returned them both."

"Sammy, my son, how many weeks belong to the year?"
"Forty-six, sir." "Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?" "The other six are Lent."

A young man once told Dr. Bethune that he had enlisted in the army of Zion. "In what church?" asked the doctor. "In the Baptist," was the reply. "I should call that joining the navy," replied the doctor.

A tipsy loafer mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the Queen of night. "Well," said he, "if somebody ain't stuck an advertisement on the moon."

The following notice is posted conspicuously in a publication office down East:

"Shut this door, and as soon as you have done talking on business serve your mouth the same way."

An Irishman on beholding Niagara Falls, said: "What is there here to make such a bother about?" "Why," said a companion, "see that mighty river pouring over into the deep abyss." "And sure, what's to hinder it?" said Pat.

A bashful young man escorted an equally bashful young lady. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel, she said, entreatingly: "Zekill, don't tell any body you beau'd me home." "Sary," said, he emphatically, "don't you mind, I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

In an action for breach of promise, the defendant's counsel asked the plaintiff: "Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?" "Not exactly," she replied, "but he courted me a good deal, and he told my sister that he intended to marry into our family."

A dandy, smoking a cigar, entered a menagerie, when the keeper ordered him to take the weed from his mouth, for fear the other monkeys might learn bad habits.

"Why did you leave your last place, Sarah?" "Why you see, mum, I was too good looking, and when I opened the front door, folks took me for the missus."

A medical student was asked what he would do first in the case of a man who was blown up by gunpowder. "Wait until he came down," was the reply.

"I saw a capital thing in your pamphlet the other day," said a cynic. "Indeed," said the delighted author, "what was it?" "A pound of butter."

"I wish I had your head," said a young lady to a literary man, who had solved a problem for her. "And I wish I had your heart," responded the gentleman. They formed a partnership.

Holmes, being bored by a dull public lecturer, asked: "What are you about at this time?" The answer was: "Lecturing as usual. I hold forth this evening at Roxbury." The professor, clapping his hands, exclaimed: "I am glad of it; I never did like those Roxbury people."

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 18

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions; WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment; LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection: FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake, And the bright urn of wealth into particles break. There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy, That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh.

Swain.

The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable. Chesterfield.

Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath; Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

Holmes.

He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right. Cato.

Never give up! it is wiser and better Always to hope, than once to despair; Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter. And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care: Never give up or the burden may sink you.— Providence kindly has mingled the cup: And in all trials and troubles, bethink you The watchword of life must be,-never give up. Tupper.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; temperance the best physic.

> Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop Than when we soar. Wordsworth.

2agggg

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There is a jewel which no Indian mines can buy, No chemic art can counterfeit; It makes men rich in greatest poverty, Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold, The homely whistle to sweet music's strain; Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent, That much in little—all in naught—Content. Wilbye.

He who respects his work so highly (and does it reverently,) that he cares little what the world thinks of it, is the man about whom the world comes at last to think a

good deal.

Hid in earth's mines of silver, Floating on clouds above, Ringing in autumn's tempest, Murmured by every dove, One thought fills God's creation-His own great name of Love.

All true ambition and aspiration are without comparisons. Beecher.

O woman, lovely woman, nature formed thee To temper man: we had been brutes without thee.

Otway.

We live in the future. Even the happiness of the present is made up mostly of that delightful discontent which the hope of better things inspires. J. G. Holland.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates; Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought; Sought before all, but (how unlike all else We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die, than virtue itself. Erasmus.

Parting day Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues

With a new color as it gasps away,— The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make everything about them clear Addison. and beautiful.

Our vesterday's to-morrow now is gone, And still a new to-morrow does come on. We by to-morrows draw out all our store, Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

Cowley.

He who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.

Montaigne,

Why slander we the times?

What crimes

Have days and years, that we

Thus charge them with iniquity?

If we would rightly scan,

It's not the times are bad, but man. Beaumont.

He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city. Bible.

Indeed, true gladness doth not always speak:

Joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.

Jonson.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

Emerson.

Forever from the hand that takes One blessing from us, others fall; And soon or late, our Father makes His perfect recompense to all.

Whittier.

Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read.

Dawson.

Pride often guides the author's pen; Books as affected are as men; But he who studies nature's laws From certain truth his maxims draws; And those, without our schools, suffice To make men moral, good, and wise.

Gay.

The present is the living sum-total of the whole past.

Cartule.

The glorious sun

Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist, Turning, with splendor of his precious eye, The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold. Shakspeare.

Nature is a revelation of God; art is a revelation of man.

Longfellow.

Better to dwell in Freedom's hall,
With a cold damp floor and mouldering wall,
Than bow the head and bend the knee
In the proudest palace of slavery.

Moore.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life. Auerbach.

Mystery such as is given of God, is beyond the power of human penetration, yet not in opposition to it.

Madame de Stael.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea for mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrows of a contrite heart,—
These things shall never die.

Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other.

Bovee.

Adam could find no solid peace Till he beheld a woman's face; When Eve was given for a mate, Adam was in a happy state.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

Bishop Taulor.

If there's a power above us (And that there is, all nature cries aloud Through all her works), he must delight in virtue, And that which He delights in must be happy.

Addison.

Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

Beecher.

Oh for the robes of whiteness! Oh for the tearless eyes! Oh for the glorious brightness Of the unclouded skies! Oh for the no more weeping Within the land of love, The endless joy of keeping The bridal feast above.

Charitie L. Smith.

Honest labor bears a lovely face.

Dekker.

There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found, They softly lie and sweetly sleep Low in the ground.

Montgomery.

Anger is like rain; it breaks itself upon that on which it falls.

One of the sublimest things in the world, is plain truth. Bulwer

Perseverance is a Roman virtue, That wins each godlike act, and plucks success Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.

Havard.

It is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge.

Swift.

Friendship's an abstract of love's noble flame, 'Tis love refined, and purged from all its dross; The next to angel's love, if not the same; As strong as passion is, though not so gross: It antedates a glad eternity,

It antedates a glad eternity, And is a heaven in epitome.

Katherine Philips.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

Aikin.

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazoned round, And with the nodding plume of ostrich crowned? No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain; It only serves to prove the living vain. Gay.

Our actions are like the termination of verses, which we rhyme as we please.

La Rochefoucauld.

The sweetest bird builds near the ground, The loveliest flower springs low, And we must stoop for happiness If we its worth would know.

Swain.

Love has power to give in a moment what toil can scarcely give in an age. Goethe.

Kind hearts are the gardens, Kind thoughts are the roots, Kind words are the blossoms, Kind deeds are the fruits; Love is the sweet sunshine That warms into life, For only in darkness Grow hatred and strife.

Time is a file, that wears and makes no noise.

This fond attachment to the well-known place When first we started into life's long race, Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.

Cowper.

God made the human body, and it is by far the most exquisite and wonderful organization which has come to us from the Divine hand. It is a study for one's whole life. If an undevout astronomer is mad, an undevout physiologist is still madder,

Beecher

We bow our heads At going out, and enter straight Another golden chamber of the kings, Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

Hurry is good only for catching flies.

Not all who seem to fail, have failed indeed; What though the seed be cast by the wayside, And the birds take it—yet the birds are fed. Charles Kingsley.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

Shakspeare.

A critic on the sacred book should be Candid and learned, dispassionate and free: Free from the wayward bias bigots feel, From fancy's influence, and intemperate zeal. Cowper.

Every man, in making a book, virtually declares his conviction that he is doing something to minister, in some way, to the benefit of his fellow men; and yet, if a considerable portion of the works that are published, were struck out of existence to the very last copy, there would remain no chasm in reference to which the world might not very well afford to keep a jubilee.

Sprague.

I've heard old, cunning stagers Say, fools for argument use wagers.

Butler.

What has been unjustly gained can not be justly kept.

In the name of God advancing, Sow thy seed at morning light; Cheerily the furrow turning, Labor on with all thy might. Look not to the far-off future, Do the work which nearest lies; Sow thou must before thou reapest, Rest at last is labor's prize.

There is no past, so long as books shall live.

Bulwer.

Bets at the first were fool-traps, where the wise Like spiders lay in ambush for the flies. Dryden,

A good old preacher of the Methodist persuasion officiated one day at a funeral in Massachusetts, and at the close had a word of inquiry and advice, as is the local custom, with many of the audience. Among others he approached a lady, a stranger to him, who was visiting in the neighborhood, and, after shaking hands, asked her if she was on the way to heaven. "Yes," she promptly answered, "and if you come that way I should be pleased to have you call." The good old man, horrified at such seeming levity, turned away without reply, when a friend, sitting near, remonstrated with Mrs.—,who, still more horrified at her mistake, said she understood him to ask if she was on her way to Hudson, where she lived.

A literary man, who had recently published a book, was observed to be very downcast. "What is the matter?" said a friend, "you look all broken up." "No wonder," was the answer; "I've just been blown up by a magazine."

"Don't talk to me!" angrily exclaimed Blivens to his son; "don't tell me that you don't care anything about what your grandfather or your great-grandfather thought about these things. You must remember that they were my ancestors, you young rascal; respectable men were my ancestors, sir, and I wish you could say the same of yours, you young rascal."

A young actress had made a signal failure in the first two acts of a comedy. After the third, in which she did not appear, one of her fellow actors came up to her with much ardor: "Charming, adorable! Your third act quite redeems the other two!"

Country woman to parson, who had called to ask why Johnny, the eldest, had not been lately to school: "Why, he was thirteen years old last week, sir! I'm sure he've had school enough. He must know a'most everything now!" Parson: "Thirteen, Mrs. Napper. Why, that's nothing. I didn't finish my education till I was three-and-twenty!" Countrywoman: "Lor', sir! You don't mean to say that you were such a 'thickhead' as that."

"Look heah, Squire, dah's a niggar in Galveston what's been sassin' me; supposin' I just maul de life outer him?" The lawyer replied: "You would be apt to get your neck stretched." "Now, boss, you is jokin'. What do white folks care for one niggar moah or less now de census is done took?" A blacksmith of a village in Spain murdered a man and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. "But," said the alcalde, "how then can I fulfil justice?" A laborer answered: "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang the other."

A man afflicted with a very bad cough, said his cough would carry him off some day like a rocket. "It's my opinion," said a friend, "that if you don't mend your manners, you'll take a contrary direction."

A man who bought a box of cigars, when asked what they were, replied: "Tickets for a course of lectures from my wife."

An inebriated individual at the races, was asked how he happened to get drunk. He replied, that a lot of his friends had been betting drinks on the race, and had induced him to hold the stakes.

A friend of Campbell the poet, fell down a long flight of stairs. Campbell shouted from his room: "What's that?" "'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly," was the answer.

A gentleman was called on by a colored man for a certificate of character, upon which he might secure a situation. The testimonial proved to be more complimentary than Scipio himself had expected, and on recovering his astonishment, exclaimed: "Say, mister, won't you give me something to do yourself on that recommendation?"

"What's that?" said a teacher to a little ragged urchin, pointing at the letter X. "Daddy's name," replied he. "No, no, my boy." "Yes it is, I've seen him write it a good many times."

"Was that your dog?" "Certainly it was; what right have you to kick him?" "Why, he's mad," replied the man. "No, he is not mad either," said the other. "Well, I should be, if any body kicked me that way."

"Bobby, my love," said a silly mother to her darling, whom she had been cramming with tarts and other good things, "can you eat any more?" "Why, y-e-s mamma," was the young hopeful's hesitating reply, "I think I could if I stood up."

When do the teeth usurp the tongue's prerogative? When they are chattering.

What should you do if you split your sides with laughter? Run till I got a stitch in them.

Why is Sunday the strongest day in the week? Because the rest are week days.

> In little infants I am found, And angels help to make them: Their tiny graves I enter in, Nor after death forsake them. Foremost in Adam I appear, Then in his race am found, In earth deep buried, dwell in air. And in the sea am drowned.

The letter A.

Why is it impossible to have the last word with a chemist? Because he always has a retort.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

What is the best way for horses to pull together? for each one to try and pull a part, of course.

> I came to a field and couldn't get through it. So I went to a school and learnt how to do it.

> > Fence.

Why is a banker's clerk like the man at the door of a theater? Because he is a check taker.

Why is the stage of a theater like the American Eagle? Because it has wings and flies.

Why is a rose-bud like a promissory note? Because it matures by falling dew.

> A marble wall, as white as milk, Lined with skin as soft as silk; Within a crystal fountain clear A golden apple doth appear; No bolt or bars to this stronghold, Yet thieves break through and steal the gold.

Egg.

How does a fire when full of coal feel on a cold day? Grate full.

What ship is it that no woman objects to embark in? Court-ship.

2ggggg*

When does a member of Congress display the most physical strength? When he moves the house.

Which is the richest child in the world? Rothschild.

What is the difference between an old dime and a new penny? Nine cents.

Why are people who sit on free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church? Because they get good for nothing.

Why must a manufacturer of steel pens be a very immoral character? He makes his customers steel (steal) pens, and then persuades them they do write. (right.)

What is the first thing that a person does on getting into bed? Makes an impression.

Why is a colt getting broke like a young lady getting married? He is going through a bridle ceremony.

Why is a rognish lawyer like a man who cannot sleep? He lies first on one side, then on the other, and is wide awake the whole time.

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relationship does she bear to you? She is my mother.

What is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works? A fountain.

What is that which is perfect with a head, perfect without a head, perfect with a tail, perfect without a tail, perfect with both head and tail, perfect without either head or tail? A wig.

Why is a hardware dealer unlike a boot-maker? Because the one sold nails, and the other nailed soles.

What is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and yet the wagon cannot go without it? A noise.

Who are the most obedient and obliging class of men in the world? Auctioneers; because they attend to every one's bidding.

Why was St. Paul like a horse? Because he loved Timothy.

What word is composed of three letters alone, reads backward and forward the same; without speech it can make all its sentiments known, and to beauty lays principal claim? Eye.

What is that which, the more you take from it, the larger it grows? A hole.

In the green room of a Parisian theatre the conversation turned upon the delicate subject of age. Presently a gentleman visitor ventured upon the indiscreet query: "Now, what age are you, my dear friend?" addressing his remarks to Mlle. X., who certainly can no longer be considered in her first youth. "What a question, indeed!" said the lady; "how can that possibly interest you?" "Simply curiosity;" responded the visitor. "Well, then, I will be frank with you. Really I do not know. One counts one's money, one's jewels and one's deeds of value, because it may happen that they could be lost or stolen, but as I am absolutely certain that nobody will take a year from my age, and that I shall never lose one, why, where is the need of counting?"

A man gathering mushrooms was told that they were poisonous. "Thank you," he replied, "I am not going to eat them myself; I sell them at the hotel."

A Scotch woman in humble life was asked one day on her way back from church whether she had understood the sermon, a stranger having preached. "Wud I hae the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer.

The youngest gentleman (it is his first visit) has broken the ice at last by inquiring the name of the hostess' little daughter, to which the child has replied "Ethel." "And why, Ethel, do you keep patting me on the arm?" "Because mamma says you're a muff" (awful pause, during which the child strokes him down)—"but you don't feel like one, you know." [Tableau: child complacent—nobody else.]

A bald-headed professor reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The youth reflected a moment and then replied: "Ah, I see, and you have butted all your hair off."

First Swell—"I never did like 'May;' not nearly so pretty as 'Mary;' wonder they don't change the name of the month to 'Mary.' Second Swell—"Clevaw ideaw, by Jove; make awystaws good to June, you know!"

A servant with a turn for figures had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

"Pa," asked little Johnny, "what does the teacher mean by saying that I must have inherited my bad temper?" "She meant, Johnny, that you are your mother's own boy." "What colored frame will you have, ma'am?" inquired a snopman of a lady who had called to have her prospective husband's picture framed. "Well, you ought to know more about it than I," was the lady's reply. "I want a frame that will match the picture." "Oh, of course, ma'am," said the dealer, selecting one from the large assortment. "How would a green one do?" That man has never discovered to this day why that woman got out so quickly, leaving the door on a wide jar.

A clerk at Castle Garden who had been reading the debate on the anti-Chinese bill and just finished Senator Edmunds' remarks about the necessity of homogeneity among the people of the Republic, glanced up at an Irish emigrant who was leaning against the desk and soberly asked: "Pat, are you homogeneous?" "Nivir a bit," said Pat; "I'm a Corkonian."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he pressed her tenderly to him at parting. "Shall I hold you in these arms again to-morrow and paint our future with the bright pigments of the imagination." "No," she said, calmly, "Not to-morrow. To-morrow's washday."

A gentleman, who had listened attentively to a long, diffuse and highly ornamented prayer, was asked, by one of the members, if he did not think their minister was very gifted in prayer. "Yes," he replied, "I think it as good a prayer as was ever offered to a congregation."

Curious phenomenon: When a man's chestnut curls begin to turn gray it means that he is fifty years old; but when they begin to turn black--that means that he is sixty.

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 19

CONTAINING

WITTICISMS For Home Unjoyment;
LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;
FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

A word in earnest is as good as a speech.

Dickens.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward,
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
And pave a path that's onward;
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

Gerald Massey.

No way has been found for making heroism easy even for the scholar. Labor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an audience for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.

Emerson.

Anon the great globe itself (so the holy writings tell,)
With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies dwell.
Shall melt with fervent heat—they all shall pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.

**Rrugat*

Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other to be buried.

Colton.

Give no more to every guest Than he's able to digest; Give him always of the prime, And but little at a time.

Swift.

Bad men or devils would not have written the Bible, for it would have condemned them and their works,—good men or angels could not have written it, for in saying it was from God when it was but their own invention, they would have been guilty of falsehood, and thus could not have been good. The only remaining being who could have written it, is God—its real author.

Man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

Shakspeare.

It is an easy thing for him who has no pain, to talk of patience.

Tourneur.

Yet as the stars, the holy stars of night,
Shine out when all is dark,
So would I, cheered by hopes more purely bright,
Tread still the thorny path, whose close is light;
If but at last, the tossed and weary bark,
Gains the sure haven of her final rest.

Lucy Hooper.

Give instruction to a wise man and he will be yet wiser; teach a just man and he will increase in learning. Bible.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear;
A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear.

Pope.

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.

Blest power of sunshine!—genial Day, What balm, what life is in thy ray! To feel thee is such real bliss, That had the world no joy but this, To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—It were a world too exquisite For man to leave it for the gloom, The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.

Moore.

To pity distress is but human, to relieve it is Godlike.

Horace Mann.

He that neglects a blessing, though he want
A present knowledge how to use,
Neglects himself.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

If a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions.

Addison.

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know. Cowper.

Wit is the god of moments, but Genius is the god of ages.

La Bruyere.

When the busy day is over, And you rest at evening time, Oh, how sweet sounds simple music, Set to well-remembered rhyme. Grander strains might prove less cheering, But a homely ballad seems Sweet and simple, and endearing, Calling back life's happiest dreams.

Our minds are as different as our faces; we are all traveling to one destination, Happiness; but few are going by the same road.

Colton.

Happy the man, and happy he alone, He who can call to-day his own: He who secure within can say, To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

to-morrow do thy worst, for I have fived to-day.

Dryden.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks silence. Fuller.

Man's life's a book of history;
His leaves thereof are days;
The letters, mercies closely joined;
The title is God's praise.

John Mason.

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.

Good night!
Slumber till the morning light!
Slumber till the dawn of day
Brings its troubles with its ray!
Sleep without or fear or fright!
Our Father wakes! Good night!
Good night!

The true grandeur of nations is in those qualities which constitute the true greatness of the individual. Sumner.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

Sir Wm. Temple.

Consider every hour
Of life, each moment, as an interval
On which eternal happiness depends. Samuel Hayes.

Self trust is the essence of heroism.

Emerson.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward however so lonely its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What Earth needs from Earth's lowest creatures? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

Owen Meredith.

Money and Time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

Johnson.

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to over-peer.

Shakspeare.

Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

Woman, contented in silent repose, Enjoys, in its beauty, life's flower as it blows, And waters and tends it with innocent heart; Far richer than man with his treasures of art, And wiser by far, in her circle confined, Than he with his science and flights of the mind.

Schiller.

Occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

Thomas a Kempis.

Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies," And "Dust to dust," concludes her noblest song. Young.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles, and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

Sir H. Davy.

Judges and senates have been bought for gold; Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Pope.

"What!" exclaimed the justice to a colored culprit, "have you the audacity to say you do not recognize this pocketbook?" "Yes, sah." "But it was found in your possession." "In my what-did-yer-say, jedge?" "In your possession. This pocket-book was found in your pocket, sir." "Jedge, vou has done tole two stories about dat ar. Fust, ver said hit was foun' in my persession, and den yer 'lowed hit was foun' in my pocket. Bofe dem yarns can't be true. Ef de jedges on de bench can't tell de troof, hit's no wonder dat a poor miserable niggah like me got led astray." The justice drew a long breath, and once more producing the pocketbook said: "You denied just now that you had ever seen this pocket-book. I now ask you again, did you ever see this pocket-book before?" "Why, of course. Hit am de same one you showed me a minute ago. Yer must be losin' yer mind, jedge." Remanded to jail without bail.

A romantic young lady had a very fine head of hair. One evening, when her affianced stood gazing very inquisitively at it in the midnight, she said, with much feeling, "John, are you thinking that each one of these hairs is like a golden cord binding you to happiness?" "Well, no," he answered, mechanically, "I was thinking what a nice mosquito net they would make."

Jones went into a cigar store and purchased a cigar for a nickel. On lighting it he took occasion to put about half a box of matches in his vest pocket. "Look here," said the tobacconist, "next time you just bring your matches along and I'll give you a cigar."

Two sons of Erin, shoveling on a hot day, stopped to rest, and exchanged views on the labor question. "Pat, this is mighty hard work we're at." "It is, indade, Jemmy; but what kind of work is it you'd like, if you could get it?" "Well," said the other, leaning reflectively on his shovel, and wiping the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand, "for a nice, aisy, clean business, I think I would like to be a bishop."

"What did you do with that letter that was on my table?" asked Jones of the colored boy who cleans up his room. "I tuck it to the post-office, sah, and put it in de hole." "What did you do that for? Did you not see there was no address on the envelope?" "I saw dar was no writin' on de 'velope, but I lewed yer did dat on purposs, so I couldn't tell who yer was a writin' to. I'sc an edicated negro, I is."

How long did Adam live in Paradise before he had sinned? Till he got a wife.

What is the difference between a winter storm and a child with a cold? In one it snows, it blows; the other it blows its nose.

What is the difference between a wealthy toper and a skilful miner? One turns his gold into quarts, the other turns his quartz into gold.

How does a tipsy man generally look? Dizzy-pated.

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindoo? Because he is in doubt whether to give up his jug or not. (Juggernaut.)

What is the difference between an honest and a dishonest laundress? One irons your linen, the other steals it.

What sea would a man most like to be in on a wet day? Adriatic. (a dry attic.)

Why is a shoemaker like a true lover? Because he is faithful to the last.

What should a clergyman preach about? About a quarter of an hour.

Why shouldn't you go to church if you have got a cough? Because you will be sure to disturb the *rest* of the congregation.

What is the difference between an engine-driver and a schoolmaster? One minds the train, the other trains the mind.

How would you measure your lover's sincerity? By his tighs. (size.)

Why do girls kiss each other, and men not? Because yirls have nothing better to kiss, and men have.

Why would Samson have made an excellent actor? Because he could so easily bring down the house.

How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife over a bridge? One is water in the pitcher, and the other is pitch her in the water.

What is the difference between a cashier and a school-master? One tills the mind, while the other minds the till.

With what two animals do you always go to bed after the opera? Two calves.

Where is it that all women are equally beautiful? In the dark.

There had been a seeming coolness between the lovers. One day Emily's schoolmate ventured to refer to the subject and asked her: "When did you see Charlie last?" "Two weeks ago to-night." "What was he doing?" "Trying to get over the fence." "Did he appear to be much agitated?" "So greatly," returned Emily, "that it took all the strength of papa's new bull-dog to hold him."

"Can a woman keep a secret?" asks an exchange. She can. That is to say, she can keep telling it.

A Main street lady remonstrated with a green girl who had washed a table dish in a wash-basin. She nearly convulsed the whole family by replying: "Well, mum, but I clanes the basin agin afore anybody washes in it."

The cat is the great American prima-donna. If bootjacks were bouquets, her nine lives would be strewn with roses.

"Oh, Moike, Moike, darlint!" cried his wife, as her husband was brought home to her with his legs broken from a fall down an elevator, "do ye think any harm will come av it, Moike?" "Not a bit, if the docthers don't foind it out," was the sufferer's answer.

"Another lie nailed," as the wag remarked when the merchant tacked up a sign, "At cost."

If you want to study the immense variety of the human face in expression you should bend your gaze upon the mobile countenance of a deaf and dumb man when he reaches under the plank-walk for a lost nickel and picks up a raw bumble-bee by the stem.

"Electricity, sir, will be the death of steam." "But how do you obtain all this electricity?" "By steam."

A young man, the other day, who believed in such things, went to a fortune-teller. "I," said he, "am madly in love, but I have a rival. Unveil the future." "The young lady," was the reply, "will be a widow in three months." That young man went straightway and used every inducement to make the fair one marry his rival.

An exchange prints "rules to discover spurious bank notes." But we don't want to discover bank notes of that description. It is the genuine kind we are looking for, and rules for discovering several thousand of these would be very acceptable.

A toyman, who had recently taken to himself a wife, was exceedingly tender to her in epithets; his frequent address to her was "My lamb." One day a dirty-faced little boy asked for a toy, and the busy toyman said, "My lamb, serve that boy, please." The boy was served and sent away, but soon returned to have his toy changed. The toyman doubted whether it had been bought at his shop, and asked, "Who served you?" The lad replied, "It war the lamb, sir."

An American tourist was visiting Naples, and saw Vesuvius during an eruption. "Have you anything like that in the New World?" was the question of an Italian spectator. "No," replied Johnathan, "but I guess we have a mill-dam that would put it out in five minutes."

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring faee over the stair rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the ears were full, too," said the lady, and further remarks were unnecessary.

A boy asked the gentleman of the house: "Don't you want to buy a dog, Mister?" "What kind of a dog is it?" asked the gentleman. The boy looked puzzled. "Well," said he, "it is part terrier." "And what is the rest?" asked the gentleman. "The rest?" answered the boy. "Why, the rest is—is just dog."

A Texas Judge knocked six months off a ninety-nine years' sentence in order to show the prisoner's friends that he was willing to give him a chance.

"Wud yez plaze answer wan question?" "Yes. What is it?" "Sure, Maria and me was diseussin' over what was thim things in the picther over the mantel." "Why, Bridget, those are Raphael's angels." "Och! thin the both of us wuz wrong. I said they wuz twins and Maria said they wuz bats."

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 20

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;
WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;
LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;
FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will:
You've played, and loved, and ate, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.
Pope,
Commerce has made all winds her mistress.

Sterling,

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains:
Deep-versed in books, but shallow in himself. Millon

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

How beautiful is sleep!
The sleep that Christians know:
Ye mourners! cease your woe,
While soft upon his Savior's breast
The rightcous sinks to endless rest.

Jessie G. McCartee.

All men whom mighty genius has raised to a proud emipence in the world, have usually some little weakness which appears the more conspicuous from the contrast it presents to their general character.

Dickens.

Heaven knows what would become of our sociality if we never visited people we speak ill of: we should live, like Egyptian hermits, in crowded solitude. George Eliot.

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Where wouldst thou seek for peace or quietness,
If not beside the altar of thy God? Louisa Jane Hall,
Talking does no work.

Life is thine, and "life is earnest," Toil and grief thou canst not shun, But be hopeful and believing, Till the prize of faith is won.

Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration.

He who commands himself is more a prince
Than he who nations keeps in awe;
Who yield to all that does their souls convince,
Shall never need another law.

Katharine Philips,

Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever keep up.

The world is a well furnished table, Where guests are promiscuously set; Where all fare as well as they're able, And scramble for what they can get.

Bickerstaff.

Nip sin in the bud. It is easier blowing out a candle than a house on fire.

A little rule, a little sway, A sunbeam in a winter's day, Is all the proud and mighty have Between the cradle and the grave.

Pope.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.

Much as we prize the highest good in life, We would not wish an angel for a wife; But be content with what is far more common, A genial hearted, true and loving woman.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant More learned than the ears.

Shakspeare.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies closely at hand. Carlyle.

Death's but a path that must be trod If man would ever pass to God.

Parnell.

Onward, onward may we press Through the path of duty; Virtue is true happiness, Excellence true beauty; Minds are of superual birth, Let us make a heaven of earth.

Montgomery.

Ambition has no rest.

Bulwer.

O God! how beautiful the thought, How merciful the blessed decree,

That grace can e'er be found when sought,

And naught shut out the soul from thee! Eliza Cook.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man.

Charles Sumner.

O Night, most beautiful and rare! Thou giv'st the heavens their holiest hue; And through the azure fields of air Bring'st down the gentle dew.

Read.

Architecture is frozen music.

Schelling.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies In other men, sleeping, but never dead, 'Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Lowell.

There is nothing beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, a youth well taught, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and will play its part, though its body be turned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here.

Dickens.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains; They crowned him long ago On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds, With a diadem white as snow.

Byron.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more, and none can tell whose scope is the largest.

Gail Hamilton.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell, Till waked and kindled by the master's spell; And feeling hearts, touch them but lightly, pour

A thousand melodies unheard before. Rogers.

Think that To-day shall never dawn again.

Dante.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise:
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

Congress.

Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence, and, in short, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other.

Addison.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to naught.

Southwell.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are a part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

George Eliot.

Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame The fire of love supplies; While that which often bears the name Is self in a disguise.

Newton.

Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessor, so much as they bring duties.

Beecher.

But who will call those noble who deface, By meaner acts, the glories of their race; Whose only title to their father's fame Is couched in the dead letters of their name? Dryden.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow there is nothing to the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor.

Dickens.

We are wrong always, when we think too much
Of that we think or are; albeit our thoughts
Be verily bitter as self sacrifice,
We're no less selfish. If we sleep on rocks
Or roses, sleeping past the hour of noon
We're lazy.

Mrs. Browning.

Work is worship! He that understands this well, understands the prophecy of the whole future; the last evangel, which has included all others. Carlyle.

DRAMATIO SUPPLEMENT

--TO---

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 17

FOURTH ACT OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." SHAKSPEARE.

CHARACTERS.

DUKE OF VENICE, SHYLOCK, ANTONIG BASSANIO, Solanio, Portia, Nerissa. Gratiano,

SCENE—A Court of Justice. Long table, set lengthwise, covered with green, containing large books, writing materials, parchments, money bags, etc. A raised seat for the Duke.

The Duke, Antonio, Bassanio, Solanio, Gratiano, and Attendants, discovered.

Duke. (Scated.) What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Sol. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord. Enter Shylock.

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face, Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty: And, where thou now exact'st the penalty, (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,) Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture, But, touched with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moicty of the principal; Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so huddled on his back, Enough to press a royal merchant down, And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint; From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose And by our holy sabbath have I sworn, To have the due and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter, and your city's freedom. You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive Three thousand ducats:—I'll not answer that: But say, it is my humor: is it answered? What if my house be troubled with a rat, And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats To have it baned: what, are you answered yet? Some men there are, love not a gaping pig; Some, that are mad if they behold a cat; Now for your answer: As there is no firm reason to be rendered Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; Why he, a harmless necessary cat; So can I give no reason, nor will I not, More than a lodged hate, and certain loathing I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,

To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHY. What! wouldst thou have a screent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach, And bid the main flood bate his usual height; You may as well use question with the wolf, Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb: You may as well forbid the mountain pines To wag their high tops, and to make no noise When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven; You may as well—do any thing most hard, As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?) His Jewish heart: therefore I do beseech you,

Make no more offers, use no further means,

But, with all brief and plain conveniency,

Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will. Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

SHY. If every ducat in six thousand ducats Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none? SHY. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave, Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts

Because you bought them; shall I say to you, Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;

Why sweat they under their burdens? let their beds

Be made as soft as yours, let their palates

Be seasoned with such viands? you will answer,

The slaves are ours. So do I answer you:

The pound of flesh which I demand of him, Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:

If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:

I stand for judgment:—answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court, Unless Bellario, a learned doctor.

Whom I have sent for to determine this.

Come here to-day.

Sol. My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet! The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all, Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock, Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me; You cannot better be employed, Bassanio, Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa dressed like a lawyer's clerk, and goes to the Duke

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario? NER. From both, my lord; Bellario greets your grace.

Presents a letter.—Shylock kneels on one knee and whets his knife on the floor.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

GRA. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew. Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can, No, nor the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY. (Rises.) No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O thou inexorable dog, For thy life let justice be accused. Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves Into the trunks of men; thy currish spirit

Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,

Infused itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

SHY. (Holding up the bond and tapping it with the knife.)
Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Perceip the with good worth or it will fall.

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall To cureless ruin—I stand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend A young and learned doctor to our court—Where is he?

NER. He attendeth here hard by,

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart: some three or four of you, Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

(Reads.) "Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant: we turned over many books together; he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverent estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes, And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia, dressed like a Doctor of Laws. Portia advancing, bows to the Court, and then approaches towards the Duke.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario? PORTIA. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place. [Portia sits.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock? Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

(To Ant.) You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

ANT. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven, Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes: 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes The throughd monarch better than his crown: His scepter shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; But mercy is above this sceptered sway, It is enthroned in the hearts of kings. It is an attribute to God himself: And earthly power doth then show likest God's. When mercy seasons justice; therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this— That, in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy: And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy; I have spoken thus much, To mitigate the justice of thy plea; Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there. SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law. The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum! If that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice Can alter a decree established: "Twill be recorded for a precedent; And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

SHY. (In ecstasy.) A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a

Daniel!

Oh, wise young judge, how I do honor thee! Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor—here it is. [Gives iz.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee. Suy. An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven!

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart—be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

SHY. When it is paid according to the tenor. It doth appear, you are a worthy judge; You know the law, your exposition Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law, Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear, There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is.

You must prepare your bosom for his knife;—SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge! How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Suy. Ay, his breast:

So says the bond. Doth it not, noble judge? Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh The flesh?

SHY. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shyloek, on your charge, To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHY. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that? "Twee good you do so much for charity.

SHY. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come. merchant, have you anything to say?

ANT. But little: I am armed, and well prepared.—Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you; For herein fortune shows herself more kind Than is her custom: it is still her use, To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty: from which lingering penance Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife;

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife Which is as dear to me as life itself; But life itself, my wife and all the world, Are not with me esteemed above thy life: I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all Here to this devil to deliver you.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love; I would she were in heaven, so she could Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

SHY. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter, Would any of the stock of Barabbas Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [Aside.]

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Pop. A nound of that same marchant's flor

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine, The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast; The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHY. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare.

POR. Tarry a little:—there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

[All assume an attitude of astonishment—a pause.]

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh; Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh: But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate Unto the state of Venice.

GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!

SHY. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act:

For as thou urgest justice, be assured Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

GRA. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!
SHY. I take this offer, then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft:

The Jew shall have all justice!—soft!—no haste;—He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge—a learned judget Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh. Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more, But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more Or less than just a pound,—be it but so much As makes it light or heavy in the substance, Or the division of the twentieth part Of one poor scruple; nay if the scale do turn But in the estimation of a hair,—Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now. infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go. Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is. Por. He hath refused it in the open court;

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

GRA. A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel!-

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. SHY. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHY. Why then, the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;

[Going

The law hath yet another hold on you. It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State:

Comes to the privy coffer of the State; And the offender's life lies in the mercy of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st: For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

GRA. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the State,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hanged at the State's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit, I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general State, Which bumbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the State; not for Antonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that: You take my house, when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house: you take my life, When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA. A halter gratis; nothing else, for Heaven's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court, To quit the fine for one half of his goods, I am content, so he will let me have The other half in use,—to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman That lately stole his daughter:

That latery stole his daughter:

Two things provided more—that, for this favor, He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possessed, Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this; or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say's Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;

I am not well; send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

DUKE. Gct thee gone, but do it. [Shylock starts of Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two god-fathers; Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more, To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Shylock gives a look and shrug of malignity, and exits.]

QUARREL SCENE FROM "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

R. B. SHERIDAN.

SIR PETER. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

LADY TEAZLE. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything; and what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

SIR P. Very well, ma'am, very well—so a husband is to have no influence—no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

SIR P. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravaganee! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house.

Lady T. Lord! Sir Peter, am I to blame because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the elimate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

SIR P. Zounds! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at you talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

SIR P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style,—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your

apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own

working.

Lady T. Oh yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led,—my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements,—to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox chase.

SIR P. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—vis-a-vis—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach horse.

Lady T. No-I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then; and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is ——

SIR P. My widow, I suppose?

LADY T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart mc in every little elegant expense?

SIR P. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

SIR P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

LADY T. For my part I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

SIR P. Ay; there again—taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

SIR P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintances you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

SIR P. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

SIR P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

SIR P. Grace, indeed!

Lady T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, Well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to you. [Exit Lady T.

SIR P. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when

she is doing everything in her power to plague me. Well, well! when an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis not above six months since my Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men, and I have been the most miserable dog ever since. We tifted a little going to church, and fairly quarreled before the bells were done ringing. In less than a month, I was nearly choked with gall, and had lost every satisfaction in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. I am laughed at by her, and made the jest of all my acquaintance. And yet, the worst of it is, I am afraid I love her, or I should never bear all this; but I am determined never to be weak enough to let her know it. But here she comes again, apparently in mighty good humor; I wish I could tease her into loving me a little. Enter Lady Teazle.

Lady T. What's the matter, Sir Peter? You seem to be out of humor.

SIR P. Ah! Lady Teazle, it is in your power to put me in good humor at any time.

Lady T. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be goodhumored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

SIR P. Two hundred pounds! What, ain't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it (gives her notes); but seal me a bond of repayment.

Lady T. Oh no; there—my note of hand will do as well (offering her hand).

Sir P. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

SIR P. Well; then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you; you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell

me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me wothing—didn't you?

SIR P. Yes, yes, and you were kind and attentive-

Lady T. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into tidicule.

SIR P. Indeed!

Lady T. Ay; and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

SIR P. Thank you.

Lady T. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

SIR P. And you prophesied right: and we shall now be the happiest couple—

Lady T. And never differ again?

SIR P. No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed,

you always give the provocation.

SIR P. Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love.

SIR P. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

LADY T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without

any reason, my dear—

SIR P. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish—

SIR P. There, now! who begins first?

Lady T. Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

LADY T. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

SIR P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent

gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

SIR P. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

LADY T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you,—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you, an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

SIR P. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad.

Lady T. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate!

SIR P. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please! Yes, madam, or a divorce—I'll make an *example* of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you; so, bye—bye.

[Exit Lady T.

SIR P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she sha'n't keep her temper.

[Curtain falls.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.*-ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CHARACTERS.

MISS CECILIA TRUMAN, a lady of a certain age.
MR. ALGERNON SMALL, a middle-aged gentleman.

SCENE—Mr. Small enters at side, his trousers rolled up, his coatcollar standing; he carries a raised umbrella well down over his face. Miss Truman enters at opposite side, her gown gathered in one hand, her other hand carrying a raised parasol which she holds in front of her.

Miss Truman. This tantalizing sudden shower! Mr. Small. This beastly rain!

They advance toward each other until the umbrella collides with the parasol, and sends it flying out of Miss Truman's hand.

Miss T. Mercy!

Mr. S. The fellow who does not carry a protector from the rain without jabbing it into his brother-mortals should be sent to the antipodes, where he might take lessons in umbrella guidance.

Miss T. So think I. In the meantime here I am becoming positively drenched, and my parasol a hopeless wreck. I shall assume the aspect of a Naiad in a very few minutes—the drops are already trickling over the bridge of my nose.

Mr. S. (hearing her voice throws his umbrella back on his shoulder and sees her.) A lady!

Miss T. (haughtily.) I am usually so called. Though your treatment of me might argue that I am a transparent vapor which impedes no atom.

Mr. S. Madam —

Miss T. Sir, I am a spinster; you will address me as plain Miss.

Mr. S. Ah—ah—plain Miss, I see that I have put you out by my awkwardness: I have, I fear, been the means of destroying your equilibrium.

Miss T. My equilibrium! Sir, do not presume to insult me. I have yet to find the man who can destroy my equilibrium. You had better call it my parasol.

Mr. S. Pardon me once more, madam—that is, I mean to say plain Miss.

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Miss T. (aside.) Plain Miss! He is very literal.

Mr. S. I sincerely regret having wrenched away your parasol. I see it lying there in the mud like a wilted tulip. It must have been very inadequate as a preserver from the elements, at any rate. If I could only make amends—if I might offer you a share of my umbrella.

Miss T. I would die first! I would stand in this rain and melt by degrees, rather than accept such a situation.

Mr. S. Who asked you to accept a situation? I hope my umbrella has no suggestions of an intelligence office about it?

Miss T. If you will permit the rudeness, I should say not, while it has its present means of support.

Mr. S. Meaning me. (Aside.) She is deprecating the strength of my intellect. And yet despite her manner—nay, because of it, there is something quite fascinating about her. I admire that dignified movement of the eyebrows, like arcs of an eclipsing moon seen through smoked glass. (Aloud.) Perhaps I have been not quite au fait in the expression of my desire to be of service to you—allow me to offer you all my umbrella. I shall not mind the rain. And there are two well-defined rills meandering down your cheeks.

Miss T. Rills!—they may become oceans before I would accept the protection of the personal property of any man—oceans, sir, oceans!

Mr. S. (testily.) Stick to facts, if you please, as we are already sticking here in the mud. Oceans, indeed! Those rills may become rivers, but oceans, never!—unless you should prove to be Lot's wife, after her retrograde glance.

Miss T. (aside.) Lot's wife!—do I look so old as that? (Aloud.) I beseech you not to add to your speech any further evidences of innate brutality.

Mr. S. Brutality! You employ strong terms. I am but endeavoring to be polite.

Miss T. If your idea of politeness consists in calling unprotected females Lot's wives, I should say that it is high time some one had written a new book of etiquette and given me the privilege to subscribe for the first number.

Mr. S. (aside.) How piquant! This woman is that rare

article, a feminine wit. (Aloud.) My dear lady, I merely meant to offer an umbrella and not an insult—unless the one is so shabby that the offer of it partakes of the nature of the other. I have irrecoverably spoiled the little silken awning with which you canopied your head, and I would repair the damages—not of the parasol, that is past mending, is irrecoverable, uncoverable—but of my feelings for causing the accident; and I would offer what amends I may.

Miss T. (considerably softened.) You are certainly generous; and I must decline the proffered loan. I accept no favors except from my own sex—I know what men are.

MRS. (aside.) How sage her education must be. (Aloud.)

But you are standing in the rain, dear lady.

Miss T. (aside.) He calls me "dear lady." How oddly it sounds. No one has called me "dear" since Algy's time. (Aloud.) I am standing in the rain, sir—dear sir—because you will not step aside and allow me to pass by. You are in my path.

Mr. S. (moving aside.) A thousand pardons! (Miss Truman prepares to go on.) Must I see you go through the rain? Miss T. Certainly not; close your eyes, and the hardship will be overcome.

Mr. S. (aside.) What sparkling repartee! (Aloud.) Besides, your bonnet will be spoiled.

Mr. S. To reach your home?

Miss T. Only so long as it takes me to tie my handkerchief over my bonnet (taking out her handkerchief and proceeding to shroud her head-gear).

Mr. S. (aside.) I have not seen a woman do that since Cissy used thus to protect her finery from the elements. (Aloud.) Lady, I am really and truly going your way.

Miss T. (her bonnet covered with her handkerchief.) But I am not so sure of that; you don't know which way I am going to take.

Mr. S. (aside.) Positively an acute mind. (Aloud.) You are going the right way. (Aside.) That's a guess; she may ake the left.

Miss T. (aside, tremulously.) I have been abrupt; such deference has not been shown me since Algy's time. (Aloud, sadly.) I trust, sir, that I am going the right way. I am harmless enough creature, who has few in the world to are for, and (heatedly) who firmly believes in the perfidy if your sex, having good reason to so believe.

Mr. S. What a striking coincidence! I, too, am a lonely sort of fellow who has few in the world to care for him and who—ah—has a concentrated faith in the unreliability of women, and has every reason for exalting that faith into a mania. There is now one other good reason why you should allow me the honor of escorting you to the end of your destination.

Miss T. (aside.) Algy could not have been more persistent. (Aloud.) And may I ask what may that other good reason be, sir?

Mr. S. That misery loves company.

Miss T. (running from under the umbrella.) Sir?

Mr. S. (shocked.) Forgive me; I meant nothing—upon my honor, I did not.

Miss T. A man's honor! You likened me unto misery, sir—misery!

Mr. S. Never! Your disbelief of men and mine of women caused me to see the compatibility of your remaining in my company until I should place you in some permanent place of shelter.

Miss T. Oh! (Comes under the umbrella; aside.) His mind is peculiarly like Algy's, and so masterful. (She takes the handkerchief from her bonnet, and turning her face away, wipes her eyes.)

Mr. S. (aside.) Am I brutal enough to cause a woman's tears? It is like Cissy—the way she dabs those briny drops away.

Miss T. (recovering.) Pardon this emotion, sir; I know not why I should be so foolish, and in the presence of a stranger, too. But memory has its authority with us women.

Mr. S. And with us men.

Miss T. (smiling scornfully.) Men have memory?

Mr. S. (sententiously.) As lasting memories as women.

Miss T. (excitedly.) Prove it! prove it! I know not why I speak thus familiarly, as I despise men individually and collectively. But you have made an assertion which I have ever combatted, and I am constrained to beg you to prove to me that memory has any meaning to a man. I can strengthen my argument by still further throwing aside reserve and imparting to you a cause for my distaste for the society of gentlemen, by saying that my memory of the perfidy of one man has well nigh made me loathe your sex. That is memory for you!

Mr. S. I will be equally unconventional and tell you that remembrance of the unreliability of one woman has given me doubt of every other.

Miss T. (aside.) What a grasp he has on his subject. (Aloud.) But does your memory take you back past the slight you may have received?

Mr. S. It does. I see in all the glory of our first acquaintance the one who injured me, maidenly, sweet and lovable. Can you prove so much, and after many years?

Miss T. More—and perhaps as many years have passed since the event as in your case. I see the man who ruined my belief in the world, and yet the memory of whom has kept my heart young while passing years have flung their shadows on my face—I see him as I loved him.

Mr. S. (aside.) She is as innocent as Cissy used to be. (Aloud.) I see not only the time when I adored one woman, but I also look into the present when my love for her is as earnest as is my hatred for her sex because of her unreliability. There's memory for you!

Miss T. (aside.) What strength of devotion in a man; I would never have believed it. If Algy had only possessed a tithe of it. (Alord.) I will be equally candid and unsophisticated, sir, and declare to you that not only do I think kindly of him who ruined my faith in humanity, but also that I—I—

Mr. S. You hesitate; you would say you still love him? Mrss T. (weeping.) I shall love him until my heart has

grown cold in death. I may seem a weak woman in owning so much—and he was not true to me, he was not true!

Mr. S. Nor was the woman of my choice true to me. For her sake I have remained a bachelor all my life.

Miss T. (wiping her eyes and frowning.) Do you suppose that for any one's but his sake I am a spinster? A man can be so cruel, and accuse a woman so unworthily.

Mr. S. As unworthily as a woman can deceive a man. Suppose a lady engaged to marry a gentleman; and suppose that lady at a ball dancing nearly the whole evening with a stranger with whom her fiance is not acquainted?

Miss T. (her hand over her heart; aside.) Heaven! It is what I did, and which made Algy so angry. (Aloud.) And suppose a lady should meet her sister's husband just come from abroad, and not discover his identity to her fiance, simply for the sake of a little jesting? That! for a man's belief in her he professes to love!

Mr. S. (aside.) Merciful powers! it was what Cissy did, and which I did not find out until it was too late to rectify anything. (Aloud, savagely.) I should say that such a man must be a long-eared brute.

Miss T. No, only a man-

Mr. S. A brute, I tell you; I ought to know.

Miss T. I insist that he was only a man; a man who was not gentle to her he loved, and who did not believe in her against suspicious appearances. As for the lady, she was as silly as it is possible for a woman to be—and I ought to know how silly that is.

Mr. S. I cannot call her silly; she may have lacked discretion, but silly—no! a cheerful, loving creature whose own purity of intention blinded her to the miserable suspicion of others.

Miss Truman picks at her handkerchief. A piano plays "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Mr. S. Somebody in one of these houses is playing a tune peculiarly applicable to our present conversation.

Miss T. (listening.) "The Girl I Left Behind Me." (They both listen to the music.)

Mr. S. Ah, if for one moment I might see the girl I loved and left behind me!

Miss T. (aside.) Algy used to have these qualms of conscience. (Aloud.) In the case of his meeting the lady what would such a man as you have been describing do? That must decide if a man's memory be as lasting as a woman's. What would he say, sir?

Mr. S. He would say— (Aside.) I can't get the words out; this lady is exerting a marvelous influence over me.

Miss T. Well, what would he say?

Mr. S. (aside.) And yet I must see if there is any chance for a man's gaining a share of the friendship of such a strong creature. (Aloud.) What would such a lady as you have been speaking of say should she meet the man who ——

Miss T. Who twenty-five years ago doubted her? She would say— (Aside.) I cannot say it; the idea of this stranger causing me to act so outrageously!

The piano keeps on playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Mr. S. The lady would say?

Miss T. Oh, listen to the music! (Listens.)

Mr. S. Never mind the music. What would the lady say? Miss T. (aside.) How masterful. (Aloud.) She would say—nay, what would your gentleman say if he met the unreliable lady? I insist upon your answer first; it is but fair.

Mr. S. (musing.) He would say, "When I went four hundred miles apart from you, and staid away until this morning, when I entered again my native town and wandered near your old abode, wondering if I should know you if I met you after all these years, and—and—"

Miss T. (aside.) If Algy should come to me thus! (Aloud.) Yes—yes; but why hesitate? Finish it, finish it. He would say?

Mr. S. The man would say, "I have been a fool, and I have come to ask forgiveness for the sake of the dear old days. And though I am unworthy ——"

Miss T. (interrupting.) No, no; if she is a woman who can appreciate the power of memory—and I acknowledge that you have proven that a man can have as vigorous a memory as a woman—she would say, "Not your fault but mine; I alone am to blame for my silly act; I alone am to blame.

and bitterly have I paid for it—bitterly, bitterly!" (She put her hand before her face.)

Mr. S. (aside.) Surely she speaks about herself. She wih have no friendly feeling even for any man but the scoundrel who treated her badly and whom she still idolizes. What an old fool I have been! (Aloud.) Well, do not hesitate. And yet I will end all this; it is trying to you. The past is past; it has gone into the sunset-land of the Nevermore.

Miss T. Well, I think I shall proceed on my way. (Ties her handkerchief over her bonnet and moves off, when Mr. Small catches her by the wrist.)

Mr. S. And yet I fain would know what the lady would say to the seoundrel should she meet him.

Miss T. (trying to free her hand; aside.) What a grasp he has on his subject; and as persistent as Algy used to be. Are all men so? (Aloud.) The lady would say, "If there is one super-preposterous person on earth, her name is ——"

Mr. S. Hold --!

Miss T. Pray take your hand from my arm; this is all very nonsensical. I must go.

Mr. S. Hold! make your humanity in the plural by saying, "If there are two super-preposterous persons in this world, they are ——"

Miss T. (freeing herself.) Cecilia Truman!

Mr. S. (yelling.) Algernon Small!

Miss T. (thrillingly.) Algy, is it you?

Mr. S. Cissy! Cissy!

Miss T. You horrid ----

Mr. S. You perfidious ---

Mr. Small drops his umbrella, and they run into each other's arms
—the piano playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

[Curtain falls.

Note.—To render this dialogue more effective, the stage should be hung to gray paper muslin, to give a twilight effect, and also add to the illusion of producing rain by whatever mechanical means may be employed.

DRAMATIO SUPPLEMENT

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One Handred Choice Selections, No. 18

THE TOP LANDING.*—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CHARACTERS.

JACK TRAVERS, an Artist.

BILLY CROSS, "Veritas," a Dramatic Author.

MR. TIMOTHY ALLWAYS, Manager of the "Criterion."

MRS. AUABELLA THIRDFLOOR.

HETTY HEARTSEASE.

ROSY WINSOME.

Nieces of Mrs. Thirdfloor.

SCENE—Mrs. Thirdfloor's parlor; door at back, window at side; large folding screen among the other furniture. Travers seated, reading paper; Cross seated, reading a letter; both wear slippers.

TRAVERS (throwing down paper and jumping up). It has come, it has come at last! Truth is more strange than action and less veracious!

Cross (looking up). What do you mean by prancing about in that fashion? What has come at last,—the long-looked-for clearing of your mind? Am I not sufficiently puzzled over this letter but I must be assaulted and battered with your "It has come at last!" "Last" suggests shoemakers; have we a second pair of boots?

TRAVERS. What boots it to ask you to be reasonable? Do you recollect that about a month ago I came in one evening and found you in our room on the top landing ——

Cross. And for a very good reason you found me in the room: it was not my day to wear the shoes. You know

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very well that we have but one pair between us, so why this rank idioey of telling me that I was in while you were out? I wish some capitalist would find us both out. Such merit as we have, too, though I say it who should not. Here you are, an artist who might rival Raphael, if you had his wealthy patrons; and here am I, a dramatic author before whom Shakspeare's genius might dwarf, if I had only been born in the right century and surroundings. And yet both of us occupying a pill-box of a room on the top landing of Mrs. Thirdfloor's boarding-house, and possessing but one pair of shoes between us. Yet like a couple of Micawbers, we are daily enthused with the idea that something will yet turn up.

TRAVERS. And, Billy, it has turned up!

Cross. And with a vengeance. It has turned up that not only are you and I two impoverished strugglers in the artistic world, but that we have fallen into the meshes of Cupid and permitted the imprudent little god to transfix our hearts with his dart. To think that I should have asked Hester Heartsease to marry me on nothing a year, with the simplest of interest; and that you, with a similar princely income, invested at the same rate of interest, should have been as reckless regarding her cousin, Rosy Winsome, both Mrs. Thirdfloor's nieces, and our board-bill running on like a prize-pedestrian. I shiver to think of what is in store for us. What should we do without this comfortable parlor, where we can come for warmth a little while each day? Such is the fate of the scions of art.

TRAVERS. But listen to me,—I am wild with excitement! Cross. I shall not say you are not.

Travers. You know the many stories about men being left fortunes by those whom they have helped over gutters, rescued from transient starvation, and that sort of thing? The seriousness of these tales has always struck me as the height of impertinence. But attend! As I started out to say,—when you interrupted me with references to a pair of base-soled shoes and a pair of angel-souled young women,—about four weeks since, as you will recollect, I came in one evening covered with glory and mud and explained to you that I had dragged an old codger from under the wheels of

a carriage. I remember that your first thought was for our shoes,—you feared that I had been needlessly noble in running over the cobbles with those precious coverings upon my toes. My skull might have been fractured, so there was no contusion to my outside feet. Listen! (Picks up paper and reads.) "The young gentleman who, a month ago, rescued an elderly gentleman from the wheels of a catamaran"—it was only a light buggy; but the rescued always see heroic things—"and who refused to give his name when requested, will please call to-morrow"—that's to-day, for this is yesterday's paper—"will please call to-morrow at ten o'clock in the morning, at Smith's Hotel and ask for Number Ten." There!

Cross. That advertisement is from the "Agony Column," I presume. It conveys no intelligence of a grateful nature, except that for once a young man is designated as a gentleman by an elderly curmudgeon. How do you know but fifty young men saved fifty elderly ones from fifty carriage wheels a month ago? I shouldn't be surprised if there were young men created for the express purpose. Very likely Smith's Hotel is mobbed by this time,—it is now 9.30.

TRAVERS. You are hilarious; there is something on your mind, I am positive. Hear the rest! (Reads.) "The young gentleman was very solicitous about his boots." That's to attract the right young gentleman. That's myself—I was very solicitous—I always am of late. If my mind doesn't misgive me, I think I remarked to the rescued elderly gentleman that the street was very hard on a fellow's understanding. Of course it is I—what other man would have thought of his boots when he was saving a fellow-creature's life? My fortune is made! Where are the shoes?—wrapped up in the silk handkerchief as usual? I shall proceed immediately to Smith's Hotel. My prophetic soul tells me that the old man has died and made me his heir. No more daubing of canvasses for me. The shoes, the shoes are the thing (starting towards the door)!

Cross (holding up letter). Not so fast, not so fast! There is something on my mind, as you have suggested. Your preposterous joy has quite put out of my head a more important matter. Listen! (Reads letter.) "The comedy by 'Ver-

itas,' sent to the manager of the Criterion Theatre, has been read and approved. The manager will meet 'Veritas'"—that's the name under which I wrote the play—"the manager will meet 'Veritas' at 10.15 to-morrow morning"—the letter is dated yesterday—"to-morrow morning at Jones' Dramatic Agency." Jones sent the letter to me, as he sent my comedy to the manager. Jones' Dramatic Agency is at the other end of town, as is Smith's Hotel. I dare not disappoint the manager of the Criterion—I wish I knew high name; and you could not get here from Smith's Hotel, after your appointment at ten o'clock, in time to let me get to Jones' at 10.15. The premises given, the deduction follows—my first chance at success has arrived; I must meet the manager of the Criterion,—I must have the shoes!

Travers. Billy, I congratulate you on the prospect of success. But, really, do I not possess some rights worthy of recognition? Think of my being the heir of an old man whom I pulled from under the hoofs of a rampant steed. I will share my bequest with you, I will go halves; our fortune is made, your Hester and my Rosy shall be happy, Mrs. Thirdfloor shall be liberally recompensed for all her leniency, and—now for the shoes (starting)!

Cross. Stop! stop! I claim them,—it's my turn at them! you had them yesterday! We can't both have them on at one and the same time, and I can't afford to keep the manager of the Criterion waiting!

Travers. Can I afford to keep Number Ten at Smith's Hotel beyond the stipulated hour?

Cross. I am with you in spirit, Jack, but upon my honor I feel the shoes claiming me. Think of me as a successful dramatic author, the world pouring its ducats into my pockets, Hester at my side.

Travers. But think of me as the heir of an old chap who couldn't tell buggies from catamarans, you happy with Hester, I happy with Rosy, Mrs. Thirdfloor happy in her resuscitated days of prosperity.

Cross. But mine is a matter of practical business!

TRAVERS. What is mine?

Cross. Forgive me, Jack. Oh, how selfish is man to conserve his own ends! Friendship, everything, goes to the

wall for the sake of a little prospective fortune! Suppose we draw lots for the shoes?

Travers. Even in that case one of us would be forced to break his engagement.

Cross. We might each wear a shoe apiece, and pretend to have gout in the remaining foot.

Travers. Gouty young men never write comedies nor rescue elderly gentlemen.

Cross. You might pretend to have injured your foot that time you saved the old chap; while I—(Rosy and Hester enter hastily, their aprons filled with something.) O Hester, Hester! such luck!

TRAVERS. Rosy, our fortune is made!

HESTER. We heard it all from the entry. We have no time for particulars. We have been listening, and contrary to the adage, we have heard good of yourselves, consequently ourselves. We know all that you would tell us. Billy, my heart is with you.

Rosy. Mine is with you, Jack. And Hester and I are determined to assist you out of your predicament—though it must be done before Aunt Arabella returns from market.

Travers. You incomparable darling, lovely ——

HESTER. We will supply the other adjectives. We have little time for the heroics, please. While Aunt Arabella is at market we must contrive a way to make you both happy. If she were here she would think it terrible in her nieces to be so free with young men. And what would she say if she knew that we four have melted into two engaged couples? I shudder to think of Aunt Arabella's horror. We must not anticipate! Hush, Billy! I see a sentimental word hovering about your moustache. No sentiment! You want shoes, and we are proud to say that we know it.

Rosy. Jack shall go to see Number Ten at Smith's Hotel, and Billy shall meet the manager of the Criterion. We two are Saint Crispins—behold!

They let the ends of their aprons drop, when an assortment of ladies' shoes fall to the floor.

TRAVERS. And these are for us?

Rosy. They are!

Cross. You are positively plu-perfect. And really you

should be thanked not only in words of the lips, but in deeds of the lips.

HESTER. Not a step nearer, Mr. Billy Cross. Aunt Arabella would be shocked. Hurry! If you want to meet the manager at 10.15, you have little time to spare.

Rosy. And Smith's Hotel is a good way off, and Number Ten will be looking for you, Jack.

TRAVERS. But—ah—really, while it was decidedly kind of you both, the shoes—ah—are—in fact useless for the purpose designed. We are not Cinderellas, nor are we kin to the lady born without toes.

Cross. Nor fairies with star-sparks for feet.

Rosy. You might squeeze your heels a little. Just try.

HESTER. You never know what you can do till you try. My gloves—which the dear Germans call hand-shoes, you know—are often very tight; but I try to get them on, and I succeed.

Rosy. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," as the song says.

Travers. And a very nice song it is, too. But if we tried till the crack o' doom, these shoes would never consent to go on our feet.

Cross. Though you were awfully kind, Hester and Rosy, but (sighs)—I see how it is; I shall yield the point in favor of Jack—he shall have our shoes.

TRAVERS. You shall not be more generous than *I*. Number Ten may go to the dogs. Meet the manager of the Criterion and be happy!

HESTER (whimpering). You don't know what you can do till you try, I tell you.

Rosy. And Aunt Arabella may drop in at any moment—and Smith's Hotel is twenty minutes away, and the time is passing, and time and tide wait for no man, and Aunt—

Travers. Stop crying!

Cross. Stop crying and we will try!

They seat themselves and endeavor to get on pair after pair of shoes, the girls assisting them.

TRAVERS. Oh! That's my corn!

CROSS. Really, Hester, my foot is not composed of castiron. Don't pound it so!

HESTER. I must pound it; it is no fault of the shoes that they are small. You shall see the manager of the Criterion.

TRAVERS. Oh! That's my other corn!

Cross. Outch! Don't leave one of my toes outside while all the rest are in the shoe!

HESTER. Men are very trying,—worse than shoes!

Rosy. Mercy! Why try both Billy and Jack? Let one of them have their mutual shoes, and the other can wear some of these.

TRAVERS. Some of these! You speak as though we were centipedes.

Rosy. Then act like men. (Weeps.) You are too cruel for anything; and I meant it for the best.

HESTER (weeping). And I meant it for the best, too.

Travers. And we mean no disrespect to your meaning. If you are fairies, how can a great clod like me get into your foot-gear?

Cross. I have often admired the honest intention of your Aunt Arabella's slippers; maybe I might try them, and ——

HESTER. For shame! Aunt Arabella is my mother's sister, sir, no more of a giantess than I am. If you don't wear these shoes, we shall never forgive you!

Rosy. Never!

Cross. But how can we wear them?

HESTER. That is not to the purpose, sir.

Rosy. It is not to the purpose.

TRAVERS. Hold! I have it! The cook, whose name is Chicago; produce her dancing-boots!

Rosy. Chicago left us yesterday. And we were very sorry that she did leave; for last evening when Aunt Arabella was sick with one of her celebrated headaches, a gentleman came and engaged the front second-story room; and such a supper as Hester and I got up for him. I prepared the coffee. I hope he is not a martyr to dyspepsia. Aunt Arabella would be horrified if she knew that we had presumed to make cooks of ourselves. For she holds to the old tradition of our once wealthy position and the aristocracy of a brother whom she possesses somewhere on the face of the earth, but on whom we have never laid eves.

Cross (with an exclamation). You say that a gentleman arrived left night,—a new boarder?

HESTER. Aunt Arabella's third boarder;—she never has room for more than three. I helped to get his supper; I fried ham for him, tough ham!

Cross. Young or old?

HESTER. The ham?

Cross. The gentleman!

HESTER. Oh, elderly!

Cross. Has he breakfasted yet?

HESTER. He is asleep still; the ham may have been a soporific. But what has he to do with our quandary?

Cross. Asleep in his room! That decides it! (Pulls Travers to front.) Jack, all elderly men, no matter where they sleep, put their shoes in the hall outside their room door when they retire for the night. To borrow is not to steal. Besides, he may not wake for an hour or so longer. Desperate diseases demand desperate remedies. The minutes pass; the manager of the Criterion must not wait.

Travers. Billy, your namesake, the Bard of Avon, did not possess a more fertile mind than yours.

HESTER. What are you whispering about? You are rude, to say the least.

Cross. Keep them engaged, Jack, till I investigate the elderly man's door-sill. (Runs out door, while Travers leads the girls front.)

Travers (mysteriously). Once upon a time, two young and delightful men engaged themselves to wed two young and delightful ladies. There was a delightful, though scarcely young, Aunt Arabella, and a delightfully elderly lodger who ——

Enter Cross, wearing a big pair of shoes. He shambles along, his hat in his hand, a bundle wrapped in a silk hundkerchief under his arm.

Cross. I have no time to spare for words. I am on the way to meet the manager of the Criterion. Here is something for you, Jack. (*Throws him the bundle. Travers laughs.*)

Both Girls. How strangely he walked.

HESTER. If he has been mean enough to wear the mutual shoes, I shall never speak to him again.

TRAVERS. Ha! ha! (Picks up bundle, takes out shoes.) Eureka! Eureka!

HESTER. The mutual shoes!

Travers (putting on shoes hurriedly, and snatching up hat).

And now for Number Ten at Smith's Hotel! Excuse me!

[Exit Travers.]

Rosy. Jack wore the shoes. Can I ever forgive his selfishness. And yet—I see it!

HESTER. So do I—Billy has gone in his stocking feet! Such generosity of soul I never did see!

Rosy. Spell it s-o-l-e, then, for I saw upon his feet a pair of the largest shoes my eyes have ever encountered. What I mean to say is, that while Billy was out of the room, he ——

HESTER. He blacked his stockings! I see, I see! The nobility of that man's mind is absolutely overpowering.

Rosy. No, no; he has found a pair of old boots left by some former lodger. Dear boys! Let us wish them good luck! Let us throw these old shoes after them!

They gather up shoes, run to window and throw them out, and waft kisses. During which a voice is heard in the hall, "A pretty act! A charming scene! A delightful situation!"

Both Girls (hearing the voice). Oh!

Door opens, enter Timothy Allways in a rage. He is in his stocking feet. The girls run behind screen and peep out at him. He looks cautiously around.

HESTER. Our new boarder! How he glares. It must be the ham.

Rosy. Or the coffee. He is in his stocking feet.

Mr. Allways goes around the room searching under the furniturs and growling.

HESTER. Is he a somnambulist, do you think?

Rosy. He is wide-awake. Look at him now. Oh, Hester! it is my opinion that he is a burglar! See, he wears no shoes; that is done that he may not be heard walking. He has watched from his room and has seen Aunt Arabella and the chambermaid go out; he has seen Billy and Jack go out. He means to rob the house.

HESTER. Murder!

Rosy. Hush! Reserve your energy. Think of all the heroines you have ever read about. Think of Billy and Jack! Here! we have work to do. There is no one in the house but you and me.

HESTER. I understand. And shall we tamely submit to his depredations? and with such brave lovers as we have! Let us show ourselves worthy of our lovers.

Rosy. Yes—yes; oh, yes, certainly. I am willing. But how do you go about showing yourself worthy of people?

HESTER. We must secure the burglar.

Rosy. But how?

HESTER. I don't know how, but we must secure him all the same. Oh, look! he is coming toward us. Let us secure him.

Rosy. Yes, yes, let us secure him. Of course, secure him.

Mr. Allways goes in direction of screen, when the girls run from the room with a shriek.

Mr. A. Eh? Did I hear a sound? It was something like the squeak of a mouse. There is not a human being in this house; I have been from the cellar up to the dismal little room on the top landing, only to find that I am alone. and my shoes gone! What does this portend? I could swear that I put those shoes outside my door last night. Somebody has removed them, and I am in as sorry a plight as a man can be; and the house empty! I didn't like the officiousness of those two girls last night; there was something malevolent in the eyes of one of them when she asked me if I took coffee for supper; while the aspect of her who said I would find the fried ham very nourishing, was simply diabolical. It is my belief that I am in a trap,—a murderer's den for all I know, and my shoes abstracted, and the two girls who in vesterday's paper advertised the room as suitable for the occupancy of a single gentleman,—these girls have gone after the male assassins and deserted the house for the time being. I read it like a book. And I—(sinks into a chair.) This accounts for the mysterious disappearance of so many single gentlemen—they are either married or take lodgings in such houses as this, and in each case become extinct. (Thinks.) And how will I stand in the eyes of two gentlemen I hoped to meet to-day! Here am I, 'Timothy Allways, ever called a rolling stone by a set of aristocratic relatives who have old blood and little else to keep them up,-here am I, the successful manager of the Criterion

Leatre, making an engagement to meet an anonymous Gramatic author who styles himself "Veritas," and who has written the finest comedy I have ever seen in manuscript. And I promised to meet him at 10.15 this morning, and my shoes are gone and the time is at hand! And here am I, Timothy Allways, a gentleman, even though I have earned my fortune by my own exertions,—here am I, who one short month ago was rescued from the hoofs of a wild-eved besotted horse with a catamaran,—rescued at the peril of his own life by a young man who was plainly a struggling genius, as the white seams of his coat proved, and who refused to give me any name after risking his head for mine; here I am, anxious to prove to one young heart that the world recognizes a generous deed, and have inserted in yesterday's "Personals" a request to meet him at ten o'clock this morning at Smith's Hotel, where he was to ask for Number Ten, which is the title of one of my recently accepted melodramas, - and here I am with no shoes! I shall lose a wonderful coincdy; while my life-preserver will heap maledictions on my head and allow the next man in danger to die before he will lend a helping hand. And on top of all this, here I am in a den of some sort. How to get out! There is not a pair of man's boots in this house; I have looked. If I go out in my stockings, I stand the chance of being arrested by the police for a demented person; if I am thus arrested and explain my suspicions of this house, I may be prosecuted for libeling some respectable man or woman; for my suspicions are only suspicions after all. Let me think! And oh, to secure my comedy author; and oh, to reward the preserver of my life! Let me cogitate and clear my brain!

He puts his hand to his head and falls into reverie, shaking his head angrily and muttering. Enter Rosy and Hester holding to each other, and carrying a great coil of rope.

Rosy. There he is in that chair. Is he meditating some atrocity? Now is our chance!

HESTER. Let us be brave,—let us slip up behind him and throw this rope around his person and so secure him to the chair.

Rosy. I am so frightened.

HESTER. So am I. But remember we do this to prove to our lovers that we are brave as they.

They approach Mr. A., who makes a movement, and they run out shricking.

Mr. A. Eh? That mouse again. (Reverie.)

Girls enter, cautiously approaching him. Hester throws rope over him, and while he struggles, she and Rosy screaming "Fire" and "Murder," wind the rope around and around him, and tie him to the chair, his hands bound to his sides.

Rosy. There! I am going to faint, Hester! HESTER. So am I!

They support each other and close their eyes.

Mr. A. It is as I suspected. Yet strange to say, I am impressed more with curiosity than dread. What is to be my fate? What a plot this would make for a play! Let me think of what sins I am guilty! There is one,—my unbrotherly conduct to my widowed sister Arabella. It is too late now, or I should try once more to find Arabella and tell her how long I have searched for her and our nieces to whom she has been a mother ever since their parents died. And yet, let me calm my brain in this, my possibly last hour.

HESTER (rousing up). I am better now.

Rosy. So am I.

HESTER. Let us be braver still. Are you sure he is securely tied?

Rosy. I put eleven true-lover's knots in my end of the rope.

HESTER. Then he should be accused of his villainy. (Goes to Mr. A. and shakes her finger at him.) Your time has come at last!

Mr. A. (aside.) Let me think of the situations of heroes in melodramas. (Aloud.) I know it; and I meet my doom bravely.

Rosy. You are in the last house you will ever enter.

Mr. A. (aside.) I feared as much.

HESTER. In a little while two strong men will be here and you will be attended to.

Mr. A. (aside.) Everything is as I suspected; I am to be

murdered! O Arabella! O "Veritas!" O preserver of my life!

Rosy. But you must not make a commotion before they come, for—we—we are nervous.

HESTER. Though brave as lions!

Mr. A. raises his foot and regards it, and both girls shriek and run.

They return.

Mr. A. (faintly.) Will somebody please to scratch my instep?—then I shall die in peace.

Noise outside.

Rosy. Oh, here comes Billy and Jack!

Mr. A. Alas! my assassins!

HESTER. They shall not say that we regard the capture of a burglar as a superhuman affair. Let us take it quietly. Hurry! move the screen around him; at a fitting moment we will bring him forth and tell all.

Rosy. But suppose he makes a noise before we bring him forth?

HESTER (to Mr. A.). Say one word till we give you permission, and it will be worse for you.

Mr. A. (aside.) I have always heard that it is best to obey in these cases. (Aloud.) I am silent as the grave.

Rosy. Hurry with the screen; they are on the stairs.

They drag screen around Mr. A. Enter Cross and Travers, who dash their hats upon table, Cross flinging off big shoes.

HESTER. He did not black his stockings after all.

Rosy. I knew they were shoes.

Cross (perceiving girls). Hester, it was all a farce, that theatrical manager. He never came.

TRAVERS. And, Rosy, Smith's Hotel held no Number Ten. And yet you do not appear to take our announcements much to heart; you are positively lively.

Rosy. Lively! We are excited and calm at the same moment. Never mind Number Ten, and the practical joke of his advertisement; I have a subject for a painting which shall make your fortune.

HESTER. And, dear Billy, I have a plot for your next comedy which shall make every manager in the country

wild to get it. Suppose a burglar enters a house and is eaptured by two frail girls? That's your plot!

Rosy. And your pieture, Jack!

Cross and Travers. A burglar! Where?

Rosy. Here! We captured him!

HESTER. We fainted afterward!

Travers. What does it mean?

HESTER. It means that a great, big, awful, horrible ruffian with "burglar" written in every lineament of his face, suddenly appeared before us and ——

Mr. A. bound to a chair walks from behind screen. Girls shriek and cling to Cross and Travers.

Mr. A. It means that I am the burglar.

BOTH GIRLS. Secure him! secure him!

Travers. Why this is the gentleman whom I assisted a month ago, and who ——

Mr. A. Put the personal in yesterday's paper,—the manager of the Criterion Theatre, at your service.

Cross. The manager of the Criterion! What!

Mr. A. Who came to this eity and this house last night, and who meant to keep his engagements with you gentlemen this morning, and who last night placed his shoes outside his door, and ——

Cross (kicking the big shoes towards him). Are these yours? Mr. A. They bear a family resemblance to mine. Unbind me; I am at present too much of a standing chairman of this meeting.

Men unbind him.

Both Girls. What have we done?

Mr. A. (unbound, rushes to Cross.) My comedy maker! (Rushes to Travers.) My preserver! Two geniuses!

Cross. Oh, sir, we must explain —

Mr. A. Nothing!—I can understand very much of what has occurred—even to the wearing of my shoes by my comedy maker. He is in his stockings. I take the comedy at your own price. While as for you (to Travers), whatever you can do in the line of a genius, do at your own price. And as for you (to Hester and Rosy) —

Both Girls. Oh, forgive us!

Mr. A. These gentlemen are your friends?

Enter at aoor Mrs. Thirdfloor in bonnet and shawl, carrying a market basket. She starts or threshold, drops her basket and clasps her hands.

Cross. We are more than friends.

Travers. We are accepted suitors.

Mrs. T. Accepted suitors! I see it all now! And there stands ——

Mr. A. I have a hysterical tendency to laugh at all that has occurred, but in deference to your feelings I restrain my own. Henceforth regard me, all of you, as a friend and ——

Mrs. T. (who has run forward and clasped him around the neck.) A long-lost brother!

Mr. A. Arabella! Is it possible that this is your house? —that these are my nieces? Shades of romance! What a coincidence!

Mrs. T. And that you are my new boarder! Hester, Rosy, behold your Uncle Timothy! Yes, oh, Timothy, to think that they have engaged themselves to marry two impoverished ——

Mr. A. Geniuses now on the road to success. And these girls are genuine heroines—they took me for a burglar——

Mrs. T. Timothy, Timothy, I am so happy!

Mr. A. That they took me for a burglar?

MRS. T. No, no; that you are found again. May these young people who have exchanged hearts with one another be happy; for if you say so—oh, Timothy (clasps him)!

Mr. A. Kncel, young people, as they do in melodramas. (*They kneel.*) Bless you, my children! May fortune place you on its apex, its ——

CROSS.
HESTER.
TRAVERS.
Rosy.

Mrs. T. Oh, Timothy (clasps him)!

[Curtain falls.

THE LOST CHILD.*—HARRY H. CUSHING.

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

CHARACTERS.

TERENCE O'BRIEN, a dispenser of clams.

ABIJAH SQUASHVINE, a cute son of Vermont.

JACOB SAEURPHIZ, a belligerent Teuton.

ALEXIS FEVRE, a perplexed, but polite native of la belle France.

BRIDGET O'BRIEN, ruler of the roost.

SCENE-A street. Enter Bridget and Terence O'Brien.

TERENCE. Och, be aisy now, darlint! Don't I tell yees the b'y don't be wid me all the day? How would I be bodderin' meself wid the lookin' afther him, an' me peddlin' clams all the mornin', which I only sold a bushel, the quarther of that, too, was cabbages?

BRIDGET. Ye're an unfalin wretch, Teddy O'Brien, an' I say it to yer face! Just yees wait till I ketch ye aslape on the doorstep wid a broomstick in me fist. Me, which might have married Patrick O'Flanagan, what drives a ash cart, an' it's quite illigant he is wid his foine horse and long whiskers, an' not be workin' the bones out of me flesh for a rascally clam-peddler.

TERENCE. An' why didn't ye say so tin years ago, Bridget, an' save me a dale of throuble?

BRIDGET. Throuble! That's it, ye lazy gossoon! throuble! An' me starvin' meself to kape ye in whiskey and praties. It's a shmall bit of throuble ye take fur yer childer wid one of 'em sthrayin', the polaceman don't know where and he ain't certain. A foine lad is my Hugh, which took intirely afther his mother, an' not a bit afther his lazy old dad. An' it's loike enough he slid out of the house afther yees, Teddy, while ye was sellin' yer clams, an' at this very moment he may be lyin' drownded dead on the top of the say. Ye're a baste, Teddy O'Brien! Why don't yees roon about and look for the darlint, an' not be standin' starin' there loike a sthuck pig?

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TERENCE. Arrah, now, didn't yees tell me would I stay wid yees, an' how will I be lookin' round?

BRIDGET. Och, ye good-for-nothin'! Is it only one thing at a time ye can be doin'? Go long wid yees, an' ax the first man ye mate if he's put eyes on our b'y, an' if ye don't see the first man, ax the nixt one. Git along, now!

TERENCE. Yis, Bridget, ye're betther minded, I belave. [Exit Terence.

BRIDGET. Oh, wurrah, wurrah! Sorra's the day I lose my Hugh, the little pest! As lovely a child for his age as ye iver saw. Loike enough he's been roond over wid the say or drownded by the stame cars—the murtherin' things—an' me, his own mother, niver near him to console him wid a batin'. (Enter Abijah Squashvine.) Oh, sur, have ye seen the loikes of a b'y, which he is shmall for his size an' a foine bright spakin' eye loike his mother? Shure an' he's strayed away somewhere, an' most disthracted I am.

ABIJAH. Wall, I dun'no. What kind of a chap was he? Kinder small like, p'raps, with punkin hair and freckles, shouldn't wonder.

BRIDGET. Yis; oh yis! But his hair is jist like the lafe of a rid cabbage, which I can't deny is very beautchtiful, an' his face is as bright as the top of the mornin' whin it's washed. Oh, where have yees seen him? Relave a mother's suspense, an' lave me get at him wid a stick.

ABIJAH. Shouldn't wonder naow ef his jacket was considerable tore and kinder the wuss for wear.

Bridger. So it was! so it was! But a very good jacket it were, an' cost me siventy-five cints, for which I owes Mrs. Maloney to this very day, which hit me in the eye with a pratie, an' 'll have to wait for the money. Shure, it was a good jacket, wid a slit in the side made by the pig, whin the b'y was full of his foon and poked his eye wid a stick. The blessin' of heaven upon ye, where is he?

Авіјан. Wall, I calc'late I can't tell ye.

BRIDGET. Arrah! Go long wid yer palaverin', decavin' a dacint woman starvin' for a sight of her b'y! But say, misther, will yees have the koindness to ax the fust man ye sees, and be a comfort to a poor fatherless mother in her throuble?

ABIJAH. Yes, ma'am! I guess yer ean eall on Bije Squashvine when yer want help. I'll hunt fur yer young 'un ef I lose a day's mowin'.

Bridger Thank ye, sur, an' may ye live to kiek the man that thramples on yer grave! [Exit Bridget.

Enter Terence O'Brien.

TERENCE. Tell me, misther, have yees seen a shmall bit of a b'y, lookin' kinder as if he didn't live where he do now, which ye will know him by his not lookin' a bit loike me, but more loike his mother?

ABIJAH. Sho! Yeou don't say! What, yeou lost a young 'un tew? Wall, I had kinder an idee of askin' ye abeout a stray brat myself.

TERENCE. Whist! An' have yees lost a child, too? Ah, wurrah, musha, it's a hard summer for childer!

ABIJAH. No; I ain't lost one of my youngsters; I ain't got none to lose; I was just lookin' abcout, careless like, for some 'un who had. What kind of a lookin' chap is your'n? Red-headed, with his phiz kivered with freckles?

TERENCE. The very same!

ABIJAH. Guess he had a jacket purty far gone, didn't he? TERENCE. So he did!

ABIJAH. Purty small for his age?

TERENCE. Yis; he's young for his years; but where is he? Say! Let me take him home by the ear, an' prevint the old woman from doin' the same to me.

Aвіјан. I hain't seen him.

TERENCE. Bad luck to ye! What do yees be raisin' the hopes of a poor clam-peddler, wid a scoldin' wife, wid the loikes of that? Have marcy on me poor back, and jist help me look for him, will yees?

Авілан. Guess I can look fur tew young 'uns well's one.

Exit Abijah. Enter Alexis Ferre.

TERENCE. Plase, sur, will ye have the koindness to inform me whether have yees put yer eyes on the loikes of a lost b'y, an' if yees don't, where was he?

Alexis. Pardon, Monsieur, je ne vous comprend pas.

TERENCE. What's that ye're sayin? Pa? Yis; I'm his dad, if that's what ye mane.

ALEXIS. Excuse, sare, my meestake. I have not pareceive dat it is you who speak ze English.

TERENCE. Faix an' would yees have me talk Greek? ALEXIS. Non, non, Monsieur, je demande votre pardon.

TERENCE. Pa Dong? Whist man! My name's Pa O'Brien, if ye plaze, Terenee O'Brien. But have yees seen a child wanderin' round, lost loike?

ALEXIS. Un enfant! Perdu! No, sare, I regret it much, but I have not ze good fortune.

TERENCE. Well, thin, would ye do a poor, motherless father the favor of axin' the parsons ye mate whether they have come acrost him?

Alexis. Parsons? You mane ze priest, I suppose?

TERENCE. The praste? No; what would yees be afther throublin' the praste for? Ax the men, the women, an' the childer, but don't be bodderin' the praste.

ALEXIS. Oai; les femmes, les hommes, et les enfants. Tres bien. Terrence. Begorra, he's a parley-voo, shure enough!

Exit Terence. Enter Bridget O'Brien.

Bridget. Oh, sur, will ye give a poor, lone, lorn forsaken woman the loan of yer hand?

ALEXIS. Madame, my hand, my head, and my heart are at your service.

BRIDGET. Draw it mild, if ye plase; yer hand's enough. But tell me, honey, have ye seen my poor lost b'y, which I ain't set eyes on since five o'clock this blissed mornin', and niver expect to agin till the day afther yesterday?

ALEXIS. Ah, madame, and is it that you too have lost un petit enfant,—a little child?

BRIDGET. Do yees think I'm lyin' to ye?

ALEXIS. No, madame, no; it would be impossible; but you are in trouble; you have one grand affliction?

BRIDGET. No; it's only a bit of a cowld in me head. Tell me, will yees, have ye seen me b'y, the pride of his mother's heart, which he broke in paces intirely, by stalin' away loike a thafe, the ungrateful little bag-o'-bones? A foine lad, wid hair the color of rid cabbage, eyes of the same, which I would say blue, loike milkman's milk; and his little overcoat made out of his dad's old yest, which the same

he don't wear, it bein' summer-time, an' his face a little the worse for freckles, but he had an illigant new jacket, save a rip in the side and the buttons gone;—have ye seen him?

ALEXIS. No, madame; I am greatly sorrowful, but I have not.

BRIDGET. Well, thin, will ye kape the two eyes of ye open an' ax about him as ye go?

ALEXIS. Madame, I have but two eyes; they are yours, command me.

BRIDGET. An' what would I be commandin' the loikes of ye for? No, sir; I'll save that for Teddy, bad luck to the man, lazin' at home an' me wearin' the skin off me hands walkin' about lookin' for me lost child. Boo-hoo! [Exit Bridget.

ALEXIS. Ciel! Ver strange country! I have only met two persons dis mornin' and dey bot' lose dere children.

Enter Abijah Squashvine.

ABIJAH. Say, 'Square ----

ALEXIS. Tell me, sare—I beg ten tousand pardons. Proceed.

 $_{\rm ABIJAH.}$ Wall, I was just about to remark, have you seen —

ALEXIS. I was about to remark, also, have you seen —

Abijaii. Tew children —

Alexis. Two children! —

Авілай. Just yeou look a-here naow, 'Square, what be you mimicking me so much for?

ALEXIS. Oh, no, Monsieur. *Vous avez tort*. You meestake. I demand your pardon. Oblige me to proceed.

ABIJAII. Sha'n't dew nothin' of the kind; shall go on myself. Have you seen tew youngsters, red-headed, freckled-faced, with torn jackets, lookin' lost like?

ALEXIS. Merci! Ze very same interrogation which I would put to you. I am myself in quest of two children, wit' hair ze color of ze—of ze—lemon, faces some tarnished by ze sun, coat—frock torn——

ABIJAH. See here, stranger, s'posin' we quit; we can hunt for four red-headed young 'uns's well as two; yeou take one trail and I'll take the other. It's gettin' excitin'.

[Exit Abijah.

ALEXIS. Sacre-re! What a day for children!

Exit Alexis in opposite direction. Enter Jacob Saeurphiz, holding on to his nose.

Jacob. I should yust like to dake hold mit dose schild, who blastered me in der nose mit a paked apple; I would make her walk mit de stairs down up the street mit a pig cane-stick. I yust gomes out to makes a little walk mit mineselves all alone together and I don't likes it.

Enter Bridget O'Brien.

Bridger. Is it ye, sur, can tell me where will I find me lost b'y, the pride of me heart, wid his merry blue eyes an' one of thim sore wid a blackin' bottle, hair the color of a rid cabbage, an' illigant curls wid a nice jacket on, some tore?

Jacob. I guess not somedimes; but yust as I toorned the corner house round mit der grocery sdore on der oder side, I felt, oh my, what you dink? A schildren hit me on der baked apple mit her nose.

Bridget. Go 'long wid yer foolin'!

Exit Bridget indignantly. Enter Terence O'Brien.

TERENCE. Musha, musha! What will I do! Oh, sur, help a poor lone man, wid the fear of the broomstick in his eye, an' jist give me a hist.

JACOB. Eh? What's him you say? What's der matter uit you anydimes? You have some cholicera, don't it?

TERENCE. I wish I was; but it's a dale worse. Tell me, have yees come acrost a poor, little wanderin' red-headed, freckled b'y, wid his jacket tore, an' blue eyes wid the buttons gone?

JACOB. I dinks I don't get oop early in der morning enough. No, my friend; I don't seen your vreckled schild, and I don't vants do some more; I have met one der morning, and he beesh quite too much. I yust like to gatch holt mit her!

Exit Terence. Enter Abijah Squashvine.

Abijah. Wall, this business's gettin' monotonous, but I said I would, and I will. Hallo, 'Square!

JACOB. Hallo yourself, somedimes, so it vas!

ABIJAH. Yeou ha'n't seen four young 'uns, four boys, with carrot-colored hair, watery-blue eyes, yeller teeth, spotted complected, with torn jackets on and no boots, wanderin abeout, miserlaneous-like, three of 'em huntin' for dads and the fourth for a mother, have yer?

JACOB. What you dalking apout?

Авіјан. І say, yeou ha'n't seen four lads, with freckle¢ hair, blue teeth, ——

Jacob. You don't make some foolishness mit me if you drys; you petter get avay somewheres, or I will kick you in der nose mit mine fist.

ABIJAH. No yer don't; my name's Abijah Squashvine, and you don't hit Bije if he knows it.

JACOB I guess I dinks petter of him.

Авіјан. That's right. Yeou ha'n't seen them children, have yer?

Jacob. Nein.

ABIJAH. Nine! Jerusha! No! I'm only responsible for four!

JACOB. I dells you I don't have seen dem, and I don't vants do.

ABIJAII. Wall, I wouldn't. Keep clear of the ring; I wish I was quit on't. [Exit Abijah.

Jacob. *Blitzen!* What a bad blace for der schildren! I guess I petter hold on mit mine own selves; folks gets lost mit so much uneasiness. I might stray avay somewheres and gouldn't find mineself.

Enter Alexis Fevre.

ALEXIS. Is it necessary for me to spend ze remainder of my life in ze recovery of lost children? Ah! Voila! Un gentilhomme! I will ask of him, and perhaps he will entangle ze mystery. Sare! Monsieur! I appear to you to give me ze aid in ze most sad affair. Six little—petits—children——

Jacob. Vas der man grazy? Vhat you dalkin apout?
ALEXIS. Six little children! Lost! Lost! Lost! Oh,
Monsieur ——

Jacob. Stop; I don't like dese nonsense!

ALEXIS. But, Monsieur! Six little children wiz ze hair

of ze color azure, ze face like ze cabbage, ze jacket ze pride of ze mozer's heart ——

JACOB. You dinks you keeps me standin' here to make foon mit me? You petter dake some cares, or I strike you mit my foots. I haf enough of der schildren quite.

ALEXIS. But, Monsieur, six little, small, tiny children —— JACOB. I don't gare for seventy-eleven schildrens; I got ick mit der schildrens; I peen asked apout some less than one dozen of schildrens since I stand here.

ALEXIS. But, sare, have pity on ze six ——

JACOB. You shuts oop, or you gets so mad mit me as vhat vants to put your eye in my hand!

ALEXIS. But, Monsieur ----

JACOB. I can't stand on him some longer! (About to strike Alexis.)

Enter Abijah Squashvine.

ABIJAH. Hold on, 'Square! What's the matter here? JACOB. Matter? Too much matter! Do I gome to this goundry to be killed mit schildrens? I stand here five minutes, and four beoples bodder me apout twelve schildrens, its man vants six of dem.

ABIJAH. I'll take tew off his hands; he can't help it, he's in the ring tew. But say, yeou ha'n't seen tew ——

JACOB. Donner und Blitzen! Nein! I don't seen less dan 20 schildrens at all; I bees blind in both eyes, and in der 200se since der morning.

Enter Bridget O'Brien.

Bridger. Oh, gintlemin, have ye scen— Faix! I belave I've seen ye all, so I have.

JACOB. Dake der woman avay! Dake her avay!

BRIDGET. Begorra, what ails the man? (Enter Terence O'Brien.) Teddy, ye rascal, why don't yees be lookin' fur the chile an' not be gaddin' about wid yer hands in yer pockets?

TERENCE. Bridget, darlint, Mary Maloney says would I tell yees if ye don't take yer b'y out of her ould garret, she'll break ivery hoop in the ould wash-tub ye lint her last Monday.

BRIDGET. Oh, wurrah, musha! What a stoopid I were!

Shure, I locked the b'y in there this mornin' 'arly an' forgot all about it. Teddy, ye dunce, go on wid yer clam peddlin', an' don't stand there grinnin' loike a monkey.

ABIJAH. Say, was yeou tew huntin' after the same young'un?

BRIDGET. Shure, sir, his b'y's my b'y. I'm Bridget O'Brien, an' this is Teddy O'Brien, my old man. Make a bow, Teddy, ye ijit.

ABIJAII. I calc'late I see daylight; the next time yeou lose your children, yeou'd better hunt for them in company. (*To Alexis.*) Found yeour tew young 'uns, 'Square?

ALEXIS. Ah, Monsieur, it was ze children of Madame De Brine that I look for. But your errand? Is it accomplished?

Авілан. Wall, I feel small, but I'll own up; it was young O'Brien I was lookin' fur myself.

ALEXIS. I am very glad it is all settled.

Abijah. Feller-citizens! Bije Squashvine's goin' to adjourn.

JACOB. It must haf peen der yoong O'Prien who blastered me in der nose. I will hit her out of der window if I gets hold mit him!

Bridger. Teddy, come away wid yer; I want to spake to yer sariously. Begorra, won't I wake the two of yees whin \tilde{t} get home!

TERENCE. She wants to spake wid the broomstick.

JACOB. I guess somebody gets good deal greater more fooled dan Jacob Saeurphiz; what you dinks?

[Curtain falls.

DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

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AT THE "RED LION."*-HELEN BOOTH.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN CRABTREE.

MASTEB BART ALLEN.
REV. TIMOTHY JONES.
TOBY, a SERVANT.
MISTRESS DOROTHEA (DORRY) EFFINGHAM.
MISTRESS MARY (DOLLY) EFFINGHAM.
Host, Servants, Guests, etc.

Time.—Latter part of Eighteenth century; the ladies wearing powder and patches; the men, wigs and knee-breeches.

Scene.—Parlor of the "Red Lion;" door back; two side entrances, right and left; a window; table in centre, with two swords on it. Enter at door in back, Dolly, veiled; passes across room to right exit; after her, Captain Crabtree.

Captain Crabtree. Is that you, Mistress Dorry? (Dolly returns no answer; exit, right. The Captain looks after her, sighs, and shakes his head. He goes to table, takes up swords and examines their points.) Too pointedly dangerous! (Apparently breaks off the points against the floor, throws them on table, goes to window, pulls aside the curtain and looks out.) A wintry evening. A lace of snow spreads like a bridal-veil over the face of Nature. The birds are perishing on the trees, and wolves seek the shelter of farm-yards, even though such shelter brings them to their death. A bitter night, indeed!

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(Drops curtain and musingly advances to front.) Have I tested all of life only to find it wanting in comfort as is the frosty night outside? And is not this girl whose heart I seek, worthy of better things than my recent acts? Ah, to win the love of a pure and gentle woman! My present reckless mode of life is wearing on me. Who will believe that I adopted it in order to fascinate a romantic woman? And suppose this last effort to make more extravagant that mode of life should fail? O woman! since Eve, has your sex made mine ridiculous!

Exit Captain C., left. Enter from right, the veiled figure of Dolly. She angrily throws aside the veil.

Dolly. "Is that you, Mistress Dorry?" Those were his words. To think that it should always be Dorothea and never me—Dolly! And he so much to me, too! I would die for him! More,—I would live his slave; and to live the slave of one we love is more than to die for the loved one. It is all that I can do to keep him from seeing what he has become to me. But hush! Who comes hither? (Snatches at veil.) Ah, it is only Cousin Dorothea. I must let her detect nothing—I must appear happy and cheerful. (Hums.)

Enter Dorothea excitedly, looks at Dolly, then runs to her.

DOROTHEA. Oh, Dolly, is it you? Tell me, is there any disturbance in the hall below?

Dolly (cheerfully). Disturbance!

DOROTHEA. Did you meet no one on your way to this room—no one who—who——

Dolly. I met Captain Crabtree.

DOROTHEA. Yes, yes; and he —

Dolly. He mistook me for a swan, as the lover in the ballad confounded his sweetheart with a silly bird that never has sufficient wit to escape danger. Don't you remember the ballad? (Sings or recites.)

"As I was a-walking, a shower came on,
I ran under the bushes, the shower to shun;
With my white apron pinned about me, he shot me for a swan,
But alas! and alas! it was poor Polly Band!"

[Laughs.]

DOROTHEA. How can you be so merry, and I so nervous? DOLLY. Why should I not be merry? 'Tis a merry world at all times. "Alas! and alas! it was poor Polly Band!"

Yes, the Captain mistook me for you, as he has done before, and called me Mistress Dorry! Are we so confusingly similar in form as in name, coz?

DOROTHEA (coldly). We are not alike in anything. And Captain Crabtree had best be less free with our names. I must insist upon being Mistress Dorothea to him, while you should be Mistress Mary. His offensive freedom will soon receive a check when I have an answer to a note I despatched this evening.

Dolly (standing beside Dorothea). But we are alike. Just now you are a trifle whiter than I am; our eyes are the same color; we are of one height. No wonder the Captain occasionally mistakes me for you. (Dorothea sinks into a chair and puts her apron to her eyes.) Mercy, mercy, how foolish you are! You accuse me of being merry; I accuse you of the dumps. You are silly to cry.

DOROTHEA. Why are you not as silly? I confess that I am nervous. So should you be. Have you no care for the stories of the robber? You know since father left yesterday, I have been on pins and needles, fearing all manner of attacks on the house. Why the highwayman is in this very neighborhood; every coach that comes to the "Red Lion" appears to have been almost stopped by this mounted ranger. And scarcely a guest arrives without stories of a sight of the desperado. And father not here!—but on his way to get a warrant for the arrest of some mysterious person. I fear me he knows who is the highwayman, and will not tell us. And he is liable to be murdered on the road, and his body brought here stiff and cold. He is my father, Dolly, my only relative but you.

Dolly. Nor have I either father or mother.

DOROTHEA. Forgive me, dear; I was selfish. As long as father lives he will be a parent to you, not merely an uncle.

Dolly. I have no time for sentiment. I spoke bitterly—you have everything—I have nothing.

DOROTHEA. What have I that you have not?

Dolly (aside). Oh, this duplicity! She pretends to despise Captain Crabtree! (Aloud.) Never mind, cousin. And confess that all these stories about the highwayman would affect you very little, had it not been that a certain

gentleman named Master Bart Allen was one evening stopped while on his way to the "Red Lion," and by a veritable footpad who is doubtless the wonderful highwayman. Bart is such a dear friend, eh?

DOROTHEA. He is a brave gentleman.

Dolly (aside). Ah, if he were only a little more than that to you! (Aloud.) As for me, I love bravery; and a high-wayman is no coward.

DOROTHEA. Father says that a highwayman is not a brave man, and that he would like to shoot down this one as he would a fox.

Dolly. Brave men shoot face to face; they do not slay their foes as they do foxes.

DOROTHEA. Yes, you said as much to father, and vexed him. And I mind when you said it that Captain Crabtree applauded and laughed.

Dolly. What of Captain Crabtree? He has been here three months and still lingers on. Why? He says he awaits remittances. And yet he is not poor.

DOROTHEA. The mystery attached to him attracts you, Dolly. You consider him brave as a lion, don't you?—because he has been in the wars, and goes out nightly and returns jesting about the highwayman who has not presumed to attack him. (Leans her face upon her hands.)

Dolly (aside). I am attracted by Captain Crabtree, am I? Yes, and I am nothing to him, while she is everything. He stays here, awaiting remittances, does he? He stays for sake of Dorothea, and she knows it. And oh! the torture to me! For is he not the world and more to me? Yet, he is no less to her, and she will not own to that because she sees how I regard him. I have watched her a month, and of all deceptive girls commend Dorothea as the most deceptive! She pretends a coolness for him to blind me and lead him on! Let me have air—I suffocate!

Dolly goes to window and gets behind curtains. Enter Captain C.

Capt. C. (aside.) Dolly is behind that curtain; I must be very bold. (Aloud.) Mistress Dorothea!

DOROTHEA (starting). Dolly!—ah, where is she? You here, sir?

CAPT. C. Listen to me!

DOROTHEA. That I refuse to do!

CAPT. C. But you must!

DOROTHEA. You use force?

CAPT. C. I have at last met one who is a second life to me. I am tired of the exciting pleasures of my past. It rests with the one I love whether or not I become a strong and good man.

DOROTHEA (aside). I dare not show him that I fear him. (Aloud.) It rests with a higher power.

Capt. C. The highest power is love,—earthly love is the child of heavenly love; there is but one light, one fire,—the sun, and the maker of the sun is the light, the heat it gives. Here I am, an accepted lover, or else the veriest rascal in the land. A woman's "yes" can make me the one; her "no" the other.

Dorothea, with a cry, runs off, right; the Captain after her. Dolly comes forward.

Dolly. I cannot stand this! She shall not have him! Am I not as fair as she, as sweet as she in everything,—except that I love more fondly? He would have cared for me, but for her cool, shy ways such as ever appeal to a man more than a warm welcome does. But she shall not have him—she shall not!

Exit Dolly, back. Enter Dorothea, right, followed by the Captain.

CAPT. C. (aside.) Aha! I see Dolly listening at the door. DOROTHEA. How can you, how can you, when you know that I am defenceless?

Capt. C. I merely desire you to tell me —

DOROTHEA. How dare you insist thus! You would not worry me to-night were my father present.

CAPT. C. Or even if Master Bart Allen should have dropped in. (Dorothea sits down, wringing her hands. Aside.) That was a clincher. I wonder what Dolly thinks of that? I see her over there by the door. (Aloud.) Ah, his name does it! And you think I do not know what brings him so often to the "Red Lion" despite his wondrous fear of the reputed highwayman? You would deny that he fears him? Then what made his face so white, his tongue so stammering the night when he met this redoubtable ranger of the wood?

DOROTHEA. How do you know that he was pale and confused? Only father and I saw him that night.

Capt. C. (frowning.) Some one else saw him. And some one else knows that a little note has been despatched from the "Red Lion," which note is calculated to fetch Master Bart here to-night. So he causes this perturbation, does he? I shall watch for him and congratulate him when he comes.

DOROTHEA (jumping up, with clasped hands). Oh, for the sake of all that you hold sacred, speak not to him of this. Capt. C. (aside.) What does Dolly think of this? Jealous,

I wonder? (Aloud.) You would ask a favor at my hands? DOROTHEA. Ah--you force a miserable confession from a helpless girl. I have sent a note, as you say—though I cannot tell how you have learned of it. Being here alone with my cousin, and growing nervous about the safety of my father, I would consult with Master Allen, a friend of my father—nay, nay; you shake your head; you refuse to credit me! But pray be silent when he comes—pray say no word of congratulation—oh! pity a woman who to saye her modesty

Capt. C. Rely upon nothing but the feelings of a loving man determined to win his wife at all hazards. [Bows, exit.

your honor after telling you this: surely I may ---

in one man's mind, owns to you that she thinks gently of one who has manifested no preference for her. I rely on

Dolly (stepping inside of door; aside). How triumphant he looked. I could catch but little of what they said. She has accepted him at last; I saw it in his face.

DOROTHEA. Who is there? (Dolly withdraws.) I feared he had come back. What shall I do? I will watch the road from the window; I must prevent his speaking with Bart before I do—I must keep them apart and so secure my poor little sccret until Captain Crabtree has had time to get over his discomfiture and can reason like a man who has the self-respect of a woman at his mercy. (Goes to window.) How dark it is, and cold and dismal. Hark! Is that a horse?—and coming this way? It is he—it is he!

Dorothea runs to go out, back, as Dolly enters.

Dolly. Captain Crabtree is there; you shall not meet him; your father would not like you to be so much alone with the man. ALLEN (outside, angrily). Where is Captain Crabtree? CAPT. C. (outside.) Show the gentleman to my chamber.

Dorothea runs past Dolly as Allen dashes in, back.

DOROTHEA. Master Allen-pray stop, Master Allen!

ALLEN. In a moment; I am to go to Captain Crabtree's chamber. (Goes to left.)

DOROTHEA. No, no; speak to me now. You had my note? Allen. I received your note. I must see Captain Crabtree.

Exit Allen, left. Captain C. follows, from back, smiling on Dorothea as he passes her, and exit, left.

DOROTHEA. Bart does not heed me; I am nothing to him. And what will Captain Crabtree tell him?

Dolly. What about Captain Crabtree? What is he to you? Tell me the truth. (Shakes Dorothea's arm.)

DOROTHEA. O Dolly, Dolly -

Dolly. Hist! They are coming this way. Let us go.

Dolly hurries Dorothea off, right. Enter, at left, Bart Allen and Captain C. At same time enter, at back, Toby, with candelabra.

Capt. C. We want no more light, Toby; what this gentleman and I have to do, can be done in the dark. (To Allen.) It is useless to ask why you seek me; you are here to accuse me of tampering with a letter received by you an hour ago. My answer is that I desired to know what might be written to another man by my dear Dorothea Effingham.

ALLEN. And I desire to say that you are a rogue for thus breaking my letter. And also to say that you lie, you are nothing to Dorothea Effingham!

Captain C. bows, goes to table, takes up swords and offers choice to Allen. All this time Toby has tremblingly stood inside the room.

CAPT. C. (to Toby.) Did I not say take away the lights?

Captain C. makes a lunge at Toby, who retreats at back. He locks door, then stands at one side of table, Allen at opposite side. They fence. Enter at right, Dorothea, held back by Dolly.

DOROTHEA. Help! help!

Dolly. Let them fight; they dare not heed you now—you cannot interrupt their sword-passes, nor can they look your way. Let them kill each other. Hark, how the swords snap! Why should you care?—you care for no man.

DOROTHEA. It is false; I do care for a man—I love him!

DOLLY. And that I know full well. And for that reason let this duel go on—no matter what its cause.

Dorothea struggles to get free. Pounding heard on door, back.

DOROTHEA. Stop! stop! Captain Crabtree, stop! I know that I am the occasion of this duel! Stop! stop! I have an answer for you! Put up your sword; take not a drop of blood from your opponent, and I will promise you—no, no, I cannot. Ah, if there is a man in this room who truly cares for me (hides her face on Dolly's shoulder)—The first of you whom I see unarmed I will call my accepted husband!

The swords are dashed to the floor; the door is broken open and Toby and servants appear. Captain C. and Allen run to Dolly and Dorothea, who have sunk to the floor.

Dolly. Keep back! Dorothea has accepted no husband—she saw neither of you unarmed; she has fainted. For the first time I pity her. Let her alone; I will care for her. I save her—I save her for you, Captain Crabtree.

CAPT. C. (aside.) What! Has_it gone so far as that?

Dolly bears Dorothea away. The men gaze at them, and each other.

Capt. C. I am satisfied, as you are—you have wounded me, sir. (*Presses his hand to his side*.)

ALLEN. I never so much as scratched you. My pistols—I laid them aside in your room. (Captain C. has had them in his hand; he gives them to Allen, who buckles them on.) I repeat, that I did not touch you with my sword. And I am not satisfied, even though you are. However, I apologize; Mistress Dolly's parting words have told me much—she saves Dorothea for you! [Exit Allen, back.

Capt. C. But I will make sure that the woman I love is saved for me. Go (to servants, who all leave except Toby)!

Toby. I can't go. I must see Mistress Dorothea—there's a traveler arrived, and I don't know where to put him. He was stopped by the highwayman of the wood, last night, and he's been floundering around all day looking for the "Red Lion." I must see Mistress Dorothea. (*Exit*, Captain E., left.) Oh, if Master Amos Effingham was only here! (Groans; goes to right, and calls.) Where shall I put him, ho,

there? Hang it all! I'd like to put him in the cellar; I must be revenged on somebody. I wouldn't mind fighting a duel myself—with a boy, a small boy.

Toby examines swords gingerly. Enter Dolly, left.

Dolly (excitedly). What is this?

Toby (dropping swords). La! I thought it was the Captain! Dolly. What do you want?

Toby. A traveler stopped last night by the thief of thieves—where shall I put him?

Dolly. Anywhere.

Toby. That's nowhere, Mistress Dolly. He's a preacher, stopped in the wood last night, a bullet put through his hat, and all his sermons stolen. Poor sermons! And his horse is a mortal sight like Master Bart Allen's mare, too, which should have made the villain afeard to touch the minister—and the moon as bright as day, and——(Exit, Dolly, right.) Mistress Dorothea wouldn't have been so unpolite. She said to put the minister anywhere. I wonder if that's the cellar? Oh, if Master Effingham hadn't gone away! (Goes to right and listens.) The pretty dear's going to sleep. (Goes to left and listens.) The Captain's asleep, too. And he said he was wounded by Master Bart! La! I hear voices in his room (listens)! If in the fright about the duel somebody hasn't gone and put the minister in the Captain's room! Now there'll be another duel! And here comes the duelers!

Toby exits hurriedly, back. Enter from left, Rev. Timothy Jones.

REV. T. J. This is serious, very serious indeed! And all my sermons restored to me! Very, very serious! (Goes to right and knocks.) This must be the chamber of the cousins. Mistress, Mistress, make haste! There has been foul play in this house. There is a man under this roof dying from a wound given by another man!

Dolly (within). Dying!

REV. T. J. Even so. A dying man. He has sent me for Mistress Dorothea Effingham. He cares not even if her cousin, Mistress Dolly, also hears what he bids me say. This man knows that he is near his end. At the last he desires to exonerate himself for placing you in a false light in the eyes of another man,—a man, as he says, to whom he has

spoken damagingly of you, but which damage will be done away by a marriage this night. For this dying man begs, as an act of atonement on his part, that you consent to wed him, the ceremony to be performed by me forthwith. His sands are nearly run, and to-morrow you will be a widow, clear of any falsity in the eyes of the world. Realizing the manner in which you have been treated by him, he considers this his honorable and only course, especially as you will thus inherit from him much worldly possession, and can with that wealth make happier the path of another whom you love and may then wed. If you can do this, be in Captain Crabtree's chamber within five minutes—not later, for the case is urgent. Serious very serious!

Exit Rev. T. J., left. Toby appears at back.

Toby. I heard it all! Serious, very serious—I should say so. La! (Enter at right side, Dolly, veiled and wrapped up to look like Dorothea. She glides over to left, and exit.) O Mistress Dorothea! Serious, very serious. La!

Exit Toby. A pause, then noise outside. Enter Allen, with Toby.

ALLEN. I must see Mistress Dorothea; do you hear me? Toby. In a few minutes, dear Master Bart. It is serious, very serious. (Aside.) Oh, that I should have heard and seen everything! And oh, what ever is going on in the Captain's chamber at this moment!—Mistress Dorothea there being made the wife of Captain Crabtree! And I always thought she secretly favored Master Bart, here. And Master Bart in this room as red-hot as a hornet! La!

ALLEN. What are you muttering, you old idiot? Go to Mistress Dorothea, even though it be late, and tell her that I would see her immediately. (*Toby goes toward the left-hand exit.*) And—and—stay! Why should you go to Captain Crabtree's chamber? What of Captain Crabtree?

Dorothea has entered, right, goes back of them till she is at the left.

DOROTHEA. Captain Crabtree is dying. Yes, dying, and from a wound that you inflicted.

Toby (aside). I knowed it. Serious, very serious.

DOROTHEA. Fly! fly! I will guard his chamber-door antil you are safely away. Fly! Ah—there is a further

dreadfulness in this house, and I am partially responsible for it. But I was powerless. When you wounded him ——

ALLEN. I never touched him. I vow that the point of my sword was broken off when he handed it to me.

DOROTHEA. But he is dying from the wound! A clergyman who has eome to the "Red Lion" ——

Toby (aside). Serious, very serious. All his sermons stolen and then restored.

ALLEN. I met the man on my first visit here to-night. I brought him with me. I meant to search the wood on my way home; but the loads of my pistols had been withdrawn, and I did no more than turn back and come to you to speak very plainly with you. When were those pistols unloaded? When they were in Captain Crabtree's possession, before he handed them to me after our farce of a duel across this table. His complaint of a wound is only a ruse. He intended to waylay me last night; he attacked this old clergyman thinking he was I,—our horses being very similar in the moonlight. He meant to attack me to-night, and to render me defenceless, he drew the loading of my pistols. I heard him when Dolly had said that she would save you for him-I heard him say as I left the room, "But I will make sure that the woman I love is saved for me." He has foolishly thought that you cared for me, and so his words may have signified that I should be put out of the way. I tell you all, that you may learn the worst. For surely you know who Captain Crabtree is?

Toby (aside). He's her husband, Master Bart. He's speaking to a wife agin her husband. La! Serious, very serious!

ALLEN. Do you know who the Captain is?—I ask. Then you must not go in ignorance, you must hear the truth, and after hearing it will act as you choose. Your father's fear of frightening you has kept me quiet hitherto—Captain Crabtree waiting for remittances, is the highwayman of this neighborhood. I knew him from the first; which must explain my perturbation on the night when I had been stopped in the wood and eame here and dared not open my lips. You are aware that your father is now away to procure a warrant for the arrest of some one,—that some one is Captain Crabtree, who, while never successful in taking the

property of others, yet frightened many innocent creatures. Toby (aside). He was successful,—he got sermons.

ALLEN. And why am I here? Do you imagine that I come solely to vilify a man who is much to you? I would warn Captain Crabtree that there is yet time for him to get away before your father and the officers of the law are here. Your father will never consent to your marriage with the Captain. There is a Providence in this clergyman's being here,—be married to the man of your choice, and go with him, through your love making him a better man. No more, no more, for I am but human. Go to your lover, wed him to-night and ——

DOROTHEA. He is not my lover! Toby (aside). A good deal more.

ALLEN. Tell him that he is safe from any evidence that I could give in his disfavor—your husband shall have no trouble through me. Now, make haste—you and your lover.

DOROTHEA. That word again! You do not know—this awful news,—a highwayman for my lover!

ALLEN. He avowed himself your lover and I gave him the lie. You came to this room when we fought, and used strange words, demanding the unarming of the one you loved,—the one whom you saw first unarmed. I could be a partner in no such villainy of love.

DOROTHEA. You do not know, you do not know! Yet go! go! I had almost forgotten—go while there is yet time! I tell you that he is dying. The clergyman came to our door and told us—Dolly and me—that Captain Crabtree was near his end and desired to marry me, to expiate the wrong he had done me in your eyes. I was nearly stupefied with grief—I could not even see how preposterous was the argument. Dolly—yes, Dolly answered for me. I saw on the instant what he has long been to her. I could not stop her—I feared her and her mad strength. She personated me (enter Dolly, left)—she went to Captain Crabtree's chamber as Dorothea Effingham.

Dolly. She leaves it as Dolly Crabtree. I would rather be his slave than any other man's idol. I thought him dying—and need I say that I would prefer to be his wife even for his dying hour than to greet another woman his widow?

I went to him; but only after the minister had said that Captain Crabtree knew that Dorothea loved another man.

ALLEN. Dorothea!

DOROTHEA. O Dolly! Dolly! how can you!

Dolly. I had feared that Dorry cared deeply for the Captain. I was not able to give him up, although I had tried to do that when I concluded that her faint was occasioned by solicitude for him during the duel. So I went to him and the minister married us. But when the ceremony was over, Captain Crabtree arose to his feet and announced that his wound had been a sham. The room was quite dark. He wanted a candle. I lighted it and handed it to him, holding it close to my face that he might see what had been done. He saw my great love in my eyes—he had played the rôle of the highwayman merely to fascinate a romantic woman into loving him. He had not a word of blame when he had read my heart. He kissed me and said that he was unworthy of such devotion, and I am his wife.

ALLEN. Dorothea!
Dorothea. O Dolly! Dolly!

Enter Captain C. and Rev. T. J. Dolly takes the Captain's arm and talks with him.

REV. T. J. The highwayman has restored to me my sermons,—the only thing that did not belong to him which he ever took, and I think I forced them on him in my scare. And he was only a highwayman for love of a woman!—a veritable text for a sermon!

Capt. C. I have heard what Dolly has said. And have I no explanation of my own to make? At least let me say that I plotted the farcical duel; that I broke the seal of the letter knowing what the act would lead to; that I fought in a dimly lighted room that the broken sword points might not be noticed; that I drew the loads of the pistols that no blood might be shed in that fashion; that I would have waylaid this gentleman as I waylaid him once before; that I would have done much more. And for what? Just to impress a woman whom I saw wielded by romance till more sterling qualities had almost faded within her,—a woman who would never notice me were I a simple humdrum gensieman,—a woman whom I must make jealous before even

romance would allow her to think of me. Dolly came to my room in place of Dorothea, did she? And I married her, thinking she was Dorothea? Why I knew her so soon as she stepped across the sill! I had sent for Dorothea—it was my last resource; and Dolly was to hear what I bade my friend, here, to say. Could not my apparent wound touch the romantic appreciation of the woman I loved?—would not my offer of marriage with another arouse her jealousy at last? My ruse worked better than I could have hoped; for it is not Dorothea whom I have long loved, but one who has proved to me that all my silly actions were useless, for she loved me all the time—Dolly, my own dear wife!

Dolly. Oh, my husband! And I never knew—and I was so jealous of Dorothea ——

Capt. C. Whose affections were otherwise engaged.

ALLEN. What! Dorothea!

DOROTHEA. This is all very confusing. But did I not say that I would call him my accepted husband whom I should see unarmed first in that duel? I would have done anything to stop a murder; but I had meant to keep my eyes tight shut unless —

ALLEN. The one who had otherwise engaged your affections were the focus? O Dorothea!

Toby. Here comes Master Amos! Quick! quick! tell him we don't want a warrant, for without any warrant of his there is going to be two weddings at the "Red Lion." Hurrah! hurrah! Serious, very serious! (Enter host and servants; commotion; apparent explanations; shaking of hands. Toby all this time has been running from one to another and hurrahing. Music.) And once more for the highwayman, and old serious, very serious, and Mistress Dorothea, and Mistress Dolly, and Master Bart, and every one of us at the "Red Lion!"

ALL. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

[Dancing, as curtain falls.

Note.—As much of the spirit of this play depends upon the confusion of characters, Captain Craotree's first soliloquy, as well as his subsequent "asides," should be very distinctly spoken, and the accentuation of the names "Dorry" and "Dolly" clearly defined.

THE WEATHERCOCK.—J. T. ALLINGHAM.

. CHARACTERS.

OLD FICKLE. TRISTRAM FICKLE. BRIEFWIT. SNEER. BARBER.

Scene I.—A chamber in Fickle's House. Enter Old Fickle and Tristram Fickle.

OLD FICKLE. What reputation, what honor, what profit, can accrue to you, from such conduct as yours? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

TRISTRAM. I am clear out of that scrape now, sir.

OLD F. Then, from a fiddler, you are metamorphosed into a philosopher; and for the noise of drums, trumpets and hautboys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the Tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle, down to the puzzlers of modern date.

OLD F. How much had I to pay the cooper, the other day, for barreling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

TRI. You should not have paid him anything, sir, for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

OLD F. No jesting, sir; this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

TRI. And by that shown the versatility of my genius.

OLD F. Don't tell me of versatility, sir. Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to anything but extravagance.

TRI. Yes, sir, one thing more.

OLD F. What is that, sir?

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of con-

duct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

OLD F. Well said, my boy! well said! You make me happy indeed. (Patting him on the shoulder.) Now then my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law-

OLD F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

OLD F. No!

TRI. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

OLD F. Better and better; I am overjoyed! Why, 'tis the very thing I wished. Now I am happy. (Tristram makes gestures as if speaking.) See how his mind is engaged!

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury —

OLD F. Why, Tristram —

Tri. This is a cause —

OLD F. Oh, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks. I see something about you now that I can depend upon.

Tri. (continuing to make gestures.) I am for the plaintiff in this cause ——

OLD F. Bravo! bravo! excellent boy! I'll go and order your books directly.

Tri. 'Tis done, sir.

OLD F. What, already?

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books, when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

OLD F. What! do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

OLD F. Twelve square feet of learning!—well—

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber.

OLD F. A barber!—What! is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one half of my head, sir.

OLD F. You will excuse me, if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of law.

TRI. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, sir, the Athenian orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal cellar.

OLD F. Ah! he was perfectly right to lock himself up, after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awaking the dormant patriotism of his countrymen; lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice; he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force; the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks; he denounces, and indignation fills the bosoms of his hearers; he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin; he threatens the tyrant, they grasp their swords; he calls for vengeance, their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry. One soul animates a nation, and that soul is the soul of an orator.

OLD F. Oh! what a figure he'll make in the King's Bench! But come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how happily this determination of yours will further it. You have (Tristram makes extravagant gestures as if speaking) often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barrister —

Tri. Who is against me in this cause ——

OLD F. He is a most learned lawyer —

TRI. But, as I have justice on my side -

OLD F. The fellow doesn't hear a word I say!—Why, Tristram!

Tri. I beg your pardon, sir; I was prosecuting my studies.

OLD F. Now attend ——

Tri. As my learned friend observes,—go on, sir, I am all attention.

OLD F. Well, my friend, the counsellor -

Tri. Say my learned friend, if you please, sir. We gentlemen of the law always ——

OLD F. Well, well, my learned friend -

Tri. A black patch! —

OLD F. Will you listen, and be silent?

TRI. I am as mute as a judge.

OLD F. My friend, I say, has a ward, who is very handsome, and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you a charming wife.

TRI. This is an action —

OLD F. Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce

you to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and his gravity ——

Tri. Might be plaintiff and defendant.

OLD F. But now you are grown serious and steady, and have resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you together; you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows, of course.

TRI. A verdict in my favor.

OLD F. You marry, and sit down happy for life.

Tri. In the King's Bench.

OLD F. Bravo! ha, ha! But now run to your study—run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I'll go and call upon the counsellor.

Tri. I remove by habeas corpus.

OLD F. Pray have the goodness to make haste, then. (Hurrying him off.)

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury, this is a cause— (Old Fickle pushes him off.)

OLD F. The inimitable boy! I am now the happiest father living. What genius he has! Ho'll be lord chancellor one day or another, I dare be sworn—I am sure he has talents! Oh, how I long to see him at the bar.

Enter servant, with Mr. Briefwit.

SERVANT. Mr. Briefwit, sir.

[Exit.

OLD F. Ah, my good friend, Mr. Briefwit!

Briefwit (shaking hands). The aforesaid.

OLD F. You are welcome to Whimshall.

Bri. Whimshall—the locus in quo—good.

OLD F. This is all right; this gives me an opportunity of talking to you a little.

Bri. Consult—take an opinion—good.

OLD F. Come, I'll introduce you to my son. What say you, sir?

Bri. Good.

OLD F. Good—ay, I hope so. I have to tell you, that my son is one of the most serious, studious young men living.

Bri. Id certum est quod certum reddi potest: vulgarly, in the proverb, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

OLD F. Always at his books.

BRI. Good.

OLD F. And what now, what, of all things, do you think employs his mind? (*Briefwit looks at him without speaking*.) Come, guess now; what do you think he reads?

Bri. (after a pause.) Books.

OLD F. You are not far from the mark there, old Caution; he does read books—he studies the law.

Bri. Dat operam legibus Angliæ-good.

OLD F. Ay, I thought you would say so. The law is a fine profession, is it not? I am sure I have a specimen before me of what the law will do for a man.

Bri. Hum! it will do for a man-good.

OLD F. I knew you would be doubly anxious about this match, between your ward and him, when you heard of his having embraced that profession.

Bri. Hum!

Old F. Conversation fatigues you.

Bri. Non liquet—it appeareth not.

OLD F. And when you do speak, there's no understanding you. (Aside. Briefwit reads his papers.) A very entertaining companion, truly. (Aloud.) Pray, sir, read out.

BRI. (looks suspiciously at him, and pockets his papers.) Good.

OLD F. So good that you seem determined to keep it all to yourself. Come, we'll go and see my boy, if you please; it's a pity to disturb him, though. Oh! he's so studious, you'll be delighted with him—so steady—so like yourself, he will talk to you in your own way. (Going, he stops.) I beg pardon, the law takes precedence of every profession.

Bri. Good. (Walks off with great gravity.)

OLD F. Very good, indeed. You certainly are one of the most pleasan; agreeable, facetious, conversable, witty, and entertaining disciples of Lycurgus, that ever wore a wig with two tails.

Scene II.—Tristram Fickle's apartment. Musical instruments, books, globes, etc., all about the room, in disorder. A table, wig block, a lawyer's gown and wig, a regimental coat, hat, and sword. Sneer discovered.

SNEER. What's here? Another change!—Law books!—Well, master of mine, how long will you continue in this mind? A gown and wig, too! Why, here's a lawyer's

whole stock in trade, and we may open shop immediately. Here he is, as grave as a judge, already, I declare.

Enter Tristram.

TRI. The law! By the law, how many men reach the highest preferment!

SNE. That they do: the gallows, for instance.

TRI. Yes; I will study the law.

SNE. Ah, sir, you must go through a great many trials then.

Tri. I am convinced that I possess great powers of oratory; I'll prove it to you, Sneer. Now, you fancy yourself a judge.

SNE. No. I don't, indeed, sir.

Tri. I mean that you are to personate a judge, to act the part of a judge.

SNE. I am afraid I shall do it very badly.

TRI. I will try you.

SNE. No; if I am to be the judge, I must try you. (Goes to the back of the stage, and brings forward an arm-chair.)

Tri. Silence in the court. Now you are a judge—I am a barrister, going to plead before you. These (pointing to the audience) are the gentlemen of the jury. That wig block, opposite, is my opponent. (Puts on his gown and wig.)

SNE. Stop, sir, one moment, if you please. If I am to be a judge, I must have a wig, too; for what's a judge without a wig? (Fetching a white handkerchief from the table.) He's a soldier without arms, a baker without an oven, or an apothecary without a cane! Now if you can fancy me a judge, you can fancy this my wig. (Throwing the handkerchief over his head, and sitting down in a chair.) Now, let the cause proceed.

TRI. My lord, my lord, the cause to which I have the honor of claiming your lordship's attention, is a cause which most materially interests all orders of society, inasmuch as it is the cause of violent heats, perpetual broils, and smokings and roastings without number. The cause of all these, my lord, is coals, as I will take upon myself, by many witnesses of unquestionable veracity, to prove to your lordship's entire satisfaction. Coals, my lord, are brought

all the way from Newcastle for the purpose of increasing the domestic comforts of the inhabitants of this great city, and parts adjacent. But, my lord, I believe no man will be found bold enough to stand up in your lordship's presence, and declare that it is conducive to the comforts of an inhabitant of this great city, or any of the parts adjacent, as aforesaid, that the cinders, ashes, refuse, or dust, to which these coals are burnt, should be thrown into their eves to deprive them of one of the choicest faculties of their nature. No, my lord, better far that these coals were left in the pits from whence they are dug; better that the hands which dig them should drop off; better that the ships which bring them should founder; better that the wagons on which they are drawn should be burnt; better that the fires which consume them should be quenched, than an inhabitant of this great city should have his eyes put out by ashes, and, ah! ignoble thought! his mouth made into a dust hole.

SNE. Very fine, indeed, sir. Making a dust hole of a man's mouth, is as fine an idea as ever came into a man's head.

TRI. Then you allow that I am qualified for the law?

SNE. Qualified! I should have thought you had been at it all your life. Why, sir, that speech convinces me that you are able to confound all the judges and jurors that ever sat in Westminster Hall. You see, sir, your opponent here (pointing to the wig block), has not a word to say for himself.

Tri. Oh! blessed moment when the dustman almost blinded me: 'tis to that circumstance I owe the discovery of my talents for the bar.

SNE. Ay, sir! At the bar you must look to have dust thrown in your eyes sometimes.

Tri. Yes, I am determined no power on earth shall make me change my mind.

SNE. So you have often said before.

Tri. Never so firmly as I do now. I am now most absolutely resolved. How do I look in this dress, Sneer?

SNE. But queerish, I think, sir.

Tri. That's awkward, particularly as I am to be a lover. Fetch the looking-glass. (Sneer brings the glass.) I wish it was the custom to plead in the old Roman toga. These

trappings are rather ridiculous. (Looks in the glass.) Oh, hang it, I may gain a suit in Westminster Hall, but I shall never gain a suit with the fair.

SNE. No, you must give that suit over, if you are to be suited so. (Takes the looking-glass to the table.)

TRI. Give it over! rather let Westminster Hall be in flames, or inundated again. What do you think of the stage, Sneer?

SNE. Admirable! Your person and features must strike.

Tri. In Romeo.

SNE. Excellent!

TRI. Take the gown and wig! (Throws them off.)

SNE. (puts them on fantastically.) Brief, let me be.

TRI. Now, my good fellow, do stand up for Juliet.

SNE. I'm well dressed for the part!

Tri. Here, take this stool and get upon it. (Sneer gets upon the stool.) "See how she leans her cheek upon her hand. Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might taste that cheek. Ah! she speaks—yet she says nothing."

SNE. Not a syllable. Come, I wish you would make haste and get in at the window, for I can't hold out any longer.

Tri. Come down, then, and I'll try a soliloquy. (Sneer descends from the stool, and puts down the gown and wig.) "I do remember an apothecary ——"

SNE. Oh, hang him, so do I; he blistered and bled me till he made me as thin as a broomstick. I have reason to remember him.

Tri. An apothecary—physic. How do you like physic, Sneer?

SNE. Not at all, sir. The sight of a phial, pill-box, or gallipot, is enough to throw me into a fever at any time.

TRI. And yet, if you had at this moment a most horrible colic, and I were a physician, and were to come to you, thus, and after feeling your pulse and shaking my head, were to tell you that you had not half an hour to live, what would you say then?

SNE. Why, if I had the colic, I should make no scruple of calling out for a dram.

Tri. Imagine yourself this moment at death's door. I

am a physician—I am sent for in haste—I arrive—I judge of your symptoms—I bleed you. Pull off your coat, and let me bleed you. (Takes Sneer's hand.)

SNE. No, sir; we may as well fancy it, if you please.

Tri. Well, I bleed you—you mend from that moment—in a few days you recover—you look on me with gratitude—you are a nobleman, or a minister of state—you patronize me—the whole town follows me—I have so much business I can't get through it—I have scarcely time to eat my meals, or take my needful rest. Egad! that would be very uncomfortable, though.

SNE. Oh, very, sir. Only think,—just as you are sitting down to a fine dinner, with a keen appetite, Alderman Goblewell is taken with a fit of the gout in the stomach,

and must be cured before you eat a morsel.

Tri. Oh, I could never bear it! "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!" One might just as well go for a soldier.

SNE. Ay, and live on gunpowder.

Tri. A soldier! a general! Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Wolfe, Abercrombie, Wellington! These are great names,—they cut a figure in the page of history. I'll emulate their great example;—glory, renown, honor, everlasting fame; a warlike fury fills my breast, and the rage of ten thousand lions swells my bold heart! (Pulls off his coat and snatches a sword.) Ha! ha! (Flourishing his sword.)

SNE. (aside.) Mercy on me! would I were out of his way!

TRI. Give me my volunteer coat and hat!

SNE. (fearfully, and assisting to put them on.) Here, sir.

Tri. Now, sir, you are an enemy in the field of battle!

SNE. Who, I, sir? No, sir, not I; you know I'm on your side!

Tri. Rascal! do you contradict me? Say you are an enemy, or I'll cleave you from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot! (Attacks him.)

SNE. Oh, murder! murder! murder!

Enter barber, with shaving tackle.

TRI. Ha! what, another of the enemy! (Attacks the barber.)
BARBER. No, sir; no enemy, sir—I'm only a poor barber,
sir, come to shave your honor's head.

Tri. A barber—vile caitiff! my sword thirsts for nobler blood than thine! (Cuts the wig block to pieces.) Any more of ye, come on! (Enter Old Fickle and Briefwit.) Ha! more of the enemy! I'm surrounded; but I'd cut my way through them, if there were a million: come on, dastards! (Attacks Old Fickle and Briefwit. The barber runs off.)

OLD F. What! is he mad?

Bri. Non compos mentis.

SNE. As mad as a bedlamite, sir!

During this time, Tristram keeps attacking Briefwit, Old Fickle, and Sneer.

Tri. I am defeated, routed, overthrown, and forced to quit the field; and now I will do as many a great general has done before me,—retreat.

[Exit.]

OLD F. O Tristram! Tristram!

Bri. Studious-non constat.

OLD F. Ah!

Bri. Quiet—a false return.

OLD F. Oh, dear!

Bri. Steady-error in judgment.

OLD F. Oh, what, you can open your mouth now! [Exit. Bri. Nonsuited—good—move the action out of court.

SNE. This poor fellow (the wig block) is the greatest sufferer; he has had a terrible thwack on the head, in this affray, though, to my certain knowledge, he never opened his mouth either on one side or the other.

[Exit.]

Bri. (making memorandums.) Assault and battery, sword in hand—Vi et armis, bodily fear (looks at his watch)—four o'clock, P. M. Good! [Exit.

AUNT SUSAN JONES

CHARACTERS.

AUNT SUSAN JONES, an old lady from the country.

MRS. MARKLEY, a city merchant's wife.

ARABELLA MARKLEY, her daughter.

ANNA WILSON, Mrs. Markley's niece.

AUGUSTUS SALDERFRAC, an exquisite.

SCENE—A room in the Markley residence. Mrs. Markley, Arabella, and Anna, discovered seated.

ARABELLA. Anna, I wish you to understand that you must keep your place better. Yesterday you talked to Mr. Salderfrac with as much freedom as if he had come to visit you. You must remember that Mr. Salderfrac is my company, and I will not allow any contemptible manœuvres on your part to draw him away from me.

Mrs. Markley. Is it possible that Anna has been trying to do this? Well, I am astonished. Now, girl, any more work of that kind and I shall turn you out into the street. Pretty way, isn't it, for you to return my generosity in giving you a home, by trying your blandishments on Mr. Sadderfrac, Arabella's beau? Let it be distinctly understood that if you do so again I will turn you out of house and home.

Anna. Aunt, I merely talked to Mr. Salderfrac because he talked to me. Would it not have been rude if I had not

replied when he addressed me? You certainly could not blame me for that.

ARABELLA. No, but you have such a mean way of talking to Mr. Salderfrac and all my gentlemen friends. You try to be very enchanting and bewitching and entertaining, and I know you do this because you want to win their favor. I think you are a very selfish, designing girl.

Mrs. M. Well, there shall be no more of it,—I'm resolved on that. If she can't keep her place when you have com-

pany, she shall keep out of the room altogether.

ARABELLA. And I think the proper place for her would be in the kitchen with the cooks. She has no money and never had any. You took compassion on her and gave her a good home, and now this is the way she is repaying us.

Anna. Aunt, I assure you I shall not interfere with Arabella and her lovers. I am quite sure I shall not fall in love with Mr. Salderfrac; I could not even respect him.

ARABELLA. Oh, dear, you must have very high notions when you cannot even respect Mr. Salderfrac.

Mrs. M. You're a pert minx. Now let me tell you that I will not allow you to criticise any of Arabella's gentlemen friends.

Anna. It was not my desire to criticise. I merely wished to assure you both that I had no thought of trying to capture Mr. Salderfrac.

MRS. M. Well, we'll drop the subject. Remember, I will expect you to be a little more prudent or you will be obliged to find another home.

ARABELLA (looking from the window). Oh, what a sight! There's an old woman on the street with about half a dozen packages. She looks as if she had come from the most verdant part of the country. And, really, she's coming to our door. There! she's knocking with her umbrella handle. She doesn't know enough to ring the bell. Mother, look!

Mrs. M. (looking.) As true as I live it's Aunt Susan Jones. Oh, dear! I wish she had stayed at home.

ARABELLA. I thought your Aunt Susan was a wealthy woman.

MRS. M. So she is; she has quite a fine property. But she is so queer and so countrified. I'll have to hurry down or Margaret will not allow her to come in.

ARABELLA. Hurry, then, mother. The people are looking, and some of them are laughing. Oh, what a nuisance to have relatives in the country, particularly such scarecrows as this. Mother, do hurry.

Mrs. M. They say she's hard of hearing. Remember, Arabella, she's wealthy, so we must bear with her and endeavor to get into her good graces. It will be to our advantage.

[Exit Mrs. Markley.

ARABELLA. Bear with her? Well, I don't see how I can. Oh, dear, what a picture she makes. Two bandboxes, two bundles, an umbrella and a bonnet on her head that looks as if it might have been in the ark. She's coming in now. Anna, since you like to talk and make yourself agreeable, you can do the talking to this old woman. Mother says she is hard of hearing, so you'll have to exert yourself.

Enter Aunt Susan and Mrs. Markley.

AUNT SUSAN (as she enters). The gal told me to go reound to the kitchen. Land sakes! I had a notion to give her a crack on the head with my ambrill. I ain't no tramp. I kalkilate when I come to see my nephew, John Markley, I'll walk right in at the front door. I told the gal that, too (Places her boxes and packages on the floor.)

Mrs. M. (in a loud voice.) I'll have your packages sent to the room you will occupy. Now, rest assured that you are welcome and that we are very glad to see you. I'll untie your bonnet. (Takes her bonnet.) I'll take this to the hall. (Aside.) She probably didn't hear me. (Speaking still louder to Aunt Susan.) Now, rest assured that you are welcome and that we are very glad to see you. (Goes out, leaves bonnet, and immediately returns.)

Aunt S. (aside.) I reckon they think I'm hard of hearin'. Rebecca screeches at me as if she thought so, anyhow. But I can hear as well as anybody. Well, I'll let 'em think I'm hard of hearin', seein' as they seem to want to think that way. (To Mrs. M.) Yes, I knowed yeou'd be glad to see me. I hain't seen yeou nor John for up'ards of three years. Yeou mind yeou and John were deown to Pigeon Creek abeout that time. I've been sot on comin' here for a good spell, but someheow or nuther I couldn't get started. 'Liza

Ann's at our house. Reckon yeou haven't forgot 'Liza Ann,—she that was a Wimpleton? 'Liza Ann's a widder now, and she's been livin' deown to Maple Corners, but she tuck a notion she'd leave and I persuaded her to come to our place and stay and keep house until I'd come to see yeou and John. I spose John's not at home.

Mrs. M. (still speaking loudly.) No, he's at his place of business, but he will be home soon. (To Arabella.) Come here, Arabella. Aunt Susan, this is our daughter, Susan Arabella; she was called for you. (In a lower tone.) Now, Arabella, mind what I told you.

Arabella (extending her hand). I'm glad to see you.

AUNT. S. Hay?

Arabella (louder). I'm glad to see you.

Aunt S. (kissing her.) Yes, I spose yeou are. Yeou're my namesake, only I kalkilate you've tacked on the Arabeller lately. I a'most knowed yeou'd all be glad to see me. It's been a long time since I was here,—up'ards of seven years, I reckon. I'm gettin' purty old neow, and I thought I'd come deown once more to see John and his family. (Looking around.) Here's another gal,—who's she?

MRS. M. (to Anna.) Come here, Anna. (Anna comes forward.) This is Anna Wilson, a niece of mine.

AUNT S. (taking Anna's hand and kissing her.) Oh, yes; I've hearn tell of her.

Mrs. M. Her parents died and I gave her a home.

Aunt. S Yes, I know She's a darter of Alexander Wilson, the man that helped John eout of his diffikilty when he was purty nigh broke up. Yes, yeou're a nice gal, I know, and I'm glad yeou've got a good home.

Anna. Thank you, Mrs. Jones.

AUNT S. (seating herself.) Neow I'll set deown and rest a spell. Ridin' on them steam-kairs is bad enough, but ridin' in them little omnibusters is a great deal wuss. The one I come in was crammed chuck full and still the driver would let more people climb in. I thought I'd be completely scrunched. If I lived in the city, I'd have a law passed to prevent so many people gittin' into one wagon and puttin' the lives of innercent women and childer into jeopardy. (Yowns.) Heigh ho, but I do feel tired! I'll put on my

specs so's to look around at yeou. (Takes out her glasses and puts them on.) Yeou're a purty fine lookin' family, and I reckon yeou're purty well off. Yeou're livin purty grand, anyhow. I 'spose John's makin' a good deal of money?

Mrs. M. Yes, he is doing very well, but he has met with some losses, and he'd be quite willing to have some assistance from his friends.

AUNT S. Yes, that's human natur'.

Arabella. I wish she'd put on her old poke bonnet and go home.

AUNT S. What's that gal sayin'?

Mrs. M. Be careful, Arabella; don't speak so loud. (*To Aunt S.*) She says she is glad you have come and hopes you will have a pleasant time.

Aunt S. Thank yeou, Arabeller, thank yeou. Yeou're rail kind. Yes, I'll try and enjoy myself. I hain't been in the city for so long that I know there'll be a great many things for me to see and talk about.

ARABELLA. I wonder who'd go out on the street with her?
Anna. I would. She's eccentric, I suppose, but I think she has a kind heart. I will not be ashamed to go with her if she wishes to take a walk through the city.

ARABELLA. Well, if you go out with her, I would advise you to get an old poke bonnet to match the one she wears, and then you will both attract attention.

Aunt S. What's them gals talkin' about?

ARABELLA. We're talking about your old poke bonnet. (Laughs.) It's a beauty. I suppose they use it down at Pigeon Creek for scaring the crows off the corn.

Mrs. M. Be careful, Arabella.

ARABELLA. Oh, she can't hear. She's as deaf as a post.

AUNT S. I s'pose yeou'd like to hear somethin' abeout the folks deown to Pigeon Creek?

Mrs. M. Yes, I'd be very glad to hear from them.

Aunt S. Heow's dinner comin' on? Ridin' in them kairs is kalkilated to make a body feel hungry.

Mrs. M. We don't dine until two o'clock.

AUNT S. Don't have no dinner till two o'clock in the arternoon? Massey sakes! Is that one of the city capers? I'll be most powerful hungry if I have to wait till two o'clock.

MRS. M. (rising.) If you are hungry I'll have some refreshments prepared for you.

Aunt S. Well, yes, I'd like to have somethin' to eat. Couldn't get along till two o'clock, nohow.

Mrs. M. (going.) I'll see to it. [Exit Mrs. M.

Aunt S. Neow, while Rebecca's eout lookin' arter the piece, I might tell yeou gals somethin' abeout the folks deown to Pigeon Creek.

ARABELLA (speaking in her usual way). Oh, that would be so very entertaining! Do they all wear poke bonnets?

Aunt S. I'm purty tired and hungry, but afore dinner I'll tell yeou about the Hookers and the Hazeltons. There was consid'able of war goin' on between the two families for some time. 'Squar Hooker's as clever a man as you'll see between here and Pigeon Creek, and Reuben Hazelton's a deacon in the church. But the two families got into a diffikilty and they've kept it up until there's no tellin' where it'll end.

Enter Mrs. Markley.

Mrs. M. Aunt Susan, the refreshments will be ready in a short time.

AUNT S. Hay?

Mrs. M. (going to Aunt Susan and speaking in her ear.) The refreshments will be ready in a short time.

AUNT S. I'm powerful glad to hear it, for I haven't been as hungry for a month. Ridin' on the kairs seems to be kalkilated to give me a powerful appetite. I had jest commenced to tell the gals abeout the diffikilties between the Hookers and the Hazeltons.

ARABELLA. Oh, she's an old fool. I can't listen to her yarns and so I'll leave the room. [Exit Arabella.

Aunt S. What'd that gal leave so sudden for?

MRS. M. She has some work on hand that she must attend to.

AUNT S. Well, that's all right, and I'm glad yeou're bringin' her up to work. A gal might abeout as well be dead and in her grave as to know nothin' abeout housekeepin' and other kinds of work. There was Jemima Ricketson, over to Hardigan's Ridge. She got married and didn't know no more abeout cookin' and housework than the man in the moon. Her husband put up with the way things was bein' done for a good spell, but Jemima didn't make any improvement, and Bob—that's her husband—he got to sittin' areound the tavern and by'n-by he got to drinkin' and it went on until at last he landed in a drunkard's grave. Yes, Rebecca, I'd larn both these gals to work. 'Twon't hurt'em a bit to know how it is done, and then if they should get wealthy husbands, it won't be necessary for 'em to do it. When I was a gal I had to work in the house and eout in the fields, too, and I'm not ashamed to own up to it. Heaps of the gals of the present day are not brought up as they should be, and as a nateral consequence there'll be a good deal of sufferin' and trouble among the comin' generation.

Mrs. M. Yes, that's very true, Aunt Susan. But come now and have something to eat. Anna will go with you.

AUNT S. (rising.) Yes, I'm ready for somethin' to eat. I didn't know I'd get so powerful hungry, or I'd have brought some cakes in my pocket. 'Liza Ann insisted on my puttin' some cakes in my pocket, but I poohed at the idee of needin' anything to eat a-fore I got here. This is a powerful big house, and a stranger like me'd be liable to get lost in it is she didn't have some one to show her areound.

[Exit Anna, followed by Aunt Susan.

MRS. M. I really don't know what that tiresome old creature came here for. Her coming will prove a great annoyance, but we will have to endure it for the sake of keeping in her good graces. She is quite wealthy, although her appearance at the present time doesn't indicate the fact, and as John is her nearest relative, she will probably leave all her money to him if we can manage so as not to offend her.

Enter Arabella.

ARABELLA. The old lady from Pigeon Creek has stepped out, has she?

Mrs. M. Yes, she has gone to the dining-room to get something to eat.

ARABELLA. How long is she going to stay?

Mrs. M. She hasn't told me yet.

ARABELLA. She'll stay two weeks, at least. You never knew an old woman from the country to stay less than two

weeks, did you? Mother, if she insists on going out on the street, what shall we do? Wouldn't that old poke bonnet cause a commotion if it appeared on Tenth avenue?

Mrs. M. Oh, we can probably persuade her to stay in the house, but if she insists on going out, we will have to let her go. Anna seems to be willing to accompany her.

ARABELLA. Yes, of course. Anna has found out that she has property, and she wants to keep on the right side of her. She's a deep, designing girl and I hate her.

MRS. M. You must not let her step forward and cut you out,—you must crush down your feelings for the present and be as polite and agreeable with Aunt Susan as you possibly can. Everything depends on it. Since you have come out into society we have had to struggle to keep up appearances, and your father is quite nervous over the matter. He says we are living extravagantly and that we must cut down our expenses or we will go to the wall.

ARABELLA. Well, I really don't know how I can bring myself down to dance attendance on that old woman and try to please her. But, since it is necessary, I suppose I must try.

Mrs. M. And be careful not to make any more remarks about her when she is present.

ARABELLA. Oh, she's as deaf as a post. Anybody can see that. She never replies except when you speak very loud to her.

Mrs. M. I know she's hard of hearing, still she might be able to understand something that you said. Now I'll go to my room. Be sure that you do all you can to please Aunt Susan. See that she is well attended and made comfortable.

[Exit Mrs. Markley.

ARABELLA. Well, I have a task before me,—to dance attendance on that old woman and do all in my power to please her. My feelings rebel, and yet it must be done. The chance of receiving a share of her fortune demands it. Old poke bonnet, I come to your assistance! [Exit Arabella.

Enter Aunt Susan from opposite side with a bustle in her hand.

AUNT S. Arter I'd got a bite to eat, I thought I'd just take a walk areound and look over the house. I'm goin' to stay

a spell, and I kalkilate I can make myself at home. I stepped into Susan Arabella's room—leastways I supposed it was her room—and I come across this here nice summer bunnet. (Puts the bustle on her head and ties it.) I thought I'd wear it when I'd go eout on the street. I kalkilate Susan Arabella won't care. I'll buy one of 'em afore I go home. It's a queer idee these people have got into their heads that I'm hard of hearin', but it suits me exactly. I came here to find eout somethin' abeout my namesake, Susan, with the Arabella tacked on, and I kalkilate I have found eout consid'able. She didn't have any idee when she was callin' me a hateful old thing and talkin' abeout my old poke bunnet that I could hear all she said. Well (laughing), I've got a better bunnet neow, and I reckon she'll be kinder astonished when she sees that I have taken the loan of it for a spell. It's a remarkable nice, cool bunnet and I must buy one jest like it the first day I go eout. (Bell rings.) There's somebody at the door. Well, as I'm goin' to stay a spell, I 'spose I may as well make myself at home and open the door. Like as not that gal would want to send 'em reound to the kitchen jest the way she wanted to sarve me. (Exit Aunt Susan. Speaks outside.) Heow de do, Mister, heow de do? Come right in.

Enter Aunt Susan, followed by Augustus Salderfrac.

Augustus. Aw—yes—weally delighted. But I—I—I wasn't expecting to see you. Fwiend of the family, I suppose?

AUNT S. Hay?

Augustus. Aw, hawd of heaving, eh? I undawstand. (Louder.) I suppose you are fwom the countwy?

Aunt S. Yes, from Pigeon Creek.

Augustus (starts). Fwom Pigeon Cweek!

AUNT S. Hay?

Augustus (aside). The old fool can't hear anything. (Speaking louder.) I asked you if you was fwom Pigeon Cweek.

Aunt S. No, not Pigeon Cweek, but Pigeon Creek.

Augustus. Aw!

Aunt S. Ever been there?

Augustus. Yes-well, no-no, nevaw!

AUNT S. Yeou seem to be kinder unsettled on that pint But take a seat and squat deown.

Augustus (seating himself). Aw, yes—I shall be delighted. Aunt S. Hay?

Augustus. Oh, nothing! (Aside.) Confound her, she's a bother!

AUNT S. (seating herself.) What's yeour name, mister? AUGUSTUS. My name is Augustus Salderfrac.

AUNT S. Ah, is it? Kind of a curious name, too. Well, Mr. Sassyfrac, as soon as I sot eyes onto yeou, I thought yeou looked like a feller what used to be deown to Pigeon Creek. His name was Jim Taylor. (Augustus starts.) Yeou didn't know him, I reckon?

Augustus. How absuwd! How should I know him when I nevah was at Pigeon Cweek?

AUNT S. It wasn't Pigeon Cweek; it was Pigeon Creek, Augustus. Aw!

AUNT S. No, of course yeou wouldn't know him unless yeou met him arter he went away. Heow do yeou like my bunnet?

Augustus (so as not to be heard by Aunt Susan). Bonnet! Wonder if she thinks it is a bonnet?

AUNT S. Hay?

Augustus (louder). It's a stunnaw.

AUNT S. What's a stunnaw?

Augustus. It's something that stuns; it's something wemawkable, excwuciating.

AUNT S. Mr. Sassyfrac, what country did yeou come from? Yeou seem to talk some kind of a furrin language.

Augustus. Is that so?

Aunt S. 'Tisn't the kind of a language they talk eout to Pigeon Creek, anyhow.

Augustus. Isn't it?

AUNT S. Hay?

Augustus. I wasn't saying anything.

Aunt S. Well, why don't yeou talk? Didn't you know John Hooper?

Augustus (starting and speaking aside). What does she mean? Perhaps I had better go. She seems to know me.

 ${\tt Aunt\,S.}$ If yeou won't talk to me, I 'spose I'll have to talk to yeou.

Augustus. It's very hard for me to talk so loud.

Aunt S. Yes, Mr. Sassyfrac, I 'spose it is. Yeou don't look very well. I expect yeou're takin' the ticdollyloo. Yeou're kinder yaller in the face and blue about the eyes

Augustus. Where's Arabella?

AUNT S. Oh, she's areound the house somewhere, I s'pose Augustus. I wish you'd call her in.

Aunt S. Yes, I reckon yeou do, and I 'spose she's yeour gal. (Goes to door and calls.) Arabeller! Arabeller!

Augustus. Confound it! What an old fool of a woman that is! I didn't want her to go yelling ovaw the house that way.

Aunt S. I guess, Mr. Sassyfrac, if yeou are likely to have the ticdollyloo, yeou'd better bathe yeour feet at night and take some varb tea.

Augustus. All right.

Enter Arabella.

ARABELLA (screaming). Oh! oh!

Aunt S. What's the matter, child? Oh, yes, I understand,—yeou're surprised because I've got yeour bunnet on. Yeou needn't make a fuss abeout it. It's kinder cool and I thought I'd jest try it on to see heow I'd like it. I'll get one of the same kind afore I go home.

ARABELLA. It's dreadful! it's dreadful!

Aunt S. Oh, no; I guess not! I think it's becominizin'. Arabella. Mr. Salderfrac, you must have been very much annoyed with this old woman. She's hard of hearing, as you have probably found out, so that we can talk about her and she will not know what we are saying. She's an aunt of father's and lives in the country, and besides being a fright to look at, I think she's about half crazy. But mother is anxious that we should try to please her, as she has a good deal of money, and if we do not offend her she will probably leave it to us. I am sorry you were compelled to talk to her, as she must have been very annoying.

Augustus. Oh, no, I have not been annoyed. I wather enjoyed the old lady's conversation.

Enter Mrs. Markley and Anna.

MRS. M. (throwing up her hands in astonishment.) Oh, dear! what will we have next?

Aunt S. Kinder took back with my new bunnet, ain't yeou, Rebecca? I 'sposed it was Susan Arabeller's, so I clapped it onto my head. Don't yeou think it is very becominizin'? I'm goin' to get one jest like it.

Mrs. M. Mr. Salderfrac, I fear you have been annoyed by this old woman. She is an eccentric old creature from the country, and I hope you will overlook her peculiarities and uncultured ways.

Augustus. Oh, cewtainly, cewtainly! Of couwse she did not annoy me. I was vewy much amused, although of couwse, I wasn't edified.

Aunt S. (going to a window and calling.) It's all right! Come right along! Jim Taylor's here! He's jest the one we've been lookin' for!

Augustus (aside). Fire and furies! What does the old woman mean? (To Arabella and Mrs. Markley.) Excuse me. I have a pwessing engagement. I shall weturn in a short time. (Starts out hurriedly.)

AUNT S. Hold on, Jim Taylor; yeon needn't try to get away! Mr. Hooper wants yeou! (Exit Augustus.) He's gone. I kalkilate yeou won't see him again.

ARABELLA. This is unbearable! She is a hateful old creature and can't rest without making trouble. Now she has insulted Mr. Salderfrac, and sent him away in disgust. (Angrily.) I feel like slapping the old thing in the face and turning her out into the street!

AUNT S. Hay? What'd yeou say, Susan Arabeller?

Mrs. M. Arabella, have you forgotten? Now be careful.

Aunt S. (to Anna.) What'd Arabella say?

Anna. I-I--perhaps she will tell you.

AUNT S. I want yeou to tell me.

ARABELLA (to Anna). Tell her I said she was a very pleasant old lady, and that I am glad she came.

Anna. Oh, I can't do that.

Mrs. M. (angrily.) Tell her this minute, or leave my house and take the street!

Anna. I am willing to do anything reasonable, Aunt Rebecca, but I cannot and will not tell a falsehood. And before I go, I want to say that it is a shame to ridicule one who has been so kind and generous. She once befriended

my parents and I shall neither tell a falsehood now to screen Arabella, nor aid you one iota in trying to ridicule her.

Mrs. M. Then go! Leave my house and never enter it again. (Aside.) She must be conciliated. (To Aunt Susan.) Although you can't hear, you can plainly see that this girl has been ridiculing and abusing you. Arabella said that you were a very pleasant old lady, and —

Anna. Mrs. Jones ---

Aunt S. (commandingly.) Stop! Rebecca, yeou needn't commence to tell a lie jest because yeou couldn't compel this gal to do it. I have heard all, from first to last. I'm not hard of hearin', not the least bit, but you all seemed to think so as soon as I got into the house. It's lucky I allowed yeou to think so, too. Now, Rebecca, what do yeou think of yourself? (Mrs. Markley sinks into a chair.) I have found yeou eout. (To Arabella.) I have found yeou eout. (To Anna.) And I have found yeou eout. Yeour father saved John Markley when he was absout broke up, and now Rebecca Markley has turned the darter of their benefactor into the street because she wouldn't lie to suit her purpose. Now, a word to yeou, Susan Arabeller. Mr. Sassyfrac is Jim Taylor, a young man who two years ago robbed Mr. Hooper, deown on Pigeon Creek, when he was a clerk in his store. I knowed the boy as soon as I clapped my eves onto him. (Arabella sinks into a chair.) It's not likely he'll come areound here a-sparkin' again, but I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Hooper would get the ketch onto him this time. (Takes the bustle off her head and pitches it at Arabella.) Here's yeour summer bunnet. I'm obliged to yeou for the loan of it, but I guess I'd better stick to the old poke bunnet when I go eout onto the street. I'm glad I've found a gal I can take home with me and leave my money to. (Taking Anna's hand.) And that's this gal, Anna Wilson. (To audience.) And now, all I have to say to yeou before we go, is that I'm not quite as hard of hearin', nor as much of a fool as some people suppose, and hope none of you will regret the hour you have spent with yours respectfully, Aunt Susan Jones. (Bows.) [Curtain falls.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.*—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. EPAPHRODITUS BRUCE.
MRS. EPAPHRODITUS BRUCE.
MISS DELIA BRUCE.
MR. EDWARD SPANGLE.

Scene—Bruce's drawing-room. Mrs. Bruce sewing; Delia arranging flowers.

Mrs. Bruce. And so I say, Delia, that although the matter is regarded by your father as rather unconventional, still he is not averse to entertaining the idea of your marriage with a gentleman whom he has never met.

Delia. Never met! He has met him by this time at any rate. Did he not go to wait for Mr. Spangle's train? And, mamma, it seems almost odd to remark upon the unconventionality of a girl meeting a gentleman while she is visiting away from home and plighting her troth to him. Why should it be unconventional?

Mrs. B. I merely meant to suggest that naturally we should have liked it better had your father been acquainted with Mr. Spangle before your engagement. Of course the uniqueness of the proceeding has been somewhat overcome by the gentleman's writing to say that he would come to us to-day and make a formal request for your hand and the consent of your parents.

Delia. And it was very lovely in papa to go to the station this dark, cloudy night, which he declared too inclement for the horses to face. And papa likes his ease so, too. And yet he will admire Edward,—quite adore him,—so elegant, so refined, so poetic, with such delightful taste in furniture and a connoisseur in old china.

Mrs. B. Fathers sometimes look beyond poetry and old china in selecting husbands for their daughters.

Delia. Yes, to politics.

Mrs. B. And business qualifications.

Delia. And low plodding generalities.

Mrs. B. And that high art,—ability to take care of a wife. Delia. As though Edward could not stand the test in

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every particular. He is muscular, and æsthetic at the same time; his biceps and his artistic temperament have received an equal amount of cultivation.

Mrs. B. I trust that is not a poetic mode of informing me that he is an amateur pugilist?

Delia. Oh, mamma, how can you bear to say such dreadful things about Edward? Why he is ——

MRS. B. Simply perfection. Yes, I know; I used to think so of your father when I was your age, and sometimes think so now. For your father is the gentlest, the quietest — (Shouts heard; banging of door.) Why what is that?

Delia. It is papa and Edward—I know it; something tells me that papa has already begun to regard Edward as a son.

Mrs. B. And consequently is shouting himself hourse and banging the doors off their hinges.

Delia. Oh, I feel just as I do at the theatre when the hero makes his appearance,—soft music—everybody on the stage watching the entrance, and—but I must be circumspect, I must restrain my feelings. He comes,—the hero comes.

Enter Mr. Bruce, his clothes torn, his eye blacked. Delia runs to him crying, "Edward! Edward!"

Mr. B. (pushing her aside.) Delia, don't break anything else that belongs to me. (Striking a position.) Behold the ruins!

Delia (with a scream). Why, it is only papa!

Mrs. B. Epaphroditus!

Mr. B. It is only papa, and it is Epaphroditus. Let your gaze rove over the wreck of that dual identity.

Delia. But Mr. Spangle?

Mr. B. Delia, Spangle me no Spangles; your Spangle has not glimmered across my path. In other words ——

Mrs. B. In other words you have missed the train.

Mr. B. In similar words, I have not; the train missed me when it arrived, for I was not there. I floundered along in the fog and was late. Spangle may have come, or Spangle may have stayed. Instead of a Spangle I have ——

Mrs. B. Oh, Epaphroditus, you have a black eye.

Mr. B. Is it possible you have discovered it at last? A black eye, indeed! and an hour ago I had two blue ones.

Mrs. B. Epaphroditus Bruce, you have been fighting!
Mrs. B. Have I? Then I wonder how my opponent looks?

Delia. But where is Mr. Spangle?

Mrs. B. Mr. Bruce, I demand, as a wife, to know if you have taken part in a brawl?

Mr. B. Don't irritate me if you can help it, Amanda. As a husband I disseminate the information that I have not fought, but have been fought; I ——

Delia. But Mr. Spangle?

Mr. B. And don't you irritate me, Delia. I know nothing of your Spangle, I care nothing for your Spangle. Through your Spangle I am reduced to this battered condition; and all the way home I have nursed the pleasing reflection that my predicament would evoke the most fascinating horror from the two people upon whom I have conferred the name of Bruce.

Mrs. B. One of those people has sufficient horror of you if that is what you desire. How did you come by these blows?

Delia. But Mr. Spangle?

Mr. B. Delia, say Spangle once more and become disinherited! Have I not sufficient cause of anger against that young man without having his name thrown at me like the chorus in a Greek play? This is fascinating horror with a vengeance. I tell you that I was missed by the train. Fearing that Spangle might have come and tried to find his way here, I at once ran in the direction he should have taken if he had brought a grain of sense with him. Half way home I found a man trudging along the boardwalk. "Get out of the way!" I shouted, still hoping to overtake Spangle. "Get out of the way; I am in a hurry!" "And I shall be in the mud," retorts he, "if I get out of your way, old man!" Old man! mind you. I may be your husband, Amanda, but old man was too much for me.

Mrs. B. I don't know why you should accent whose husband you are. I am sure I am eighteen months your junior.

Mr. B. "Get out!" cried I a second time. With that I smashed my gentleman's hat over his eyes—you can't call that fighting. Then he tapped me on the eye. The next moment my antagonist mixed with mother-earth, while I—yes, look at my eye, and all Spangle's fault; for if it had not been for Spangle—

Delia. But where is he, papa? In this fog and darkness he may be lost.

Mr. B. My only hope is that he may be. Henceforth I conceive an ineradicable antipathy for all Spangles,—the Spangles and the Bruces can never coalesce. (*Delia sinks into chair.*) And now, Amanda, give me a recipe for a black eye.

Mrs. B. Your board-walk assailant had a better recipe than I have. I think you mean that you would like something to bleach the blackness. All *old* wives are famous for remedies; all *old* wives —

Mr. B. Of old husbands are famous for everything.

Mrs. B. Epaphroditus, forgive me. (*Embracing him.*) Oh, dear; oh, dear; in that desperate encounter you might have been stretched a corpse on the road, your remains scattered promiscuously over the earth. My dear (*embracing him*), dear, hero husband, apply cold metal to your eye at once.

Mr. B. Cold metal! Would you recommend a poultice

of frozen cook-stoves?

Mrs. B. A knife-blade has been said to be efficacious in these cases. And yet a more solid body might retain a refreshing coolness for a longer time. Ah, I have it! come with me, you dear old thing, you, come and let its own Amanda attend to her hero.

Mr. B. Amanda, I can only perceive from one eye, my blue one, not my black-and-blue; but utilizing that as a medium, I must say that you appear younger than I ever remember seeing you, even when both my eyes were normal—quite unsophisticated, so to speak.

Mrs. B. Epaphroditus, my own normal two eyes declare you to be fit for the youngest wife in the world,—and in China they marry at nine! Come!

Delia. But, oh, papa! oh, mamma!

Mr. B. Don't Spangle me!

MRS. B. I shall return in a moment, my child, when I have placed a solid body over your poor father's eye. (Exit Mr. and Mrs. Bruce.)

Delia. How strangely they act. Papa to call mamma unsophisticated, and mamma to talk about Chinese brides. What does it mean? Is one trying to deceive the other about something? Yet more serious matters should engage my mind. Ah, what intuition is this I have? Power of the Fates! That it should have come to this! I see him now,—stark and stiff upon the public highway, my father his slayer?

For it was, it must have been Edward from whom papa received a beating, and of whom papa has made a lifeless body.

Enter Mrs. Bruce.

Mrs. B. Delia, not a word! Commend a mother, for seeing the truth. What passes through your mind has passed through mine. Your father's assailant is Edward Spangle!

Delia. Edward Spangle's murderer is my father!

Mrs. B. Your father is no murderer, miss!

Delia. Neither is Edward an assailant!

Mrs. B. He is!

Delia (weeping). Oh, mamma, do you turn against me?

Mrs. B. Not when you are filial. Ahem! I said that what had passed through my mind was passing through yours. Your father has met Edward Spangle and from him received a black eye.

Delia. While Edward ----

Mrs. B. Accuse your father no farther! The man who touches my husband, touches me; morally, I have a blackened eye,—Mr. Spangle has dared to assault me! the coward!

Delia. Oh, mamma!

Mrs. B. I tell you he is a coward! I have not been a wife twenty years without knowing a coward when I see one.

Delia. But you have never seen Edward.

Mrs. B. And shall not for some time. Your father's anger is mortal; he will die before he will receive a Spangle into our family. I have not yet informed him that I know his aggressor, but I leave you now that I may do so.

Delia. You surely will not tell papa what you guess? For even if Edward should not be killed ——

Enter Mr. Bruce, holding a flat-iron to his eye.

Delia (aside). What does it all mean? Is mamma acting? Mr. B. (removes iron.) Is the swelling going down, Amanda? Mrs. B. I will not deceive you, Epaphroditus; it is worse. Your cowardly assailant (looking at Delia)—I repeat, your cowardly assailant may have fractured your skull as well. Come, let us go and examine your skull!

Mr. B. (gesticulating with iron.) And all Spangle's fault! If I had him here I would crush him as I would my worst enemy! (Letting iron fall.) My corn! my corn!

Mrs. B. Your corn! Your groans might suggest a complete grain elevator. Clap the iron on your eye; don't remove it—maybe your brains will come out through the eye. Oh, my poor fractured-skulled husband! already I experience the sensation of being a widow!

Mr. ь. Do you, Amanda? How much I appreciate your sensation. As I say, if I had my will of Spangle (waving the

iron), I should —

Mrs. B. Take care of your brains! Clap on the iron! Oh, Epaphroditus, I have something of importance to impart before you become delirious. Come! let me lead you!

Mr. B. I don't want to be led; I'm not a ward-politician!
Mrs. B. He is delirious even now. Come, then; I have
comething to tell you relative to that coward, Mr. SpangleDelia. Mamma?

MR. B. Why do you call him a coward? I know him to be a wretch, but why a coward, Amanda?

Mrs. B. Come!

Delia. Mamma!

MRS. B. Cease your importunities; it is my duty. Come, husband! (She leads him out while he holds the iron to his eye.)

Delia. What can they mean by behaving so oddly? Is papa seriously hurt? I cannot believe it. And Edward! Papa was peremptory and unreasonable, and Edward only saw in him an angry, threatening man. The mud after this long rain is soft; it may have been Edward's salvation. Yet where is Edward?—why does he not appear?

Enter Spangle, muddied, clothes disarranged, and hat crushed.

Spangle. Look upon this picture (pointing to himself), and then on that (pointing to Delia)!

Delia (running to him). Oh, Edward! Edward! what part of your anatomy is shattered? Do you know that papa ——

Spangle. Delia, I know all. Your father hit me and I hit him; when I saw the man who had upset me enter the gate of this garden, I knew at once what I had done.

Delia. Papa does not know who struck him. Intuition told me who it was, as it told mamma.

Spangle. Intuition must be quite a friend of the family. Delia. Oh, do not jest. It is more serious than you think. At this very moment mamma is telling papa—

Spangle. What intuition told her?

Delia. Yes, and it ends all our hopes. Papa vows vengeance on you as the indirect cause of his being maltreated. What will he do when he knows that you are the immediate agent of his injuries? You have blacked his eye.

Spangle. No?—really? I gave him the least bit of a tap. Delia. And mamma thinks his brains will ooze out.

Spangle. Don't let your mother occasion any needless alarm, Delia. The man who preposterously demanded the right to pass me on a foot-way intended for a single pedestrian—oh, be sure that his brains will never ooze out! never!

Delia. Yet why stand we here as though peace were ours? Go, Edward—leave me; I cannot be yours. My father ——

Spangle. Stop just there, Delia. I am a Spangle—obscure at present, but soon to burst forth in all my pristine brilliancy. Delia, I have come to stay!

Delia. Edward!

Spangle. I mean it, Delia. Delia. But my father —

SPANGLE. Precisely. Is your father anything of an idiot? Delia. Sir?

Spangle. I merely ask a question. To ask which I have come to this house, carrying a load of anxiety and mud with me. If he is a perfectly sane person, I leave you forever.

Delia. Oh, Edward, that word "forever!"

Spangle. Yes, it's a very affecting word—as a word. But the time presses, I can give way to no sentiment just now. I shall never leave you forever if your father is an idiot.

Delia. You cannot stay, Edward.

Spangle. That means that he is perfectly sane. Good-bye! Delia. Oh, do not leave me!—stop! Now I think of it, papa sometimes gives in to mamma.

Spangle. No evidence of an idiot in that. Good-bye!

Delia. Wait! wait! You have injured his eye. And when mamma told him that his braius —

Spangle. Yes, yes, that his brains might ooze ——
Delia. He clapped a flat-iron over his eye to keep them in.
Spangle. Delia, I have come to stay.

Delia. But, Edward, ----

Spangle. Time presses. We have heroic work before us. Delia, are you sensible?

Delia. Mr. Spangle, pray remember that I have a father—Spangle. Yes, that's the reason I asked the question. And let me tell you that your father is a murderer.

Delia. Edward Spangle!

Spangle. He has murdered me.

Delia. I cannot understand —

Spangle. Inherit some of your mother's traits, Delia dear. Listen, and forgive my apparent rudeness,—ascribe it to my having so recently mixed with common clay. Listen!

Delia. I am listening from head to foot.

Spangle. Your father must think that he has dealt me a mortal blow. Otherwise he will deal the mortal blow to our hopes. Quick!—you understand? I see that you do. You are your mother's own daughter.

Delia. But, Edward, —— Spangle. That means?

Delia. If I have good cause.

Spangle. You will have if you do not weep without one. Be tearful, be hysterical; let your father find me on this couch, I having dragged myself here to expire in your arms.

Delia. But to deceive papa so?

Spangle. Never mind that—we will be contrite afterwards. Let me hear you cry.

Delia (hysterically). Oh! oh! oh!

SPANGLE. Dear me! what power and originality! I see I can leave it all to your womanly gifts.

Delia. It is our only chance, as you say; for if you could but see papa and hear him go on about you.

Spangle. I have no desire to see and hear him until I am expiring in your arms. Remember, you are doing this for me.

Delia. I am doing it for both of us—and so much is left for you to do. (*Noise outside*.) Hurry! hurry! mamma and papa may come at any moment! (*Sounds of angry voices*.) There! they are coming now! Hurry! You die to live!

Throws himself on couch. He is covered with shawls and piano covers, his head bound with handkerchief. Delia, convulsed, kneels beside him. Enter Mr. and Mrs. Bruce.

Mr. B. (brandishing iron.) What? So it was Spangle who struck me—Spangle who did it, eh? A Spangle in this family! Never!

Spangle. It might brighten you all up a bit. Oh (groans)!

Mrs. B. What is that?

[Spangle groans.

Delia. Oh! oh! oh!

MR. B. Eh?

Mrs. B. Epaphroditus, clap on the iron! remember your brains! Delia, what is the meaning of this?

Delia (hysterically). Murder!

Mrs. B. And this recumbent figure?

Delia. A murdered man!

Mr. B. What! what!

MRS. B. Clap on the iron, Epaphroditus! Delia, I once more ask the cause of this unconventional scene.

Delia (weeping). Papa did it!

MR. B. Did what?

Delia. This evening you overtook an inoffensive man —

Mr. B. Inoffensive! Look at my eye!

Delia. This man, as you assert —

Mr. B. Assert! Look at my eye!

MRS. B. Epaphroditus Bruce, will you or will you not keep that iron where it belongs?

Delia. You said that you assaulted him first. After he had valiantly defended himself, you threw him into the road.

Mrs. B. Is it possible your bloodthirsty disposition —

MR. B. Who is this man?

Delia. It is he who was coming to you with the most amicable of proposals,—it is Edward Spangle!

Mr. B. Ha! Spangle!

Mrs. B. How many times must I request you to keep that iron where it belongs? Ahem! You must fly!

Mr. B. I am not a bird. I am not even Darius Green.

Spangle groans; Delia weeps.

Mrs. B. Don't pretend that your skull is fractured. It is not. Nor are you delirious. I tell you that you must fly—you must go away before your crime is made public.

Mr. B. But I positively declare that I never intended to destroy this young man. (Spangle groans.) Delia, had I known that this gentleman — [Spangle groans.]

Mrs. B. Had I known that you were a murderer, would I have cared for your eye? Go! while there is time, go!

Mr. B. While there is time! Is time about to come to an end? Then I rush to Canada (starting off)!

Spangle. Stay!

Mrs. B. A hollow voice.

Delia. Oh, Edward!

Spangle (feebly). Delia, beg your father to approach me. Make him put that flat-iron where it belongs first, though.

Mrs. B. This is very affecting. Keep that iron over your eye, assassin!

Mr. B. Let him keep his hands where they belong, then. Delia, hold 'em. (Goes to couch.)

SPANGLE. I forgive you.

Mrs. B. Such a noble sentiment is forgiveness.

Mr. B. And I forgive you, Spangle.

Mrs. B. Don't be a dunce, Epaphroditus!

Spangle. Surely you will smooth this hour for me?

Mr. B. (wiping his eye with the flat-iron.) I will, I will—as many hours as you please. Shall I smooth them with this iron? My wife says that time is about to end; I suppose some old soiled hours have been washed and dried, and——

Mrs. B. Epaphroditus!

Mr. B. Amanda, I promise to do all that I can to smooth this young man's hour.

Delia. Reflect, papa, you have witnesses to that promise.

Mr. B. I reflect, and I promise.

Spangle. Give Delia to me? Delia. Oh, Edward, I am yours!

Mr. B. Don't give yourself away, Delia.

Mrs. B. She shall, you unfeeling man!

Mr. B. Very well, Delia, you're given. And now for Canada and the bank-presidents (going)!

SPANGLE. Hold!

Mr. B. Hold what?

Mrs. B. The flat-iron over your eye!

Spangle (raising himself on his elbow). I have witnesses that you promise Delia to me?

Mrs. B. 1 am a witness.

Delia. I am a witness.

Spangle. And you justify me in blacking your eye?

Mr. B. I do; for you got the worst of it.

Spangle (aside). Delia, take that iron away from him, (Aloud.) Mr. Bruce, —

Mr. B. What! you're prolonging your parting hour, are you, Spangle? Let me shorten it by informing you all that from the first I knew who had struck me,—nobody but a man who had been smitten by feminine charms could smite like that. I came home pretending anger, for I feared the consequences of spoiling your clothes, and—and—ha! ha!

SPANGLE. Why I thought -

Delia. And I thought —

Mrs. B. And I -

Mr. B. That two people only were to be fooled,—that is Spangle and Delia, when in fact there were three! ha! ha!

MRS. B. I'm not the third. This may be Mr. Spangle's parting hour, but I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without informing you, Epaphroditus, that I ordered the flat-iron for your eye to ward off your anger, to make you think of your own parting hour,—parting with your brains, you know. I did not suspect that you nearly murdered poor Mr. Spangle, but I am not the third who has been fooled. Come here! (Wipes Mr. B.'s eye with handkerchief.) There! who was the third one fooled? It was only mud!

My parting hour has been entirely smoothed away from the calendar. Not only have three of us been fooled, but ——

MR. B. The whole quartette of us! Ha! ha!

Mrs. B. Ha! ha! So you've come to stay! Ha! ha!

Spangle. Let those laugh who for it pay—

Delia. In love that comes and comes to stay.

Mrs. B. May every desperate encounter be ——

Mr. B. The means of like felicity.

[All laughing as curtain falls.



